REWI ALLEY

YO BANFA!

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Yo Banfa!

YO BANFA!

(WE HAVE A WAY!)

by
Rewi Alley

Edited by Shirley Barton

Foreword by
JOSEPH NEEDHAM, F.R.S.

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PREFACE

Huang Hua

It is a great honor for me to write a preface for the new, PFS (China Society for People's Friendship Studies) 50-book series under the general title of **Light on China**. All these books were written in English by journalistic and other eyewitnesses of the events described. I have read many of them over the seven decades since my student days at Yenching University. With some of the outstanding authors in this series I have ties of personal friendship, mutual regard, and warm memories dating from before the Chinese people's Liberation in 1949.

Looking back and forward, I am convinced that China is pursuing the right course in building a strong and prosperous country in a rapidly changing world with its complex and sometimes volatile developments.

The books in this series cover a span of some 150 years, from the mid 19th to the early 21st century. The numerous events in China, the sufferings and struggles of the Chinese people, their history and culture, and their dreams and aspirations were written by foreign observers animated by the spirit of friendship, equality and cooperation. Owing to copyright matters and other difficulties, not all eligible books have as yet been included.

The founder of the first Chinese republic, Dr. Sun Yat-sen wrote in his Testament in 1925, "For forty years I have devoted myself to the cause of the people's revolution with but one end in view: the elevation of China to a position of freedom and equality among the nations. My experiences during those forty years have convinced me that to attain this goal we must bring about an awakening of our own people and ally ourselves in common struggle with those people of the world who regard us as equals."

Chairman Mao Zedong declared, at the triumphal founding of the People's Republic in 1949, "The Chinese people have stood up." Today, having passed its 53rd anniversary, we see the vast forward strides that have been taken, and note that many more remain to be

made.

Many foreign observers have traced and reported the real historical movement of modern China, that is: from humiliation — through struggle — to victory. Seeking understanding and friendship with the Chinese people, their insight and perspective were in basic harmony with the real developments in China. But there have been others who viewed China and the Chinese people through glasses tinted by hostile prejudice or ignorance and have invariably made irrelevant observations that could not stand the test of time. This needs to be better understood by young people and students, at home and abroad. The PFS series Light on China can help them gain an overview of what went before, is happening now, and will emerge in the future.

Young students in China can additionally benefit from these works by seeing how foreign journalists and authors use fluent English to record and present historical, philosophical, and sociopolitical issues and choices in China. For millions of students in China, English has become a compulsory second language. These texts will also have many-sided usefulness in conveying knowledge of our country to other peoples.

Students abroad, on their part, may be helped by the example of warm, direct accounts and impressions of China presented by their elders in the language that most readily reaches them.

Above all, this timely and needed series should help build bridges of friendship and mutual understanding. Good books long out of print will be brought back to strengthen the edifice.

My hearty thanks and congratulations go first to ex-Premier Zhu Rongji, who has been an effective supporter of this new, PFS series. They go to all engaged in this worthy project, the Foreign Languages Press, our China Society for People's Friendship Studies, and others who have given their efforts and cooperation.

Chairman Mao Zedong has written: "So many deeds cry out to be done, and always urgently. The world rolls on, time presses. Ten thousand years are too long. Seize the day, seize the hour."

The hour has come for making these books available to young people in China and abroad whose destiny is to build a better world together. Let this series add a small brick to that structure.

Beijing, Autumn 2003

有办法

THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS HIS TITLE

IN the old China, in the exploited, ruined villages and cities, subject to perpetual wars, to floods, famine, pestilence, there was a cry, accompanied by baffled and angry eyes, the cry of a people who could see no way out.

It haunted, it spread like an infection. A truck would limp to a stop and the driver get out, look at the decrepit engine, hurl his wrench at it and mutter savagely, “Mei-yo banfa!”—No way! Refugees with hungry children, soldiers dying of their festering wounds, would murmur desperately, “Mei-yo banfa...” It was the cry of the defeated, the hopeless.

Then there began to appear men who changed the tune. As the Japanese imperialists penetrated, these men fought back. The “Mei-yo banfa” changed to “Yo Banfa!”—We have a way! It can be done!

Those who changed the tune were net well-armed, they were not well-fed, they were not well-clothed. But they had something else. They had confidence born of new understanding and in that confidence they pushed forward, gave leadership.

Then as the years passed, with the savage, degenerate old order rent with more and more contradictions, the new life began to enter and take hold. Everywhere men began to look with hope at their tasks, at difficulties overcome, began to turn to one another and say, “Yo banfa!”

The idea spread. The little groups became larger groups until they swelled into an overwhelming tide that engulfed the old, swept away its rottenness and cut new, clean channels.

So many achievements have been made in these last three years that the chroniclers of events find it hard to keep pace with them. But to one who has lived so long under the old, the thing that gets one is to see the light in two lads’ eyes when, as they complete a

job, they look at each other and say, almost with one voice, “Yo banfa!” In this lies a whole new world of respect for themselves, for one another, for the endless potentialities of their people and for the glorious future that now faces their country.

REWI ALLEY

Also by Rewi Alley:

(Edited by H. Winston Rhodes)

GUNG HO (Poems)
LEAVES FROM A SANDAN NOTEBOOK>
THIS IS CHINA TODAY (Poems)

FOREWORD

ONE summer evening in 1943 a truck belonging to the Sino-British Science Cooperation Office pulled into the compound of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives at Shwangshihpu in Shensi. Quickly I crossed the river and found my way through the fields and the eroded loess gullies to the wooden-fronted cave-dwelling which was the home at that time of Rewi Alley. I remember the welcome of a gay group which included George Hogg and some young Chinese afterwards my intimate friends; and I remember that there was corn-on-the-cob and honey with the local bread for supper. Now 10 years later, in another world, the privilege and the honour is entirely mine that I am asked to write a truly unnecessary foreword to this book of Rewi Alley's.

When after five decades one can begin to see one's life in perspective, it is possible to pick out perhaps half a dozen men who have not only been cardinal influences, but in whom it has been possible to see and touch what constitutes human greatness. Sanderson of Oundle, the prophetic headmaster under whom I sat, I should count as one; and at Cambridge, besides Hopkins, greatest of English biochemists, whose pupil I was, there were E. G. Browne and F. G. Burkitt, legendary scholars, who demonstrated the romance and grandeur of learning and research. Louis Rapkine's Marxism and Conrad Noel's revolutionary interpretation of Christianity were on the same plane.

Rewi Alley I admit unhesitatingly among my half-dozen immortals. During the weeks and months which followed our first meeting at Shwangshihpu, as we penetrated further and further into China's far Northwest, along the Old Silk Road between the desert and the mountains, Rewi talked and talked and I never tired of listening. Over a roadside breakfast off the truck bonnet he descanted on the strategy of the Three Kingdoms period, in ancient inns he recounted his experiences among the dark Satanic mills of Shanghai and explained the systems of gangmasters and secret societies; during breakdowns on desert tracks he spoke of the profound humanity of the Chinese folk and the revolutionary activities of those who were determined that it should blossom forth

in fullness and freedom from age-old oppression.

Although the friendship and love of Chinese friends had given me adequate psychological preparation, although | had felt entirely at home from the first moment I had arrived in China, Rewi Alley's flow of information gave what perhaps no other friend could have given, an objective appreciation and understanding of the basic problems of current Chinese civilisation. Now for the first time, whoever reads this book will be able to accompany him, as it were, on such a journey as I did, and hear him expounding in seemingly casual commentary the background of what future historians will surely regard as the greatest movement of this age.

The Resurgence of Asia. China's real Renaissance. The upsurge which has made the 500,000,000 black-haired people stand up and speak out. To democratic English ears the phrase, embodied in the national song of new China, echoes the song of the 17th century Levellers, "Ye Diggers all, Stand up now, Stand up now." Like a tidal wave the latent energy and initiative of the millions of Chinese people, second to none in the world for warm-heartedness, beauty and richness of humanist cultural traditions, has swept across Asia, unleashing everything that was previously battened down, good health, good farming, literacy, education, science, industrialisation, self-respect, transformed psychological values.

At all costs the occidental people must respond with sympathy and understanding to this overwhelming social phenomenon. They must abandon all the baseless claims of racial superiority and meet the Asian peoples as they ought always to have done, on the level of free and equal comradeship.

They must throw off that mentality of domination which the historical accident of the rise of modern science and technology in western Europe so disastrously led them to adopt. For many centuries before that rise, in earlier phases of science, Asian peoples had been the teachers, not the learners. Now all must be learners, teachers and workers together, according to that great call to union which none can fail to hear, though many still foolishly dread.

Let them read, mark, learn and inwardly digest this epic book of Rewi Alley's.

JOSEPH NEEDHAM, F.R.S.
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Foreign Member of Academia;
President of the Britain-China Friendship Association.
Formerly Director of the Sino-British Science Cooperation Office, Chungking.

PREFACE

THESE pages from my diary, mainly written during 1951, are now published in the hope that through them some of what is happening in today's China may be better appreciated.

To write fully of the two decades spent living under the old society in this country, would require a work of many volumes—just as to write adequately of what has happened in these three years since liberation, would require the production of a library. Should these scattered entries, however, give some clue to the difficulties surmounted, to an understanding of the struggle which went into this merging of the old with the new, they will have succeeded in their purpose.

The immediate past, for the liberated Chinese of today, is a somewhat bitter subject. Yet, for the average man and woman outside China, there is need for a more thorough realisation of what the old meant in order better to assess the sources of strength that have gone toward making this regenerated, this completely changed China that is gaining in momentum as it swings forward so confidently into the future.

The longing that there is for peace in this part of our world, the suffering that has been endured, the incredible courage, organisation and effort employed by the forces that have struggled so clear-mindedly for the necessary change—these are things of which one has tried to tell a little of here, and of which one hopes more and more will be written. The rest of the world needs to know of them, to realise what is happening to changing man in China.

For here is the epic struggle of our age, infinitely more significant than any atomic bomb; a new way of life that has taken the old, and from it woven new patterns that are bringing to 500,000,000 people fulfilment of hopes on a scale hitherto undreamt of.

I am deeply indebted to Shirley Barton for the task of selecting and editing the passages of diary used. One has been too busy with one's own regular work to do more than make a daily record of

impressions and memories and send them off to her in Shanghai, to be the basis for what is now presented to the reader.

REWI ALLEY

Winter view of Sandan from the Lei T'ai, just behind Rewi Alley's house. The Buddhist *dagoba* is in the distance. Ancient bronze figures were discovered hidden in temple in the foreground (see p. 180).

New Zealanders: Animal husbandryman Max Wilkinson and fine wool ram from New Zealand.

"Buttons" uses a man-sized shove a man-sized job.

Below: Farm section students build first four-wheeled horse cart in Sandan.

Mongol

Han (Chinese)

Japanese

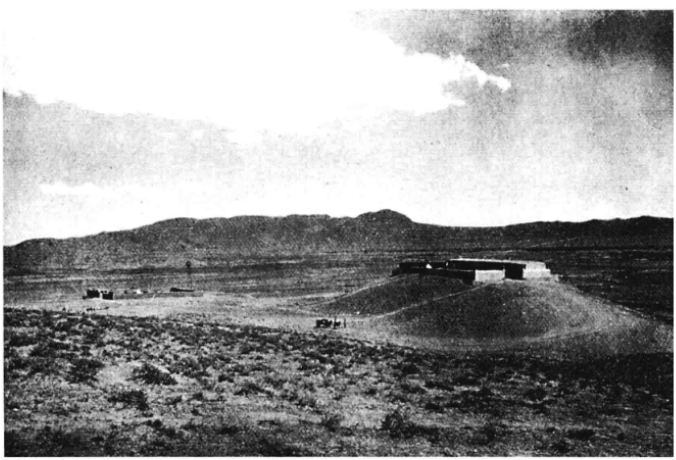
All study and play together at Sandan Bailie School.

Below: In the new China progress is based upon wide understanding. Plans are first talked over in meetings like this one at Sandan.

Students, digging irrigation ditches, uncovered neolithic pottery.

Spinning by hand preparatory to learning machine spinning.

Below: Ssu Pa farm, five miles from Sandan village, near the base of the mountains. The school coal mine is in the hills to the left.



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YO BANFA!

SANDAN, 1950

December 10th: Mrs. Bai is the wife of the local party secretary, a quiet, unassuming little woman with a thin, pale son of 12, whom she has brought to our school hospital to have a diphtheria injection. Left some very good pickled turnips and peppers with me which she had made herself ... One would not think, to look at her, that she had been a heroine of forced marches over rugged mountains with heavily armed KMT soldiers in pursuit; that she had lost two sons whom she could not save from bitter cold and hardship; had gallantly managed to save the third in spite of a fractured arm which no one had been able to set properly (she had been sitting on a donkey carrying her child when the animal's hooves slipped on the frozen track and threw her off) and so had come on to her post in Sandan, never having had time to stop and have the bone broken and reset ... But heroism is so woven into the lives of all the old revolutionary workers that it is taken for granted. Their story is the story of millions.

The road has been so long and so full of tragedy, suffering and bitterness. It is their revolution and they have made it succeed. Yet they know that today's success must be taken thoughtfully, for there is much planned work to be done before their great vision of bread and peace for all of China's children can be transformed into proud reality.

Today I have been out over some of the wasteland at Ssu Pa. We have been talking about reservoirs for storing spring and summer water — reservoirs with tree belts. But out among the deserted graves of a forgotten village I stumbled across a system of reservoirs which, when they were in working order, must have brought prosperity to a great area of which Sandan is the centre. This ancient network runs for miles across the steppe and is really something to marvel at. There must have been a considerably larger population then to have done such work. There must have been rich homesteads and a thriving people, though save for these vestiges of irrigation works and some scattered pottery shards there is no trace of such today. An old Ming Dynasty tablet says that water from the

Tat'ung River in Chinghai was made to run over these lands now waste and that both Chinese and foreigners helped in the construction of the waterways.

Our new four-wheeled carts, with their rubber tyres, were carrying out manure to the wheat land at our Ssu Pa farm today when I passed on my way back to Sandan city and the school. The drivers are very pleased with them and the peasants get off their donkeys to stare at them. The old peasant cart, with its lumbering couple of cows, could not haul more than 200 pounds. The four-wheeled cart can haul a ton.

It has been a perfect winter's day; the South Mountains, as they always do on still, calm days, standing in closely. The great peaks of Yen Tse Shan to the east and Ho Li Shan to the north are still covered with the last fall of snow. Smoke from our kilns and coal mines goes straight up in the air. Skimpy, the dog, chases birds as usual.

Back in Sandan city, a bunch of small boys wait at the Lei T'ai to collect the postage stamps from the mail. Not many letters this time. The convoy on the way from Chungking wants money but we do not have money, much... The old problem that has stayed with our little group for the past 10 years is still with us, but now the solution is near. The whole basis of our society has changed and now we stand on firm ground, where that which is built will stand. Our little problem of livelihood will be solved, as others are being solved.

Yet, for the moment, it is a headache. To bring 16 vehicles with precious machinery and some 50 souls—our school drivers, new students,technicians and their families—2,000 kilometres with our store of cash and gasoline dwindling and threatening to stop halfway does present a little difficulty. The older boys in charge will have to think up ways and means on the road.

December 11th: Today's radio showed the terrible determination of American big business to keep on with the war. They have been preparing their public for this for many years. It is not China, it is not Korea. What they itch to do is to try out their bombs on the USSR. What alternative to another depression but to keep the war

going along nicely? It is very tragic to hear the long string of lies and to know that everywhere in the West decent people are being fooled. Some even seem to want to be fooled...

Out at the flour mill this evening I noticed a big meeting of peasants. The new government workers were there with them. The peasants were talking with much energy and determination. There was a graduate of the school, Wang Chung-chuan, taking minutes. It is democracy from the bottom up these days; everyone taking part and saying all that he has to say. The great principle seems to be, "Let everyone get it off his chest!" Funny to come back home to the Lei T'ai, turn the knobs on the shortwave radio, and listen to the lies.

In the past, the attendance of any KMT official from the yamen at a meeting of peasants in the country would have been unheard of. Had he been there at all it would been for some purpose that boded ill to the peasants .. . The peasants walk with a new air of assurance, and it is very clear that life is taking on a new meaning for them. They are not the same peasantry as they were last year and they will not be the same next year. The process of liberation has begun in their minds as well as in their physical surroundings. For the first time they really "stand up on their feet" and take stock of what they see about them. Before, they were beaten down too low, physically and spiritually, too drugged with opium and despair, even to raise their heads.

Max Wilkinson, the young New Zealander who looks after the sheep, came in with some sad pictures from a New Zealand paper of recruits for a "K Force" (Korean Force). Those who are prostituting youth for this adventurism will have something to live down. They are the new war criminals.

The mail brought some magazines with pictures of a more constructive kind, two types of machines which would help us here: the old-fashioned windmill and the stream-lined small steam power unit. Both would be excellent here, though perhaps the rotor wind power unit would have more chance in the long run. We have been experimenting with wind rotors, using cut-down 50-gallon oil drums. Before liberation, however, it was not easy to leave anything so valuable standing in the countryside. People were So very poor,

and we had no way of having them understand what a centre such as that at Sandan could mean to them. The first wind rotor we erected vanished completely one night.

Su San, the lad who looks after the Lei T'ai where I live, gets the vegetables bought, audits the accounts, etc., and is a junior student in the transport section. The older boys have, in the past, only allowed him to do odd jobs with them, fetch and carry, take down engines, clean and fix and so on. Tonight he is quite proud of himself, as he has been trying to bring in coal. Most of the older boys are away in Chungking, trying to bring up the convoy, so this gives the younger ones a chance to learn.

Not very easy these days to keep the house warm, so we all have colds, with running noses. But I have now, in tune with liberation, had a wooden floor put in my room. It is very much more pleasant than the dusty old mud bricks. Max comes in from the farm and exclaims, "God, how cultured we're getting!"

December 12th: Today's mail brought back some old snapshots I had taken in 1939 of the Red Army Memorial in Juichin, in Kiangsi. It was a very imposing monument, and even bourgeois old Chang Fu-liang, one time secretary-general of the CIC, said that the inscriptions "stirred his blood." They were composed by those leaders whose names have meant so much to the Chinese common man all these years—Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, Chou En-lai and others. They must have stirred many people's blood, because it was found that young KMT military college students were making trips into the country to read them. So the monument was smashed by the KMT officials.

It had been grandly conceived, a natural amphitheatre, in the centre of which was a pillar in red stone, representing the Chinese people, capped by a white device symbolizing foreign imperialism. The old KMT army monuments, erected after their occupation of Juichin were, on the other hand, simply funny. Tawdry and meaningless in design, so jerrybuilt that many of them already lurched drunkenly to this side and that, they looked for all the world like some fantastic graveyard, scattered over the hill one passed on entering Juichin valley from the west side.

It is pleasant in this yellow Northwest to think back on those wooded valleys, the bamboo shacks beside the roads where rice beer and peppermint sweets were sold, and where country people accosted one as “Lao Piao” (Old Cousin)—and junks took our cooperative produce down the river to Kanchow with ease, speed and economy.

One wonders how the people of all those hills felt when the Red Army returned, at long last, to liberate them. The two old women, for instance, who served me tea as I once hiked by myself from Ningtu to Yutu and stopped for shade under their big front door tree; who said, chuckling, in answer to the question, what did they think of the Red Army, “We are the Red Army!” And those farmers who had brought oranges as gifts for their army... How proudly the old revolutionary slogans, still showing on the walls, must have stood out in welcome!

But this is 1950, and a new generation struggles towards maturity. Tsao Pai-cheng— “Buttons”—so called because for some years he made, out of sheep’s horns, all the buttons for the school, feels that he is growing up. He is a good sixteen now. Somewhat resents being sent to the flour mill to grind flour and has called to make a little scene about the matter, finally stating that he will go off and serve the country as a soldier, and that will be that! The adolescent is usually less of a problem when he has the kind of work he likes. But Tsao will be a success in whatever he does as soon as he sees his way clearly.

Tsao is a natural leader. When a child, he was the accepted leader of some few hundred refugee women and children who lived in a broken down temple after their lands had been flooded. The fact that he could lead and that others would follow him led to his becoming something of an individualist “hero” type in the old society, for, try as we would, the collective spirit could not be brought out as it is today. After liberation, those he had led rebelled somewhat, and Tsao was left without a following. Now he is going through the process of learning how collective man really operates, and where the place of the leader lies. In his learning he rebels, naturally, at any authority; wants to work hard, yet feels he is not making much headway, and begins to realise that he can only

advance if his efforts are co-ordinated with others.

Other lads are going through similar experiences and it is not easy for these, either; while some of the more uncreative and shallow are seeing in the new way a chance of getting old scores paid back, for in our group many have had to do bitter jobs, unlike the ordinary city school lad. The group leaders have had to send students to work on irrigation ditches, to take food to the shepherds in the mountains, to weed sugarbeet, to clean out stables, to guard stud sheep against wolves and bandits at night. As a progressive school, we tried to use the group method to get these things done, but there had to be leaders, and there were shirkers. Today we have a better way, with the whole state standing behind the new collective method; and we can work towards having leadership understood and supported, the group held together and the maximum creative potential of each lad brought out.

December 16th: Just heard Truman's latest speech, rendered over the radio in a fuzzy voice. Harry the Haberdasher is a poor puppet for the Big Boys, really! After this came the news of huge bombing operations over North Korea. The broadcast ended with the pious hope that the American railway strike would not affect the sending of chickens to the soldiers in Korea at Christmas.

It is snowing here today, with a keen wind. The people who are suffering under American bombs in Korea will be suffering as few have done in history. The first time that a whole country has been wrecked in the name of "UNO"... The foreign radio said that Patel, India's T. V. Soong, had died. It did not say how many children had died in Korea.

At our study group last night we talked about the new Common Programme for China, and the position of women; and how very difficult it is for men, who have held a privileged position for so long, to change at once from a feudal attitude to a modern one — yet how quickly this great change is coming into being now.

At our leather section, the girls who are making next summer's shoes are doing very well. The boys' work has fallen down, however, because they lack leadership at the moment. The girls seem better able to provide their own leadership. The obvious

answer is to get the girls to lead this section and the boys to accept their leadership.

Returning on my bicycle from a visit to the waterwheel, against the biting wind that swept across the steppe lands, reflected what a terrific difference shelter belts will make to this country; how very essential every tree will be. The Ma warlords did afforestation in Chinghai. Their methods were simple. They shot anyone who cut down a tree. In the early days after our arrival at Sandan there was a Ma magistrate who had peasants beaten and animals confiscated for the spoiling of trees. Naturally, as liberation approached, the peasants cut down what they liked and their animals chewed the bark from around the saplings so that they all died. The KMT army planted several thousand trees one year. Not one is left growing. They had neglected to do one thing: to take the people into their confidence and teach them what tree planting in that kind of country meant. With Gobi sands advancing each year, one of the great battles liberated man will have to fight is the preservation of his lands from dessication. The tree becomes of incredible importance.

At the waterwheel, the boys at work extracting sugar from beet are plodding away, but the boiler is short of fittings, there are leaks in the big tubs the local carpenters made. And so on, as it is with everything new in a countryside so steeped in the old, trying to make new production and new livelihood.

December 17th: The mail that comes in twice a week brings many newspapers these days, and soon the sunny patch outside the library is alive with reading boys. They all read the political news with the liveliest interest. I wonder how the youth of New Zealand, say, would compare with them in knowledge of the outside world and its current problems, or in knowledge of technical things for that matter, and how to organise production? I begin to think of the fine institutions of my old home with a certain amount of pity. The boys who grow up there are not living as fully as these at Sandan. They eat more, they are clothed better, have easier lives physically and mentally, but they are poorer in understanding than our liberated youth.

At the meeting of the heads of sections last night we decided to

get on with the job of examining all the good and bad points of the staff. There will be many heartburnings. But it is really something to have people stand up and analyse their past mistakes and show how these have been corrected. It is something very new in China to see people accepting criticism and profiting by it. In a school where there are many young people who do not like to be fooled, the process is quite a trial for the backslider. Naturally, many of the older technicians get a bit hot under the collar, especially when some young student puts his finger on a very weak spot. But the results in the end are all for the good. The lad in transport, for instance, unable to hold out any longer, gets up and says, "Yes, I stole tools and sold them. I can see now I'm a fool;" and another, "Yes, I realise now that I tried to pull things down, not make them work. I did this because I wanted to be boss myself."

The foreign radio today was completely hysterical. The madness in America is a queer phenomenon. Our boys here in Sandan have seen advertisements in the papers calling for volunteers to train technically for defence. Many of them feel they should go in spite of the need for technicians in the new Northwest.

Talked this morning about the old gentry of Sandan. They were a scabby lot, all in all, and now that the people see them as they are, and not as glorified chairmen of government committees, as they were in the old KMT days, they are taken at their true value and laughed at as they deserve. Chung Shing-ling says that ex-Chairman Kuo is looking much better physically since he has been making coal bricks every day, and that ex-Chairman Chou, who hauls in water now, is becoming less sly than before, or "a little more honest," as Chung puts it kindly.

Today is all setting papers for examinations that start next week. I have only three—Economic Geography, Industrial Hygiene, and Technical English.

Walter Illsley has come back from Kaotai after seeing the small flour mill there. He went to fix the Diesel, but the jeep broke down on the way back. So he had to hire some cows to pull it for the last 40 *li* from Tunglo.

December 23rd: Last night at our study group we talked for a

while about the tragedy of conscription in the old KMT days.

As one looks at the soldier of today one feels that the scenes which were a daily occurrence on the Tsingling Shan roads around Shwangshihpu must have happened in the realm of nightmare... The emaciated carriers of dying boys on bamboo litters, who would toss them over the Shwangshihpu bridge, laughing hollowly and saying, “Give them a bath!” ... The 80 kids who died in one night there and were carried over the river and dumped ... The long lines of dysentery and malaria victims wending their way along the roads ... sometimes they would throw themselves under passing trucks, sometimes just sit by the roadside until they died. There was a never-ending procession of Szechuan farmer boys being dragged to the Northwest, and leaving their bones along the way. What conceivable purpose the whole operation was intended to serve, God alone knew.

Out of one army of conscripts for Sinkiang, 10,000 left Szechuan, 700 got to Lanchow, and the handful who reached Sinkiang died there, for they arrived in the depth of the winter and had no warm clothing.

The ones who would die most easily were the kids of 16 or so, who could not fight so well for their food, always a racket in the hands of the old soldiers in charge of the convoy. They would get thin and weak and then dysentery would clean them up. The brutes who had undertaken to deliver them would walk behind them and beat them with sticks, urging them forward. Sometimes the suffering lad would lie down in the dust and die, with the driver senselessly beating, beating, and still beating. Not once or twice, but every time one took the road to Paochi, or south to Hanchung, one saw these scenes. The human waste was incalculable, the degradation complete. The full story will be told one day, perhaps.

The deeper one delves into one’s memory, the more that comes up, so that one wishes one could forget ... down to the long eels that picked the flesh clean from the bones thrown into the river ... the skulls one would stumble over in the swimming hole ... the dogs worrying at odds and ends of people down amongst the scrub at roadside edges ... and the batches of officers in Shwangshihpu restaurants. Gangsterdom in charge of a people has to be seen to be

realised. It was on too vast a scale to be fully comprehended. In the country the horrible signs were seen everywhere, but in the streets of Sian and Chungking they were often shoved out of sight lest they offend the eye of the foreign diplomat and the American "advisor" and bring into contempt the "New Life" movement by which the Generalissimo and his Lady strove to show how modern, how progressive, how Christian they were.

Today we have entered a different world, and it is well, perhaps, to compare and note for others who will come after us.

One is haunted by these memories—so many and so dreadful. One remembers the young foreign correspondent who had been in the country "observing the effects of the war on the economy" or something of the sort. He came back to Chungking one day and said, "I'm going. This is a hell of a place." He went on to tell his story. He had just come from a village where hundreds of conscripts, taken from their homes and roped together, had been herded into a deserted temple and locked in. The KMT officer in charge had then gone off, and meeting some friends had gone carousing with them, forgetting all about his conscripts. The conscripts yelled and wept, but the peasants were too scared of the soldiers to go near the place. It was summer, in sticky heat. After two days peasants came round the temple in great number and at last broke in and saw the terrible sight of men who had gone mad, men who were suffocated, dying and insane. The room was jammed to capacity. It had a low ceiling and no windows, and the heavy door was barred from the outside. How any lived at all was a miracle. This was "mobilisation of the people" by the KMT.

While this story was being told me I thought of the other part of our Chungking compound, in charge of the "Spiritual Mobilisation" section of the KMT army. It had large premises, and as we could see was a place to which all the friends of the great came for jobs. They sat around in the gardens and played mahjong each day. On Monday mornings they had so-called "Sun Yat-sen Memorial Meetings" at which they droned out the anthem "San Min Chu I." It sounded like the tail end of a temple ceremony of some kind, and even the most reactionary of our office personnel would laugh. The directors of the "Spiritual Mobilisation" organisation were Dr. H. H.

Kung and General Ho Ying-chin. Whose spirits they mobilised we never could find out; but their support cost a great deal of money.

There was a house for Ho Ying-chin in the compound. He never saw it, I guess, for it was used by the family of some favourite. One night before Pearl Harbour I was invited to a meal at Kung's house, and sat next to Ho Ying-chin. (Henry Luce was the guest of honour.) Ho Ying-chin talked about Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon and Hitler. Was Alexander greater than Caesar? Did I not think Hitler was greater than Napoleon? I said I did not know, they all killed a lot of people, but with modern arms you could kill more. He changed the subject and said that hunting was his favourite sport, that he had once shot 20 pheasants from the walls of Nanking in a morning.

December 25th: Today is the sixth anniversary of our coming to Sandan. At our meeting this morning I told the students about our trials in starting our work at Shwangshihpu in 1941 and 1942, up to the time we trekked to Sandan in the winter of 1944; how we had met in the cave, in 1942, and George Hogg had been of the opinion that we should try to get farther into the back country, and how we asked a friend to go to Chungking and arrange this. Then how, no answer coming, we had decided on an eight years' technical training scheme to fit a group to fill a useful role in the new China about to be born. How we had come to Sandan and why, and some of the struggles here while trying to hold our own, right down to the threatened "clean-up" by Ma Pu-fang's agents in the KMT's last hour.

It has been an adventure, all right, with lots of headaches throughout these years. Today students still do not know exactly what lies before them, though there is no doubt in anyone's mind now that they have a place, and an important place, in the new day. But at the moment everyone is somewhat disheartened about yesterday's fire in the store, which burnt up all our summer clothing, and was one of those things which just should not have happened, we feel. But we had our anniversary meal together, and everyone seemed to enjoy a meal with meat. Some months ago it was decided to cut out vegetable money for the sake of economy, so food has been on the lean side this winter. But of late we have been making bean curd and *fengtiao* (bean noodles) at our flour mill to

supplement our winter diet staples of steamed bread and potatoes.

Tonight each class is putting on a play. The villains of today are American soldiers and MacArthurs, so there is a run on any clothing that can be adapted for the purpose. My carbine is to be lent in succession to various classes. In the days of Japanese imperialism, it was easier to add a toothbrush moustache, arm bands with rising suns on them, leather boots and a sword. Now false noses, big stomachs and the more complicated US flags have to be made. But everyone feels very strongly that it is just the same old imperialism that has to be resisted and finally "knocked down."

The small Japanese boy, Noguchi, son of the pottery engineer, is playing a part very happily. Fan Wen-hai is too worried about his coal mine boiler to stop work to see the play, so we go round to the back of the machine shops to chew over his problem.

December 27th: The pottery is pushing ahead with its new kiln. Noguchi, the technician, was rather discouraged about getting his elementary mechanisation completed, for our machine shops have not been able to keep up with him, but now he is looking more hopeful. His first six months with us are nearly up, and we have proved that good pottery can be made here from our own Sandan materials. The pottery in the past stage has been very primitive—coarse, greyish-white bowls and iron black glazes that were among the first to be used in China. The boys catch on very quickly to new design and love turning out beautiful pieces, and these do something to help raise the cultural level all round us.

From the pottery to the glass plant; the workers are finishing off the rebuilding of the kiln, and the boys outside are having a section meeting. The small, fat Kaotai boy throwing himself into a fierce argument and the tall, thin Yang from Minchin, face red and trying to get the words out faster than they will come; while Chang Kwei-yuan, the manager, sits imperturbably and Tsao Tsung-wen, recently married, lies back with a blissful smile on his round and happy face, looking up at the sky.

At the paper section work is going along steadily, as it always does, fair weather or foul. It would be good to make it into a hundred-percent mechanised job, but that will have to wait.

One thing one feels about the kind of training collective we have here is that even if trainees forget much learned in the classrooms, yet if they have developed a creative, analytical spirit, have learned to work together collectively and procure industrial results, then a foundation has been laid down upon which they can be developed into useful leaders for the beginnings of industry.

PEKING, 1951

February 1st: This narrative has become somewhat neglected. Too busy preparing for the departure from Sandan on January 11th. Then too busy in Lanchow and Sian, and after arrival in Peking, to do much.

The trip down was rather different from that of last year. The Diesel truck took us to Lanchow in three easy days. In Lanchow, old school boys, graduated and sent out to the Cooperative Commission crowded round, and we had much lively discussion. Going to Peking by plane was easy travelling. The planes are very well run, and everything orderly and clean. In Sian, stopped for the evening and saw some of our lads, all of whom are very busy with their work there. Lanchow and Sian are much more prosperous than they were under the KMT. Stabilising the economy and making trade flow has brought new prosperity to the city people.

In Peking, friends came to meet me. Here, too, there have been great changes since last year. The place is brighter, and many public improvements are in evidence. The bookshops are crowded, and the new International Bookshop carries books in many languages. The state trading company does a good business in the department stores, which are crowded.

At Yenching, found an old friend there, a foreigner, who was quite happy with the changes that have been made since the taking over by the Government. He says that the spirit of the University is good and that he will be glad to stay there as long as he is welcome. Westerners out of sympathy with the Government have mostly gone or are going. In the former Rockefeller-run PUMC I went to see about some skin trouble, and found everything running very smoothly under the new government administration.

Between discussions on the financing of our work and the planning of future training programmes to fit in with the requirements of national planning, one goes around re-discovering old friends, reads much new literature, takes in some of the new plays, operas and movies and notes, with every day that passes,

how the old society is being washed out and with what fresh vigour and initiative the masses of the people are stepping forward to build up the new. Peking has a new spirit which seems to soak into one's consciousness and enlarge one's understanding hourly.

February 20th: Agnes Smedley has had her ashes sent to the new China she loved so well. When her sense of what was right and just was involved she was a fearless partisan and her passionate honesty of purpose influenced many. Her passing brings back some vivid memories.

It must be 20 years since our first meeting. She had asked to be shown some factories and we had just been around some of the shocking sweatshops which were all too common in the "model settlement" of Shanghai.

I can still see her great eyes looking at me intently over the table as I told her of some of the suffering, some of the tragedy, some of the denial of life I moved amongst in industrial Shanghai.

With a short, bitter laugh, she in her turn told me her first vivid impression of Shanghai, how she had seen a group of workers hauling goods from a wharf on a handcart straining under the ropes in the "tiger heat" of a Shanghai summer. How there came a tall, bearded Indian policeman and beat them over their bare, sweating backs to clear them out of the way of a shiny black limousine in which an arrogant foreign official sat. How she felt that it was she herself who was being beaten by that policeman, the shame she felt at seeing one of the oppressed being so treated by another of the oppressed, and how she had said to herself, "This must be a place where much can be done by anyone with guts. Everything must be so clear to decent people."

Then she spoke of the disgust she had felt when she found that people did not think of these things but only of their comfort, their own petty, tawdry lives; then how she had dug deeper into society and found those who were not content to philosophise only about life as it was, but who were definitely out to change it; how joyful she was to discover this strong undercurrent of determination to

change, the determination which made life worth living for so many honest people.

I told her how for me the final disillusionment about any possibility of reform under the old system had come when I saw a group of lads who had been organising silk filature workers crudely "executed" at Wusih as "communists."

The silk filatures of Shanghai had been amongst the more nightmarish of the places I had been inspecting, with their long lines of children, many not more than eight or nine years old, standing for 12 hours over boiling vats of cocoons, with swollen red fingers, eyes inflamed, eye muscles sagging, many crying from the beating of the foreman, who would walk up and down behind them with a piece of No. 8 gauge wire as a whip; with tiny arms often scalded in punishment if they passed a thread incorrectly; in rooms so full of steam that in the Shanghai heat just standing in them for a few minutes was unbearable for me. We had been trying to get central boiling systems set up, but the managements would not agree. Wages were pitiful.

These condemned lads in Wusih were carried to the execution ground suspended from poles, half naked and well roped up. They were thrown to the ground, and a scruffy KMT officer took a pistol from one of his men, walked up to each and blew his brains out. A fat boy in silk gown and cap, near where I stood, clapped his hands in excitement and joy. It suddenly became very clear to me that the only way was basic change.

Agnes leaned forward and gripped my wrist. "Then let's get along with the changing of it," she said firmly.

The last time I saw Agnes was in Hongkong in 1941. I had made a flying trip there from South Kiangsi and she had been there convalescing. We stood on the main street, near the haughty banks. She looked at me a little queerly and said, "Guess this is goodbye,' and we kissed and parted. And somehow the banks, and the bronze statue of Queen Victoria, looked insignificant beside her.

March 28th: Last evening I went to supper with a friend in the Ministry of Culture. He lives in the compound once occupied by the North China Language School. The compound looks as neat and well-kept as it did when I visited it last, 15 years ago. In those days the place took in not only language students, but was also used as a hotel for tourists, especially when the school was in recess.

I visited the place first in 1929, and then, on and off, until 1936, between trips to and from Suiyuan, and other such jaunts. It was well managed, had a good library, and was not expensive. Its students were supposed to be missionaries, but an increasing number of diplomatic and army men were admitted to learn Chinese. This was particularly true of the time when the puppet KMT government gave the USA control of the coast, after the Japanese war. It was a typical example of the interlinking of the organised church with foreign imperialist interests that were in no way the Chinese people's interests. An institution, set up from the contributions of small church people who desired to save the souls of the heathen, gave language lessons to American military and diplomatic personnel so that they might more efficiently carry out their plans to enslave the Chinese people.

I remember one hot summer's night, after the conjuror's performance on the lawn, when the guests, fanning themselves, sat 'around the feet of an elderly American bishop, seeking the episcopal guidance on a number of troublesome problems. How to understand this so un-understandable China? "It is all so puzzling!" they said.

The bishop, an Old China Hand, firmly brought all wavering elements together and gave directions in no uncertain manner. "The best, and in the last analysis, the only thing that can happen to China is to incorporate it into the United States of America, on a state basis. We shall send the administrators, the technicians.... It has been shown that the only people who can really get things done in China are the foreigners, and of the foreigners, the Americans only will have the virility, the cultural and industrial potential great enough to lead. The docile, hard working peasants of China will welcome them after all the bad governments they have had."

I had not long returned from Suiyuan. There I had been living in

the feudal landlord mission of the Belgian Catholics, near Saratsi, and I had seen plenty of confirmation that the Catholic missions were quite a power in the land, firmly in control of a great many people, with arms stored under their churches, and, more temporal than spiritual power behind them. But in the still calm of a summer's night, the carefully chosen words of this experienced Protestant bishop showed that here too was a menace no less to be feared by the ordinary man who wanted to be creative in his own country, and to make it a country really his own.

Many years after, in Chungking, I was invited to the room of an advisor to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, a Protestant missionary called Shepherd—"Mu Ku-wen," as he was called by the gendarmes of the Gissimo. I had been pleading for the continuation of the United Front against Japan. "Mu Ku-wen," after a solemn pause, in order to give his words more effect, proclaimed, "We shall rely on the great middle-class of China. Only they can understand." And he made it plain that the anti-Japanese war meant little compared with the holy task of crushing the Communists.

So have the little men who put their offerings in the plate on mission Sundays been supporting something more than they could visualise ....

The Protestant Church, in its mission field, has certainly not left politics and the guiding of policy entirely to the Catholics. The last American ambassador to China was one of the oldest China Coast missionaries Leighton Stuart. George and Geraldine Fitch, who, Madame Chiang once told me, were the Government's best friends, were American YMCA leaders later to be sent to Seoul, in South Korea, to help America and the KMT, and their friend Syngman Rhee.

One has met all manner of missionaries, up and down the roads of China, over these years. Many of them have done their bit towards changing history, while they were able. There was the American bishop of Kanhsien, in Kiangsi, who boasted of his feat of getting all the rich gentry of the city together and putting up enough money between them all to pay the Yunnan troops then garrisoning the city, so that they could resist the Red Army attack from Juichin. "Touch and go!" said the bishop proudly; and the

good fathers bowed their heads in thankfulness; and the peasants went on suffering through the years.

But there were many such stories. The point is that the people who gave their money were fooled. They supported an order that was already rotten and bankrupt. And they went on supporting it. The money they gave so often turned into chains that bound both givers and receivers in common bondage, the bondage of big business and its policy, the policy that denied life rather than gave it more fully,

The Taipings were Christians, but when their Christianity led them to a mighty reform movement that threatened not only the corrupt Manchu regime but the foreign vested interests 'that determinedly held it in power, the "Christian nations" turned and rent them. The American Ward, whose grave was attended each year by the Frederick Ward Post of the American Legion, was killed fighting them. The British General Gordon went into his tent and prayed, because he could not stand the tedious and bloody sight of the Manchu bannermen chopping down unarmed prisoners by the thousand. Augustus F. Lindley— "Lin Li," as the Chinese called him, one of the British volunteers working with the Taipings—estimated that by intervention on behalf of the Manchus the British Government had taken joint responsibility for the estimated 60,000,000 deaths the suppression of this peasant reform movement caused. Religion not tied up with business, and business not tied up with gunboats, were unrealistic.

Henry Lester, the ex-missionary, was a great Shanghai millionaire. The Spanish Fathers, with their rich Hongkew wharf and slum property, rushing off to register themselves as an American company after the Spanish Republic was formed, then claiming immunity as Spanish subjects under Franco when the Japanese came, and finally asking for indemnity for war losses from the American Government when peace came again, all knew the score. It was difficult for people to catch up with them. They are catching up with them now.

The tall, Prussian Catholic father in Sandan city, who hovered about looking for information and taking it along to the KMT hsien government, found it convenient to vanish some time before

liberation and turn up again in the Philippines, it is said. Perhaps the Huks will catch up with him there. The ordinary Chinese are good, tough people, and are catching up all the time. The people everywhere can be fooled for quite a while, but all over the world that time is running out—fast.

This government does not sell the right to have Catholic priests baptise criminals who are to be executed, as the last one did. It cares for the minds and hands of men who are alive, rather than for their heavenly repose. Christ was a carpenter, not a capitalist. But in China the biggest and richest building in any country place was the mission, with the highest walls, the best orchards and vines.

Catholic nuns have let babies die once they were baptised. In one Catholic orphanage in Canton, over 2,000 little girls, 94 percent of the inmates, died within a short period. In an American Catholic children's home in Nanking, 372 of the 557 children died between January 1948 and June 1950, and 89 of those who survived were sick. In another "home," 153 children out of 242 died. Shocking as these figures will seem, they are fully authenticated. These innocents, whose parents, because of the depredations of the KMT and their supporters, were too desperately poor to save them, were placed in the care of the rich and powerful Catholic Church which could have provided enough food, medicines and competent nurses to have preserved their lives, had it cared to do so.

The Sandan Bailie School is not a mission school, but a collective group looking after itself. Nearly 600 boys have entered this school. Most of them were wartime refugees, or from the poorest peasant homes. One died on the way to Sandan in 1944 of congenital heart disease, and another died this year when he went back to his village and contracted pneumonia there. These were the only student deaths.

In Chungking the "Christian Generalissimo" knelt in prayer for hours with his Methodist friends. His Madame scratched his face when she came home and found him with a new woman. Then they called in the Reverend George Fitch of the YMCA, and bade him tell the Western world what a loving couple they really were; just as they told the Reverend Frank Price of the Chengtu Theological Seminary to try and whitewash the massacre of the New Fourth

Army. (He did his best in various newspaper articles.)

So don't, please, say that missionaries are "not political." It's not realistic. Consciously or unconsciously, most were for the old order. But today the old order changeth, gives place to the new. Today "change" is a national slogan: "*Gaihao*!" (Change for the better!) There is no place for those who will not keep up with the times, learn from them and advance with them.

March 27th: Last night, when climbing on the step of a tram car, an arm came down from above and a firm grip gave me a lift. I turned to say "Thanks," and saw that the conductor was a matter-of-fact lass with a very business-like air, though without the least trace of that brusqueness most tired conductors seem to be forced to take refuge in.

Here was something new indeed! Only yesterday this lass would have been sitting on the bed at home with her sewing, while her mother and father would be busy making a match for her. Friends and neighbours would compliment the parents, "We never see your daughter on the streets!" Her feet might have been crippled with binding (still being done in some places up to the very eve of liberation), and the old feudal China would have been in complete charge of her life from childhood onwards. Especially would this have been true in Peking.

In Shanghai, industrialisation gave the woman pay and some rights earlier. But there the evil contract system, by which women were bought in poor country areas and shipped, 30 or so to the house of each contractor, to work in the cotton mills, was perhaps the worst abuse to which Chinese women have been subjected in peace-time.

The contractors were loafers, members of the Ching Pang secret society, which really ruled Shanghai. They had connections with the loafers who ran the houses of prostitution. A selected girl would be sent away from the contractor's house in the cotton mill, where she shared part of a loft with her work comrades, to the house of a prostitute keeper. There she would be given new clothes and nothing to do for a few days, good food and a little kindness. After this her new duties would be explained to her. If she objected she

would be told that she could go back to the cotton mill.

She would think of the hot, bug-ridden length of floor-board in the loft of the mill contractor's house, a length of floor-board she could have for 12 hours to sleep on, and then have it taken by another who would spend the day shift working, alternating with the night-shift girls. Six in the morning to six at night were the hours worked. She would think of the friends of the contractor, who would come to the house to gamble, and who could insist on doing whatever they liked to mill girls when off work. And she would probably, after "persuasion," decide to stay down in Foochow Road with the other prostitutes. If she did not make good as an upper-class singsong girl, she would have the short life of a few years her kind had, diseased, maltreated, beaten, exploited to the limit.

Most of the foreign cotton mills used contract labour, and dealt only through contractors. In the more modern mills under Chinese ownership, the girls were preyed upon by loafers outside the mills—perhaps married to them, perhaps not. There gangsters would pass their days in the teashops waiting for the half-monthly pay-day to take the girls' wages.

Then there was the "dormitory system," whereby the girls were committed by the courts to an association called the "Anti-Kidnapping Association," which was in reality just another gangster set-up. It in turn would hire the girls out to a cotton mill which would boast of that great modern improvement, the "dormitory system," a system that was certainly some improvement on the contract labour system but which, by keeping its workers practically imprisoned in the factory premises for the whole term of three years, was little better than an ordinary jail. One-quarter of the girl's wages would go to the association, one-quarter would be banked for the girl in the mill, one-quarter held for her keep, and one-quarter given to her to buy clothing, etc. At the end of three years, the "Anti-Kidnapping Association" had the right to sell her in marriage. There were many ways in which to live off the workers in a city where imperialism, greed and lust for profit reigned supreme.

In the Hankow days of 1937, when the Japanese were advancing on the city, Madame Chiang Kai-shek talked to the women in the Yokohama Specie Bank where we had our first Cooperative office.

She talked to them about how they should get out of Hankow and away from the Japanese, how they should always be neat and clean, be careful of their health, should model themselves on “New Life” principles, always button their clothes correctly, and how they should always pull the chain when they left the lavatory. As not one percent had ever seen the kind of lavatory she was talking about, this advice somewhat puzzled them. What they wanted to know was how to resist the Japanese.

The Kuomintang talked a great deal about women, about “women’s freedom,” and so on, But such “freedom” was the kind of freedom enjoyed by the second daughter of the Prime Minister, Dr. H. H. Kung. Jeanette Kung certainly had a great deal of freedom. The stories of her manipulations, her escapades, and her viciousness, have become legendary. But the village woman stayed where she had been, untouched by either the wrong or the right kind of emancipation.

When we went to Sandan in 1945, we tried to get local girls to come to our school. People would stare in amazement and say, “Why, if you want to buy a *ya-tou* (slave girl), we'll sell you one, or as many as you like!” Women were half the price of donkeys then. It was only after the liberation that the great change set in which rocked the feudal structure of the village to its foundations; the untranslatable *fan-shen*, the “turn-over,” that has reversed the role of women, as of all oppressed sections, and made emancipation an ideal no more, but a living fact.

March 29th: This evening, going down the street, I watched a little incident that is indicative of the new spirit in human relationships. Two young men, both on bicycles, collided and fell to the ground. One was a soldier with a very new, spic and span vehicle, and the other looked like a shop assistant. In the old days, frantic with rage and insulted pride, they would have cursed each other long and loudly. The soldier might have done more than curse. A big crowd would have gathered in a very short time. The matter would have gone from bad to worse until the police arrived to adjudicate.

But today the first thing the soldier said to the shop lad was, “Are you hurt?” The shop lad replied, “Not at all.” The soldier said then,

“Are you sure your bicycle is all right?” and went over to look at it. Having found it was okay, he went back to his own and looked at that. Then they looked at each other, smiled, and rode off. Neither bowed, as upper-class people might have done in the past. They behaved like civilised adults, with a proper respect for themselves and for each other.

I thought back to my old car driver, Fireman No. 83—for when I first came to China, I inspected factory safety for the Inspection Department of the Fire Brigade. “83” was perhaps typical. He had a red car, and behind him all the might of foreign imperialism. He drove through the crowded streets at top speed, cursing all and sundry. “Little coffin!” he would spit at one tottering old woman. “*Jo-yi nyak a nyang*!” (which is too lurid to translate) to another, “*Ke bi tau tau!*” (“Dog’s vagina!”) to the next. One day he hit a foreign policeman, a White Russian, square in the back, and we had to take him, unconscious, to a hospital.

Nothing could stop “83.” I was scared of him myself. He was, however, quite a philosopher. ““The Communists,” he said, watching a demonstration one day, “they’ll never win. They are all very good people, mind you, but they can’t win! Look at the warships, look at Tu Yueh-sen (the chief of Shanghai’s gangsters), look at...” and he took one hand perilously from the wheel and waved it round to take in all the might of Shanghai, narrowly missed a rickshaw, grazed the side of a passing track, breathed heavily and gazed stonily ahead. All his life he had known gangsterdom. Gangsters had exploited him, and he exploited whom he could, and yelled curses at the rest when he could do so safely.

It was always a great relief to get back alive after an inspection trip, though his stories of the Shanghai underworld were both instructive and entertaining. If he is still alive, 1 guess he has changed, too. An able man, perhaps the frustrations of an unworkable society made him such a loon. When he got to know me better he confided to me one day that his name was not “Wang Ah-san,’ as it was registered, but really “Teng.” He thought too much of his old family to have their name registered in the books of the International Settlement. This, he sensed well enough, was something against the people, something one was compelled to

work for because there was nowhere else to work; something that upheld the *Ching Pang*, which society could have a man killed for half a silver dollar.

There was no way for a man, in such a set-up, to get enough self-respect to be really polite. Every basis for human decency and dignity had been torn down. The gangs ruled, and behind them stood the great banks on the Bund, the tanks, guns and warships of the predatory powers.

The politeness of today rests on a solid foundation. One is scolded by the policeman in a kindly, tolerant, fatherly sort of way when one forgets the traffic rules. The best thing is not to argue, when one is obviously in error, but to say, as quickly as possible, "I was wrong. I will try to do better next time." And to put as much sincerity as possible into the statement, for the policeman of today is no fool. If he thinks you are really sincere, then you will probably be allowed to go on your way.

This society does not like to have one set of people "riding" another. Women and kids, for instance, are very much people now. So are Mongols, Tibetans, and all other people of the "minority group." As for the westerner, he is watched to see if he wants privilege. If he is found to be a normal, decent person, with a mind clean of prejudice, he is accepted and helped along his way. If not, he is very much out in the cold in today's China.

March 30th: Went last night with a friend to see the old Peking opera. The house was crowded, stage effects and acting were superb. Never have I seen such magnificent dancing. The Ming Dynasty costumes were very splendid. Scraps of today's phraseology, inserted into the dialogue, brought the house down at intervals. The wine shop keeper, shaking his head in front of the stern magistrate, points a finger at the rascal and says, "Why, he just won't change!" And, again, "His old thinking keeps him backward."

It is not easy to keep up with the stage these days. New movies, packed with scenes straight from the life of the people, draw crowds

through the day and night. Theatrical groups penetrate to every village, to every work centre. The effect of the first two “Liberation” plays, put on in Sandan, with excellent acting and a large orchestra, was electrical, and dealt a terrific blow to the old, entrenched feudal ideas, helping to lay new foundations for changed thinking.

In Peking, the effect of bringing the people, old and young, literate and illiterate, into the theatres, has been a very marked one. The Chinese language is not easy to learn, and many people still find reading a formidable task. But the theatre does not allow thinking to lag behind. And as I sit and write this, from a compound nearby, | hear the orchestra of the railway men’s theatrical group practising. The People’s Liberation Army has its trained theatre group, for the Army today is very much a part of the life of the people. Schools and other organisations all have theirs. The theatre both educates and finds expression for all sections, everywhere in China today, and belongs, in the truest sense, to the people themselves.

Only a revolution could have produced the contrast between the theatre of today and the theatre of the past, then a profession largely in the hands of gangsters, with exploited actors and exploited audiences. In Shanghai, in the period from 1927 to 1937, the theatres of the International Settlement, the hub of Shanghai, were under the control of an illiterate gangster named Ku Tso-chuan. He was a North Kiangsu man, “*Kangpo nyng*,” as the Shanghai people called them, who had come to Shanghai and jointed the *Ching Pang* secret society there. A great mountain of flesh, he made his own laws, with gunmen at his back and call to enforce them. He shot one well-known Peking actor across the dinner table, paid 20,000 silver to a foreign inspector of the Shanghai Municipal Police and had a “non-proven” verdict brought in. He would beat his huge chest and laugh, and his hangers-on would fawn, as he recounted this story, especially when he had some foreign officials to dinner.

Not long before I left Shanghai, he invited the next biggest man in the theatrical world, the manager of the Da Ssu Ka amusement centre, to his dinner-table at the San Shing Theatre in Peking Road. The Da Ssu Ka man was on the way to becoming his rival. Three

times Ku sent out the invitation. When, after the third time the invited guest still did not show up, he sent out two gunmen to “get” him when he came out of his amusement centre. They got him, all right. But Ku did not pay them the trifling sums he had promised. They were arrested and sentenced, with all the dignity of the law. Ku went to a Catholic hospital in the French Settlement, and it was said he had to pay 90,000 silver dollars to the court people to get clear of the case. The sisters had to be paid also, to keep up his supply of opium.

Ku’s brother was one of the KMT’s chief generals in charge of the east coast, and one of the generals who carried out the ambush and massacre of the Communist New Fourth Army, in South Anhwei, in the middle of the anti-Japanese war, an act of unparalleled treachery, and in line with the best gangster tradition.

The Shanghai theatre-world Ku was called admiringly “Ku lao-ban” by his underlings. Bathhouses, prostitute dens, theatres, teashops, came under his sway; even down to the man who had the concession for selling paper outside the public latrines (to which the Shanghai Municipal council had added the notice that the public were “not compelled to buy” his paper). The vendors at the public markets, the contractors who bossed the watersiders and grew rich off their wages, the contractors for female labour in the cotton mills, the court officials and the police detectives, and the whole controlling structure of Shanghai society paid homage.

Ku kept a luxurious houseboat stocked with all kinds of wines, and lent it to foreign officials on weekends. The houseboat was always busy. Back in the rear of his theatres, living conditions for the actors and workers were sordid. The lad who survived and practised his art in these days was certainly to be admired. It must have taken lots of guts. No wonder actors and playwrights put their heart and soul into the work in this new day which gives them real appreciation and status.

In the old days the idea was to make money for Ku, and to give him and other rulers of Shanghai “face.” The Settlement Government, or the Japanese, or whatever imperialist group was in control, would hire story tellers from Ku’s theatres to stand in the market place and on street corners extolling that government and

cursing the Communists.

I once had to call on Ku in Shanghai, at one of his luxurious homes. It was about a dangerous fire hazard in one of the filthy factories he owned, one that contracted with the KMT for army equipment. “83,” the driver of my car, was one of Ku’s gangsters, so was able to lead me right into the presence. But I was not to interview him that day, for he lay on his bed breathing heavily and very drunk. Standing in the middle of the floor was a frightened little singsong girl done up in red silk and crystal headgear that sparkled under the electric lamp. She was singing away in a high falsetto, too frightened to stop, hoping that he would not wake. In the outer room, four leering black-gowned gangsters, with guns up their long sleeves, kept watch and played mahjong to while away the time. They smiled knowingly at “83.” Visits from foreign officials were apparently no novelty to them.

Back in the car, “83” looked round, spat over the side, grinned, and remarked, “Big loafer, eh?” and seeing assent, said, “Shanghai is like that!” and drove madly on, narrowly missing a string of night-soil carts and a handcart, loaded with many tons of steel, pulled with ropes by half-naked workers.

The movie industry of those days was just emerging. Progressives saw in the film a new means of awakening the people to social issues and the need to resist Japan, and fought to make use of this new medium. But KMT censorship was heavy, and the direct approach could never be used. Today the film, like the play and the modernised opera, has become part of the life of the people, and its language, like that of the people, is simple, direct, and very much to the point.

March 31st: Yesterday to lunch with Dr. Atal, head of the Indian delegation to the World Peace Conference. It was good to meet him again. Our first meeting was in wartime Chungking. Thereafter we were together on the three weeks’ journey that took us to Yenan. This was in many ways an historic journey. The ambulance we travelled in was marked with the crossed flags of the Indian Congress and Kuomintang China. It held six doctors. Atal, a

colourful personality, made a speech to the assembled people at Paochi, then a KMT stronghold. Knowing that there were Moslems in the audience he quoted the Holy Prophet of the Koran as saying, “No man should bow his head in front of any other man.”

The interpreter was somewhat taken aback at this revolutionary statement, and hastened to render it as, “The Indian Delegate says that we should always respect the teachings of the Three People’s Principles of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.” The KMT party secretary nodded his head sagely, the army officers stood more rigidly to attention, and the populace looked up dumbly with open mouths, for they really did not know what the “Three Principles” were, nor what they stood for.

We had two vehicles, one an ambulance, and the other a truck carrying luggage and supplies. The ambulance driver, an overseas Chinese from Java, could not speak the northern language. The truck driver was of the *Ching Pang* variety. He started off by concealing a vast number of “yellow fish,” i.e., passengers who would pay him for their transport, behind a huge pile of luggage in the truck. From Nei Kiang he took away the gate of the hotel, from Chengtu a school gate, and from Nanchang a telegraph post laden with wires. He also had a difficult disposition. Anyone acquainted with the gangster drivers of that stage will know what is meant by this.

On the way to Yenan, a truck ahead of us, descending a sharp decline, put on the hand brakes too suddenly, so that the truck somersaulted and landed in the fallow ground some 20 feet below. The driver and his assistant had barely extricated themselves, cut and bleeding from broken glass, than they were surrounded by six doctors, with the rest of the party ready to assist with the patching up. Anywhere in the world such an accompaniment of a road accident would have been unusual, but in the rough country of North Shensi it must have seemed somewhat of a miracle. The delegation was overjoyed at the opportunity to do their first bit of collective work in the new area.

A small passenger, a boy of nine or ten whom we were taking to his engineer father at Yenan, surveyed the wreckage of the truck’s cargo solemnly and wondered if a Japanese spy had been the cause.

To divert him, the deputation taught him to shout the Indian slogan, “Inquilab zindabad!” which he practised in the middle of the ambulance for the rest of the way.

We neared Yenan at last. In Shanghai, we had followed, with admiration mingled with awe, the struggles of the Long March. In Hankow we had met some of the leaders of the Red Army and talked on problems of the anti-Japanese war with them. But to get to Yenan, where the real core of anti-Japanese resistance lay, without whose leaders there would have been no effective resistance at all, was deeply exciting. Like coming into another life, where people had changed, where they looked at things differently.

In Lochuan, on the road north, the last KMT-held county seat, we saw a school full of landlords, rich peasants and traders’ sons being drilled and made to sing the KMT anthem—or rather, bellow it. The place had the usual KMT posters in blue everywhere and at the inn where we ate was the usual gang of idlers and hangers-on, one of whom stole my gloves.

But as we came towards Yenan, up a long valley with scrub and trees which, together with the approaching dusk, made it even more sombre on this winter’s evening, our spirits rose, and each stopped talking and looked around, until at last the valley widened out, we passed through Twenty Li Village, saw the caves cut in the loess cliffs, a pagoda standing on the top of a hill in front of us, and we were there; with soldiers and people, women and kids, in worn, padded clothing lining the dusty road to greet us.

The meeting at Yenan was an historic one, as here, for the first time, an official Indian delegation was able to come and greet the spearhead of the Chinese revolution.

Afterwards, the deputation scattered to many points, some going back to India, and one, Kotnis, later dying of typhus there, leaving a son and his Chinese wife to carry on. Kotnis was a brilliant linguist and a man of charm, who read the *Bhagavad Gita* aloud, at times, in the Yenan-bound truck, because of its cadence and language, he explained. Basu stayed the longest. A strong man, is Basu. Atal fell sick and had to be evacuated to Sian, the KMT authorities giving him no little trouble on the way .... Such was the Indian Congress

group.

Today Dr. Atal felt that if India and China could be brought even closer together, the forces for peace would be very greatly strengthened. One very much agrees. Atal fought in the Spanish war against Franco, and he is fighting today for the people of the next generation everywhere.

Later: I talked with an Indian friend of Atal's, and we agreed that one of the greatest lies that had warped men's minds was the lie of racial superiority— which by no means died with Hitler. Thinking back, one realises how true this is.

On my way to China in 1926, I took work in a fertiliser factory in Botany Bay, to get cash enough for the rest of the journey. When I bade goodbye to the old factory manager, he scratched his head and said, "Pity about that revolution in China. We ought to put in a bid for all that blood and bone and haul it here to make into fertiliser." But Billy Lee, the Chinese secretary of the union, came up behind, and the boss shut up and beat it. Billy was awfully tough.

The boat I worked my way on was the "Calulu," of a one-ship line. She picked up indentured labour at Ocean Island, Naru, and returned it to Hongkong, where the police checked it in. The returning contract workers were packed in the holds like sardines, yet they managed to keep everything very neat and clean. I remarked on this fact to the mate, who turned and looked sourly at them and said weightily, "Spitting lot of yellow bellies!" and stalked off, leaving me to chew over the rebuke. To like Chinese was a thing not "done."

On another ship, going from Hongkong to Shanghai, I leaned over the rail, talking with a young man who had returned from America and who was in some KMT political job. I remarked on the efficiency of the Cantonese workers in loading; their speed and agility, their sure feet and skilful hands. He looked down at them for awhile, and said, "They're not Chinese. They're just animals." And, touching his chest, resplendent with three American fountain pens, he said simply, "*We* are China."

In Chengtu during World War II, where the Americans had come in force, a missionary stopped me on the West China University campus and asked me if I would go and see the American staff, who wanted some information about targets to bomb in Japanese-occupied territory. “Okay,” I said, and a jeep came to call for me. I was taken to large room in the “Officers’ Moral Endeavour” building of the “New Life” Movement, where, under a huge portrait of Chiang Kai-shek, the American army officers sat at desks. We talked of targets. | suggested the Shanghai Power Company, where the Japanese were making all the power Shanghai industry used. “Oh, that’s American!” the officer objected.

The Japanese were advancing on Sian at that time, but the maps the American officers were studying were all wrong, I noticed. The US had apparently copied old KMT maps, out of date and incorrect. They knew nothing of the road from Lao Hu Kou, where the Japanese were, down to Hanchung, on the north border of Szechuan. But this was not my business, and I soon went, first asking if there was any prospect of a lift to Paochi. “Okay,” they said, “very easy, planes going all day.” When I said that I was travelling with some Chinese fellow-workers, they answered, “Sorry, can’t take Chinese. Give you a note for the truck transport. See them tomorrow.” They did not send me home in a jeep.

Next day, I went to the transport department. After I waited around for a couple of hours, a lordly sergeant said, “Okay.” I said there were several of us. He said, “Okay.” I said they were Chinese colleagues. He said, “That’s different. You'll have to go commercial. I’m give you a note to the commercial transport service.” I slunk off to the commercial transport service, past the front of the Officers’ Moral Endeavor, where a group of 20 or so airforce men in beautiful clothing were standing. In my school shirt, shorts and sandals, I was too good a “poor white” to be missed, and one of the officers said “Sic him!” to a big Alsatian he was holding. The dog bounded over, barking, and showed me out of the gate with a great deal of energy.

Our party travelled by the heavily over-loaded commercial trucks, and as the days wore on, finally got to the Northwest. All the way, convoys of empty army trucks passed and covered us with

their dust. One wondered what America had done to its people. Something very wrong somewhere. A curious war, and a curious psychology to fight it with.

April 1st: To a movie about the old Red Army base in South Kiangsi. A very telling story, technically well assembled, about the peasants along those wide Kiangsi rivers one remembers so well. Every scene brought back memories... Kanhsien, where we had our regional cooperative headquarters, and where we were bombed so often ... Juichin, the old Red capital, where we had a training school... Those hills covered with small fir trees, the peasants with their great hats.

The first time I made an inspection trip there, a young KMT official came along to explain things. Pointing to some old ruins of Taiping days, he said, “See what the Reds did?” At Yutu was the remains of a big school, with the slogan, “Men and women should be equal,” painted on its ruins. A peasant passed, and I asked, “How did that school come to be destroyed?” He said, “The Red Army had a school. The Nanking troops burnt it.” The KMT official scowled. I managed to drop him off in Ningtu and go along to Juichin by myself.

In Juichin, my entry was not very impressive. Going downhill on a newly-made road in the rain, I had hit a tree stump concealed by a bit of thistle that was in the centre of the road. The result was that I was thrown down into a gully, bruised and with what were described in Shanghai hospital reports on industrial accidents as “multiple cuts and abrasions.” | had to carry the bike and trudge through the sticky wet mud until I found an inn. Down past the tawdry monuments all askew, set up by the KMT when they entered the old Red Army centre, and into the city.

I cannot remember much about Juichin’s ruling class of that day. There was a German missionary who had painted a huge swastika on his house-top to save himself from being bombed by the Japanese. His name was Engle, and he and another missionary at Nanchang, an American called Johnson, probably, held the record for lying rumours about the departed Red Army. They collected

these absurd fabrications as others might collect postage stamps.

One day Engle came into our newly set up cooperative office. I braced myself for the latest horror story, and out it came. “Do you know what the Communists did? They had a printing press where they printed banknotes. When they left, they took all the printers and the machines out to the hills over there,” pointing vaguely out of the open window. “They made the printers bury the machines, and then they shot them all. Their skulls lie over there to this day!”

“Come, come, Mr. Engle,” I said. “We have just bought the old Red Army printing equipment, and there it is in our new printing cooperative. As for the people, all the members of our new Ningtu printing cooperative were once working in the banknote printing works here.” We saw no more of Mr. Engle for some time.

“Lao Piao, where do you come from? How do you manage to eat from a rice bowl with so big a nose?” asked the peasants along the friendly Kiangsi roads. We would drink rice beer under the shade of the great trees, and talk about cooperatives and, at times, about the old Red Army. “Comrade Mao Tse-tung once slept in this bed!” a peasant in Mao Tien Tse told me proudly, showing me to a far from comfortable wooden bed in the corner of his cottage. “We would all join the Red Army if it came back again!” said two young lads who walked with me on the road between Juichin and Hweichong.

In Ningtu I complained to the super-magistrate about the landlord loafers who terrorised Juichin now that the Red Army had gone. In this area refugees had organised gold-washing cooperatives. The landlords demanded a big rake-off and when the workers held out they killed one and burned down the houses of others. While I was telling this story to the super-magistrate, it became more and more clear to me that it was no news to him. He eyed me coldly. “Of course the gentry have right on their side,” he said. I hastily got up and out of the building. Gold washing was discontinued forthwith.

But “The hills are full of Communists! The people still believe in the Red Army!” a Juichin peasant told me. “The old slogans are everywhere!” another said proudly. And so they were. The Catholic fathers of Yutu said, “We can deal with everything in the village, but we cannot deal with the Communists!” And the son of Chiang

Kai-shek shivered when they told him that a Communist proclamation had been pasted up on the city gates of Shin Feng, a city under his jurisdiction. This was the pockmarked Chiang Ching-kuo, the super-magistrate of Kanhsien, who had come back from the USSR to help in the war of resistance to the Japanese. When he came back he was a quiet, unassuming lad, given to hard work. But as he was surrounded by special service men he began to change.

In the early days of the war, we had a very nice scheme for organising the wolfram miners of Si Hua Shan into cooperatives. Their federation would make a proper assay of the ore brought in and so pass it on to the wolfram monopoly. Wolfram deposits were frequent, small and scattered. Deposits were never properly worked out. The monopoly would take the ore and say quite arbitrarily what the content was. The farmer had no recourse. His living conditions were bad. China at war needed wolfram, and this district might have done much to help resistance against the Japanese.

But "Gung Ho," said Hsiung Shih-hwei, the reactionary Kiangsi governor, "is just a Communist front!" Chiang Ching-kuo dropped us like a hot brick. More KMT soldiers were sent in. Pictures of Chiang Kai-shek were put up everywhere. Chiang Ching-kuo hastily erected a "workers' dormitory," and a big school for "workers' children"—but somehow they got built too far away from the mines to be of any use to the workers, and came to be used by officials and their children and the "better class" kids of the locality. Meanwhile the blackmarket operators, under the protection of Hsiung Shih-hwei, cheated the government monopoly by buying wolfram from the miners and shipping it out through the Japanese lines to the Japanese war machine, then busily engaged in slaughtering the Chinese.

One day, when I was away, our office was raided by Chiang Ching-kuo's men and 18 staff members were hauled away to jail. A lad who saw the police advancing on the office had not improved matters by shouting "The Pockmarked's Black Dogs are coming!" ("Black dogs" was the name given by the people to the KMT police.)

Our co-op promoter at Suichuan, the city below Chung Kan Shan, did a very good job organising the political prisoners in the Suichuan jail. Of the hundreds arrested and imprisoned after the

Red Army went, 60 had survived. They must have been wonderful people. Though the United Front had been formed they were not released, but our man was permitted to organise them to make hemp sandals for the army. Then the United Front collapsed, the cooperative was suppressed and the organiser seized and thrown into jail too; and the silence of the grave descended again on the prisoners of Suichuan

The new China of today has not been born without birthpangs. Every village has its tragic history. On those quiet rivers and amongst those lovely wooden hills, exploitation and oppression had their lurid day, all right. Here the Taiping "rebels" were crushed, here the Red Army fought and was beaten back and fought on. Here the KMT came and went, the Japanese came and went, and the Red Army came back to fulfil its promise, the people bringing out from hiding places the flags and documents, and all the precious souvenirs of the first Red Army stage.

In 1938, 1939 and 1940, the power of the KMT was at its height. Insatiable landlords and haughty KMT officers took what they wanted. Conscripts were roped together and hauled off at will. The Catholic fathers of every hsien sat in their great compounds and connived to bolster up the oppressors. They welcomed our cooperatives at first as the kind of "middle way" that could always be depended upon to come over to the side of the reactionaries. But they dropped us later when it became clearer that we were a people's movement.

We moved our Ballie School down into Kwangtung, and in Hsingkuo, where there was a great crippled soldier centre, we were allowed to organise cooperatives among the men. The head of the camp for crippled soldiers was a colonel who had lost an arm fighting the Red Army. His method of promoting cooperation was to fly amongst the members with his walking stick and beat them all soundly, none of them daring to move during the procedure. He would give great dinners to the visiting cooperative officials and was assiduous in his applications for loans. Such was South Kiangsi of those years—a land of beauty, hope and bitterness.

April 2nd: On the way home from Pei Hai, Peking's lovely northern lake, I called at a bookshop and bought a handful of the story-in-picture books which are being read by young and old everywhere. They seem to be enjoyed equally by the literate and those only now beginning to be literate. They have the universal appeal of the comic-strip, though their appeal is to reason and to the power of the common man to help himself, and not the gods of chance or the magic power of a Mighty Mouse.

Of those bought today, one is about a young American soldier, a Harvard man, taken prisoner by the Koreans, and his gradual progress towards understanding the nature of this dirty war; another is about a Japanese progressive and his life of arrests, jailings and beatings, in between his spells of work for the people. Then there was one on Michurin and his experiments, and several on the results of collective work on the farm and in the factory.

The movie seen yesterday encouraged me to go to another show this evening. This one was about Pearl River villagers in Kwangtung, a passionate story of revolt against unendurable village conditions, of flight to the city, and again extortion and persecution there. The typical three-way alliance of the city gangster, the KMT and the village landlord, is made brilliantly clear, as is the utter corruption of this group, despite the polite conversation, elegant manners, westernised habits and snappy clothes. The villagers learn that simplicity and honesty alone will not arm them against these heartless marauders. They become enlightened revolutionaries and learn how to fight and finally overthrow the despoilers of their livelihood.

Cantonese people certainly do have a way to get things done, and done fast, when they set about it. Kept thinking of Ken Yip, the Canadian Chinese lad who worked so hard with us in Kwangtung, and whose grave lies out on a deserted hill near Kukong. He got typhoid and had been dead for two hours or more before the staff at the mission hospital noticed. The workers at all of our cooperatives loved him, and still talk of him.

Gung Ho, in those days, was able to do a little in both East and West Kwangtung, and it was good to go to Meihsien and eat some salted meat with the glass co-op workers, to the Kukong machine

co-op and have *lok do sa*, and a singsong outside the cooperative on warm summer nights, to Nanyang and Hoping, where our training class boys were starting cooperatives and making good progress.

The cooperatives at Kukong had some spirit, especially the printing co-operative and the camphor-making one. The chairman of the camphor-making cooperative was a woman. She had to bring some necessary machine parts back from Kwangchow, where the Japanese stood. She would go through the lines, carrying the needed small bits in a bag over her stomach, so that as she passed the sentries she looked as though she was in the family way.

April 3rd: This morning with Li Tsung-pei, the lad in charge of this house, to the police station to register my permit from the Foreign Affairs Bureau to stay another month in Peking.

Local police stations in KMT times were bedraggled places with police and local gangsters lying on *k'angs* hatching up something profitable to themselves. The common policeman was powerless in the face of the rich. If one had cash enough one could kick a policeman with impunity.

In our village, the chief of police used to send out his "black dogs," to bring back food for his own table—chickens, vegetables, taken from this stall or that, with nothing given in exchange but curses. If the policeman did not bring back food to his lord's liking he would be beaten. Policemen's clothing was ragged and vermin-ridden, morale non-existent.

Walking through the pleasant courtyards of the local police station I visited this morning, I saw gardens being put in order, by policemen off duty and their children, for the spring planting of flowers. Women and kids kept coming in, and there was a sound of clapping in the back courtyard as a meeting progressed. An old man, one of the former men of leisure of the street, came in and was told something so that he scuttled off again, his grey gown flapping against his old legs, his pork pie hat on the back of his head. "He is a volunteer," Li Tsung-pei explained. "He comes to work every day, as do lots more, for the fun they get out of it. He

calls the women to meetings and does all sorts of odd jobs about the place."

There was a friendly, working collective atmosphere about the place, which made it very much a people's centre.

April 4th: This entry is likely to be a long one, as a letter from Shirley Barton in Shanghai, asking for a history of the first 10 years of the school, has set me thinking back to 1938, when it all began... A history of those years? That would be somewhat of a tall order, as it would take many volumes to say it all—and perhaps the trees are still somewhat too thick to see the woods as objectively as one would wish. Still, for the benefit of people in various parts of the world who may be interested in the idea of our sort of training collective, one can at least outline the story of the Bailie Schools—how they were begun, and why, and how the last surviving school came to Sandan and struck down roots there.

When Gung Ho was started in 1938, as the Japanese advanced west on Hankow, it was realised that cooperative and technical training must proceed side by side with the forming of the cooperatives. Through the years that followed various kinds of training were tried, such as short-term courses for staff-members with yearly refresher courses following, and higher courses for college men who wanted to do cost accounting and statistical work.

We also tried Bailie Schools in various places, such as the Southeast, Szechuan in the Southwest, and in the Northwest. These were schools for the ordinary cooperative apprentice, or refugee boy of working-class or peasant background, in which training would centre round the production sections with secondary emphasis on classroom work.

Half of each day would be spent in production divisions, and the object of these would be to teach how to exploit and develop the raw materials obtainable in that area; while the other half day would be spent on theoretical work in the classroom; the whole to be a closely integrated collective, producing at least part of its material needs, as the most suitable boys would be those from

families too poor to pay school fees.

Older lads would teach the younger. Trainees would be encouraged to come at the upper primary school age, and would be turned out at say 21, ready to take a leading part in collective production on a cooperative basis.

The Bailie Schools were found to be the best answer to the need. Graduates from the Southeast school were a strong support to the cooperative structure in those provinces. Cash, as always, was in short supply, and after much discussion it was decided to concentrate training work in one good centre and try to get maximum results there instead of spreading thinly over too wide a field.

At that time, George Hogg, in the Northwest Regional Headquarters of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, was becoming more and more sick of KMT persecution. The dean of the Bailie School in Paochi had been dragged off to a concentration camp, as well as many members of the women's work section. The depotmaster at Hanchung had been buried alive. I myself had been merely discharged by the Executive Yuan from my position as "technical advisor." The charge was "Communist reactionary thinking." As salary and allowances were never paid, I suffered no financial loss.

A small Bailie School had been started in Shwangshihpu, a tiny village in the Tsingling mountains in South Shensi. The place was a transport and cooperative centre for refugee peasants. The school was just three rooms on the side of a hill, to begin with. The textile workshop occupied the centre room and the other two combined classrooms and dormitories. There were only a dozen or so students, with one teacher in charge, who had his work cut out keeping the boys fed and busy. In rapid succession, teachers gave up the task, and when George Hogg was sent to take over, he was the ninth dean in that one first year.

George lived in a cave cut from the loess cliff which backed the school. We met there and talked over the successes and failures of Gung Ho, and its contribution to the war of resistance to Japan. By this time the KMT had shown clearly that if did not want

cooperatives, especially producer cooperatives, and George had become convinced that a successful cooperative system could not be built in the KMT area. In his opinion, the idea of expanding Gung Ho on any large scale would have to be temporarily abandoned, as it would only lead to the endowment of small capitalists calling themselves “cooperatives” and factory managers using the Gung Ho name to evade taxation.

He agreed that we should try to hold and improve our existing cooperatives wherever these had taken root. Those who had the guts to hang on and struggle against the old society would become more and more strengthened in their determination to change it, and each such group would have a democratic influence upon others.

It was also felt that by concentrating our energy on training peasant lads we could not only prove, against the prejudices of the “educated” at that time, that technical leadership could be trained from the working-class and the peasantry; but, more important still, we should be able to provide a technically skilled group, accustomed to working collectively, who would be ready to take part in the reconstruction of their area.

So work began in Shwangshihpu, as the main centre, though for a time a branch school was maintained in Chengtu, to provide a link with the research work being done on rural industries in the universities of Nanking and West China there.

In Shwangshihpu, George worked hard and long. We soon had some 60 students there in newly built dormitories and workrooms. A lathe and a small gasoline engine for prime mover were added. The machine shop section was started. The settling of Honan refugees, the burning of lime, cutting of timber, making of bricks, were activities carried out under the leadership of Fan Wen-hai, one of the students. We ran a clinic for refugees, patching up casualties as best we could.

After the arrest of its Dean, the Paochi Bailie School was bombed, and then closed down. It was not a successful school, as too much emphasis had to be placed on production for self-support, with class work held in the evenings when the boys were tired out. Inside a

growing city it had too little space, and the boys were confined to a small courtyard. They made toys and sold them to a small shop down the street. When the school was disbanded none of the trainees went into CIC work. The Shwangshihpu school fell heir to some knitting machines, a sewing machine, a printing lithographic set and some other odds and ends.

In Shwangshihpu, as in other places throughout our history, the problem was always finance, and there were times when George Hogg was at his wits' end to know what to do. Any cash that did come for Shwangshihpu had to be channelled through the Northwest HQ office, then go to the Women's Work Department, under which "training" was placed, and so to the school. As both these offices had many calls on funds, it was no easy job to get the cash out of them.

Sometimes George would ride his bicycle the hundred kilometres over the Tsingling Mountain pass, down into Paochi, plead and argue for the cash, then ride back to Shwangshihpu the same night. One such night he was set upon by bandits and only just managed to struggle clear of them and bring the precious cash to the school.

Another severe shortage was in technical leadership, and we saw clearly that the only way was to produce it from among our own ranks. We picked out 20 promising lads and sent them to Chengtu to start a branch school, taking advantage of equipment there for woollen textiles, cotton spinning and leather working. The experiment was not entirely successful, as the branch school was on a big mission university campus, with all the diversions such offered. The boys tried hard, but could not fail to be influenced by environmental conditions. The technical divisions in which they worked had good equipment but no leadership, no collective plan setting goals for production and improvement in training. Sometimes work was done, sometimes not.

After two years, the equipment was granted to us, and we moved it all to the Northwest with the trainees, at the time when we moved the whole Shwangshihpu work to Sandan. Most of the trainees are now seniors and teachers at Sandan.

Another Bailie School had been set up in Loyang, with boys from

the cooperatives as students. Loyang was the regional centre of the Shansi-Honan cooperative area. But its director, Y. C. Meng, who, with a progressive staff, had done some good work, was forced out for political reasons, and narrowly escaped being shot, while Ma Ke-ching, the Lushan depotmaster, was stripped, hung up and beaten. A suave political was brought in to be head of the work.

I went off to Loyang to find out the score. A small group of former students were sleeping out in the yard of some cave dwellings, outside Loyang city. There was not a piece of equipment left in the school and other students were being used as servants by the "cooperative" officials who had their quarters there. We were able to evacuate all the former trainees to Shwangshihpu to join our growing group.

Towards the end of our time at Shwangshihpu the general secretary of CIC began to grumble at money being spent in a village in the Northwest. More credit could be gained from a school in Chungking where officials could see it. So a spot was chosen on the road leading to Huang Shan, a favourite weekend haunt of the Generalissimo's. Some of our boys were ordered down from Chengtu to begin work there. I was so opposed to the idea that I never visited the new "school," but George Hogg, worried about the training the lads would *not* be getting, did so. He found them sitting in a room in the dark. The lamps were being used for a party being given by officials in another part of the building. A class programme had been mapped out, but teachers did not attend. Some work had been planned in an adjacent transport yard, but it did not amount to anything. The boys were moved back to Shwangshihpu.

As work progressed in Shwangshihpu with the erection of cotton and wool spinning plants, water wheels, and housing for classes, it began to be more and more clear that political conditions would not allow us to remain.

I went to Lanchow and managed to get some money to start a small school there, in premises vacated by the fur cooperative. But there seemed little prospect here of expanding creative work, so taking the opportunity of a free trip with Joseph Needham, I went off to explore West Kansu, one of the great undeveloped areas of

China's Northwest.

On the way west, we stopped one night at Sandan, in the narrowest part of the corridor. As I enquired about its natural resources, saw its empty housing, its magnificent scenery, I grew more and more hopeful. It was a place where city officials of the KMT would not be likely to come, where cooperative training and production could be gone ahead with quietly, and even expanded, without exciting too much suspicion or envy. A handful of peasant lads, in a poor and remote area. . . The great wide spaces of unused steppe land, the proximity of oil wells where prime mover fuel could be obtained, the coal mines and potteries, paper making material, hides, wool and camel hair, made it just about right for that time.

One could expect that in the future, a railway would go through here, and that the place might then become an industrial centre. In preparing a base for this, many people could be trained by the best possible method of training—practical work on the job itself.

On my return to Lanchow I went to see the then Commissioner of Reconstruction, Chang Sing-i, an agronomist and a Kansu man keen that his province should take a leading part in the reconstruction of the Northwest, but very baffled by the frustrations of the old society. I pointed out to him that the Japanese advance on Sian might make our position at Shwangshihpu untenable, as we had already been notified that if Sian fell, our school buildings would be required by the KMT army. Chang Sing-i agreed that we could move to Sandan.

I went back to Shwangshihpu and discussed the matter with George, who was having a difficult time with the KMT party men. They had arrested one of the teachers, and were trying to rope the older boys into the KMT Youth Army. This "army" was nothing but a disgraceful bunch of hooligans, who roved from place to place beating up shopkeepers, looting farms, smashing up inns. (When they were moved to the coast, they were under the command of Chiang Ching-kuo, the Generalissimo's son.)

So George was at his wits' end, and we eagerly set about planning the move to Sandan. I went back there to arrange housing and so

on, while George planned the trek westward, with all we had accumulated—goods, machines and equipment.

In Sandan, the *hsien* magistrate was an old Ma Pu-fang man, who suspected us of being a bunch of "red hats," but who had received orders from the Commissioner of Reconstruction to find housing for us. The Japanese were making a drive on Sian by this time, which lent urgency to the matter. We were given the chance to rent an old temple where Ma Pu-ching's army had quartered its cavalry. The doors and windows had been taken for fuel, the wooden supports for the buildings chewed by hungry horses. A few hundred images sat fantastically in the draughty halls. Pigeons flew in and out. The place was a wreck. | rented a few houses on the main street for the school to use as temporary quarters, then went back to Lanchow to bring up the first contingent which had already arrived there.

There were 33 of them, and we hired a battered truck from the highway administration and set off. The trip took four days and towards the end of the last day the truck ran up the side of the road, the driver having got a bit of stone in his eye—there was no glass in front—and boys were tipped off in all directions. It was as well that they wore padded clothes and sheepskin coats, but still there were many cuts and bruises.

It was dark when we finally drew up at the house we had rented in South Street, and the older lads took charge, got the group bedded down and fed. The next day was December 25, 1944. We started classes in our dormitory, and in the afternoon went over the old temple and started to clean out the rubble from one section, preparatory to setting up a workroom there. There had been a fall of snow, and the wind that cut around those old buildings had steel in it.

Work went on like this until the end of February, when we had news that George Hogg and the next group had left Lanchow, and that it was necessary for me to go and arrange some finance for the work.

George had had many adventures in getting the lads and the material on up the road from Shwangshihpu. They walked beside horsecarts, over frozen hilltops. Some had been nearly killed when

one cart and horses went over the side and down to the bottom of a steep gully; some barely escaped when riding on a truck that collided with another carrying munitions, both trucks catching fire and blowing up. We lost one lad, Wang Tien-hsiang, who died of heart failure in Lanchow.

Leaving the older lads in charge at Sandan, I went off, expecting that George would be with the main body, anyway. I found him in Yungdung, sitting on some broken-down Salt Gabelle trucks he had hired, and typing the last chapters of his second book, which was never to be published, for, excepting Chapter 5, no trace could ever be found of it after his death.

For the next period, I came and went, while George stayed on the job, clearing all the old Buddhas out of the temple, erecting the boiler, fitting up the machine shops, the textile division, and the classrooms. He never rested, it seemed. The improvement was rapid, and by the time I came back finally in July 1945, the school was already a school, with the cotton mill turning out yarn, the looms weaving cloth, the machine shop working and classes proceeding well. The older boys were taking more and more responsibility, and local lads were coming in. Work seemed to be going according to plan.

Then came the great blow. We had decided to stop for a summer recess, and the boys were to go off to climb a mountain. George had been playing basketball and had stubbed his toe, which festered. Then he complained of a sore jaw. The local health department doctor was called in, but said that he thought it was nothing. The boys went off, leaving Fan Wen-hai and Fan Kuo-chiang, two of the older ones, with me. George grew worse, and we got a doctor from Wuwei, who diagnosed tetanus. His spasms of pain were terrific, and on July 22nd, he died.

We wrapped him up in a blanket the boys had woven, and buried him on a piece of wasteland outside the South Gate. The boys in their white vests and blue shorts stood around. The Nan Shan mountains gleamed white through the green of the trees. I could not say a damned thing. The boys stood woodenly. Then suddenly it was over, and the whole group seized shovels and built the mound with terrific energy. Then they went. Early next morning, Lao San

and Lao Ssu, George's two much-loved adopted babies, went out to the grave with Lao Yu, the cook, and put some coffee and steamed bread there, and sat there for a long time.

After George's death, it was no longer possible for me to leave Sandan until 1947, when I went to Shanghai to discuss the difficult financial situation which had arisen, the upshot of which was that 60 boys at the Lanchow Bailie School were moved to Sandan, and the school at Lanchow closed. The decision was made by both the International Committee and Chinese headquarters office, and was unanimous. As the matter concerned me personally I did not attend the meeting when the decision was taken.

In 1946, Ida Pruitt came from Indusco, Inc. in New York. She had gone there at our request in 1939 and had organised a group to buy machinery and send it. A young American, Harley Moore, who was afterwards killed in an air crash, came to set up the generator and power plant.

As work progressed, the older group of cadres who had come from Shwangshihpu, and who had stayed with the school, began to take over more and more responsibility. The school kept only a very small staff, most of the work being done by the boys themselves, as business managers, storekeepers, and so on; and on the whole they managed their departments very efficiently.

I have never believed that the headmaster of a working training centre for youth should be a Buddha. | think that it is much healthier that he should show his faultiest, most human side to the group, rather than aim to be always a shining light. He should give them every chance to use machines and to do business, even though mistakes will be made in the process.

Most of the students responded constructively to the opportunity of working out their own livelihood problems, and did so with a maturity that often amazed me and confirmed my faith that these peasants' sons were sound material from which to train the industrial cooperative leaders of the future.

But of course the same method also gave opportunities to the destructive elements amongst our very lively group of young

people, and as these were not always amenable to reason we sometimes had to use the primitive methods of the time to deal with them when thoughtlessness or sheer anarchy menaced what we were trying to build. The first essential was to carry the whole work, with its equipment and cadres, through to the new day. Though we were a progressive group, aiming by collective living to get results from creative work, we were actually living, not in the new society, but in the bad old one, full of disrupting influences which seeped into the life of our struggling group, as elsewhere.

So in those days it was essential, at times, to have a little element of fear and the appreciation of mercy with those who would do irresponsible things. Today, new order, new method, has spread down to the roots of society, and there is organisation which does much more effectively what show of anger would do then. In Sandan, since the liberation, we have already proved in action the constructive and cohesive influence of the advanced youth leadership within the large group.

But in that earlier day I was much laughed at by the local gentry and officials for my attempts at getting tough with some of the destructive elements. One old feudal general advised me not to just spank the wilful smaller ones but to really beat the big ones— “beat them so that they cannot walk for a day” was what he advised, with great dignity. I should like to have had the general try it out. He would not have got far. Our older lads were really running the school, and, on the whole doing it pretty successfully.

After the death of George Hogg, the development outside the city started. Fan Wen-hai set up the pottery, Du An-fang the paper plant. Soon we had leather, wool, glass blowing, flour milling and sugar beet processing there, wasteland being cultivated and an irrigation system working. Our hundred *mou* (17 acres) of land near the city provided enough vegetables for the school to eat for most of the year. The farm boys worked hard and long.

The next great struggle was to get the woolspinning set working. It was really quite a struggle. Ida Pruitt had bought it in the United States, while it was still working in a factory there. It was a mixed set of old and new machines, very suitable for a training school. Its 300 spindles had been turning out 300 pounds of yarn a day.

The first stage was to get the set to Hongkong. The next, to get it into China. There were hold-ups all the way. Many people thought we should not have the woolset. The Customs did not want to admit it. Having admitted it, how to get it across country to Sandan, in the far Northwest? Finally it was railed to Hengyang, and then taken through the back country, via Szechuan to Shensi, and then through Kansu to Sandan. A very long and expensive trip that needed much diplomacy to pull off, as well as a great deal of technique.

To prepare for the coming of the woolset, housing had to be built. Fan Wen-hai went to the South Mountains and cut timber with school workers. The timber had to be hauled across country to Shui Chuantse, by ox cart; then by trucks driven by the boys, to the school. Wolves pulled the tent to bits in the night; bandits came. But the textile division house went up. It was the largest and most ambitious building the school had yet attempted. Whole trees were used for the big beams, and as they dried in the building two of them snapped, for they were firs with short grain. So extra supports had to be installed.

When the machinery came it had to be worked on, card clothing replaced and ground, worn parts or those which had been lost on the way replaced, motors and power provided. At the same time, work on hand spinning, rug and cloth weaving, dyeing, wool washing and cloth printing carried on and was transferred to the new textile building, while dormitory and other accommodations were built.

It took 15 trucks and four months to haul the woolset from Shaoyang to Sandan, with many an adventure on the road. But today the plant is assembled and working. Wool can go from the backs of Chinese and Mongol sheep to the backs of the Chinese and Mongols in their own locality, and their kids can learn how to carry this work through in a new way.

The paper plant was one that took much effort to get going. Du An-fang worked hard to get the beater, the steam engine and the digestor set up, so that the local *ch'i-ch'i* grass, which we could cut ourselves, could be transformed into the paper we needed for our school work. The local peasant makes paper at Kanchow, not far from us. He can do one batch only during the short summer

months, as his big stone vats freeze over in the long, cold winter. But with the bringing in of just a little machinery, the digestion process can be done in some eight hours, and throughout the year.

Many peasants have come to see this little plant. Its successful working was quite a landmark in our history, for up to this time paper suitable for the school had to be hauled all the way from Szechuan.

Every one of the divisions of the school has its own history of creative effort, of heartburnings, success and failure. The setting up of the hospital section, by Bob and Barbara Spencer, gave an additional feeling of security to the group both inside and far outside the school itself. After the Spencers left, the boys carried on the whole work of the hospital, including surgical operations, and have done a good deal of useful work both for the school and the district. They continued to train themselves, and can do X-Ray, laboratory and microscopic work reasonably well.

The Survey Section during the past year or so has not lived up to its earlier promise, for before liberation there came an engineer, a graduate of Peking University, who so filled the lads with a sense of their own impotence and the impossibility of their ever learning anything that would be of use to them that they will take a new line only after their thinking has been improved on this matter. The work that was done first under Harland, and then under Kuo Tsung-san, however, was useful. Coal and iron deposits were located, and a great deal of country covered.

The chemical laboratory has also had a chequered career. A foreign technician was brought in, but proved unable to lead anyone other than himself to do things. The buildings were renovated and a good Chinese chemical engineer invited, who is now struggling to carry on practical work in the utilisation of local materials. The functions of the chemical laboratory are enormously important to a training collective such as ours, attempting many kinds of industries based on the raw materials of the locality. Almost every process on which we are now engaged cries out for immediate and drastic improvement in method, and this depends upon what we can discover about our materials and their present and potential uses in industry.

The building up of our library has been no mean task, from the few old boxes of tattered books with which we started to the long building which now houses some ten thousand books. Its function in the life of a collective group is also an important one, and it has been most fascinating to watch the growing interest in the printed word since liberation. The growing sense of collective responsibility towards books is making the task of the librarians lighter. But then, the influence of the new thinking is felt in every field.

When the school has been able to get the help of a technician of outstanding merit, like the Japanese potter Noguchi, work has gone ahead fast. Noguchi and the pottery boys have been able to improve vastly on local pottery and with the help of Du An-fang, who was sent to Peking to study ceramics, they should be able to lay the basis for a school of ceramics which will benefit the whole area.

Over the years several kinds of kilns have been tried, and many different kinds of clays and glazes. A good gypsum mine has been located, and plaster of paris moulds can easily be made, in consequence. Boys have worked hard, picking over coal out at the coal mines, looking for material, crushing rock and building kilns; and they have also learned some of the simple principles of mechanisation and of design. The school of ceramics would include pottery, glass and porcelain and could teach and demonstrate processes that would raise the level of the work done in local pottery kilns today to a considerably higher pitch.

The coal mines have formed the principal part of the Mining Section, for, without coal, the centre cannot operate. Over the last few years the school has been able to bring in some new method and some new machinery, but the hazards remain. The coal miner in such surroundings is a real hero. The boys who work in the school mines have to walk four kilometres to classes every day and four kilometres back home at night. They have survived many a dangerous moment, when shafts were being dug and pumps installed.

Throughout the rest of the work—the leather, printing, knitting and tailoring, transport, machine shops, electrical department, and the others— adventure, such as the pampered city boy never knows, has been commonplace. The transport boys, for instance,

have covered the roads of the Northwest and Szechuan. Many are as much at home in Tihua as they are in Chungking or Sian. They have learned to endure the freezing cold of mountain tops while an engine has to be taken down and repaired, to recover trucks that have gone over the side, trucks that have plunged through bridges. Their training life is full of incident, full of light and shade.

In its first ten years, the school built up certain traditions. It has been traditional, for example, to bring in the local people, on People's Day, and to show and demonstrate to them the work of the various units; to have people attend school functions and dramatic performances.

Then the school has done its best to maintain the health of trainees, and though food has never been very good, the fullest advantage has been taken of the wonderful Northwest sunshine by wearing shorts through the months when this is possible. The incidence of TB has therefore been very small, and lads who have come to the school with TB have been cured after a summer or two. Congenital VD cases have been diagnosed and cured if possible. Swimming has been encouraged in summertime and skating in winter. All new things in backward Sandan, where the chief industries were the growing of opium and the selling of girl children, and where TB and venereal diseases were rife.

It was a long time before we could get a Sandan girl to come to the school. The first girls had come in 1946, when the CIC orphanage in Paochi was closed, and that gallant old CIC worker, Miss Chang Yu-hen, sooner than see her 40 girls and boys turned out on the streets, brought them all to Sandan, and has stayed on working with us ever since. Chang Yu-hen joined the CIC work at the beginning of the war, evacuating cotton mill women from Hankow to work in the newly-formed cooperatives at Paochi.

After the coming of those first girls, the first one from Sandan came to us. She was the sister of one of the boys, and her younger sister had been killed in a very sad accident; during a fair, when she had tried to climb one of our horse carts, she had fallen under the wheel and had died of a ruptured stomach. The mother had refused compensation, saying that the school was her friend and was bringing up her boy.

It was interesting to see this girl slowly acquiring confidence, lifting up her head and meeting people on an equal basis. In the post-liberation period, of course, the girls began to take more leadership, and their number grew.

As the school approached liberation, KMT generals began to come west. One day a friendly officer in charge of the army remount station came to see me and told me confidentially that it had been decided to disperse the school and blow up the machinery and equipment. He asked me if there were boys called Du, Liu, Kao and others in the school. It was evident that a blacklist had been drawn up and these were to be executed. He asked for the loan of our jeep to make a trip to Wuwei, where perhaps such things were to be discussed. We detailed off Chang Yu-ying, one of the transport boys, to drive him there. The officer was in a hurry, and kept urging haste.

As the jeep climbed over Ding Chiang Miao, three KMT army trucks, enveloped in dust, were speeding westward. The first truck stopped, and the second came out of line to pass it. The third came further out of line to pass the second. All was a haze of dust. Our jeep met the third truck head on. The officer was killed and Chang Yu-ying, with two broken femurs and many other injuries, was thrown out on to the road. The KMT soldiers stole all their effects and left them lying, but one of the drivers told the people at the Sandan bus station, and they came and told us, so that we could go and collect Chang Yu-ying and bring him back. Thanks to Dr. Spencer's efforts, he lived, though he will probably limp slightly all his life.

Other generals came. One said that they were going to move us to a "safe" place. I said that we could not possibly move anywhere. Others came to take our carts. We refused to allow any to be taken. Our boys stood guard at night, with what few guns we had. A few guns judiciously passed around at such a time can be made to look like a lot of guns. The Sandan people told the last thousand of Ma's soldiers who came to "clean us up" that we were well armed. The soldiers sent down to Wuwei for a demolition corps, and four trucks arrived. Just as they arrived came the news that the PLA had cut the road west, this side of Kanchow. The KMT disappeared into the

night, first shooting the prisoners in the jail. The two richest men in the town took their camels and went up to the North Mountains.

There had been another bad moment, some time before liberation, when some 40 KMT special police with felt hats, and guns strapped to their waists, came and stayed in the provincial bank, and walked around the school. They were the gangsters of Sian and Lanchow. A bunch of them followed me outside the city. Two stood by the gate, two by the bridge at the woollen textile section, and two followed me as I walked over to the flour mill. As I crossed the tree trunk bridge, I looked round at them, and they were certainly two very bad looking faces. One said, “Is it he?” The other replied, “It is.” They sat by the bridge and waited. From the city came a boy with a message that a general of the KMT wanted to see me. The gangsters spoke to the boy and he told them I was wanted in the city. They got up and walked back, while I walked back too, as fast as possible.

The KMT general was dazed, but quite amiable and resigned. He asked me if we had any Americans with us, and was introduced to Don Kemp, telling him that he was in for a bad time when the PLA came. Then he said that he could not help us much, but that he was moving the bunch of specials on with him to Kanchow that evening. Again we were grateful for our lone American. Just one American was enough to soften the KMT.

Soon after liberation some of the older students went to Peking for special training courses on various subjects, and more than 30 were sent out to work in Northwestern cooperatives, while new students came in to us from various parts. Now for the first time our lads and all others could circulate freely in a China that belonged to them and in which they had a future.

April 6th: Yesterday was an anniversary for me, not only marking the first time I was wounded, in the first world war, down on the Somme, but also marking the first time I had any inkling of what China meant.

In one’s childhood, one would run behind the Chinese vegetable

seller, teasing him, until the infuriated man would give chase and we would run off laughing. In the newspapers there were constantly stories of how the gallant police had raided some opium den and arrested some Chinese. No effort was ever made to understand a different people, labouring under language and other difficulties, in a foreign country. The old men cursed and said, “Chinamen ... they just make a lot of money by working long hours in dirty conditions, and then take it back to China. They’re no good to the country.”

New Zealand Chinese were usually natives of Pan Hsien, in Kwangtung, small, rather thin, and somewhat excitable by nature. Many had come as gold miners, and were to be found in the back valleys of the cold, snowy mountains, enduring incredible hardships to get enough of the yellow metal with which to go back to Kwangtung. Often the officials in Kwangtung would despoil them of the savings they had scraped together, and they would have to return to the hardships of New Zealand goldmining life. Many died, and adventurers would contract with the relatives of these to bring their bones home to Kwangtung—for a price.

Down on the Somme, in 1918, at the time of the big retreat, we were brought from Ypres, to stem the tide. As we advanced our position, we saw an encampment of Chinese Labour Corps being mustered together. On the Sth, the Germans advanced in many waves. They did not break through. I asked who we had on our flank, which seemed to be in the air. “Oh, they armed the Chinese Labour Corps, and they held on.” But I have never seen the story printed anywhere, and it is just forgotten history, I guess. After all, the Chinese were just “coolies” in the imperial eye of the day.

Later, when convalescing on the French coast, a friend and I met two Chinese in fur caps. They were big, strapping men, unlike any Chinese I had ever seen in New Zealand. We invited them to come and share a meal of fish and chips with us, and after this we drank a lot of wine together. Then we had a struggle as to who should pay. We insisted. They insisted. And they were the first Chinese in our lives that we had been able to meet on the level ground of mutual respect.

The second time I was wounded, we lay in a casualty clearing station— an Indian next to me on one side with his buttocks shot

off, and a German on the other side dying with a hole in his chest. People were too busy to help us much. We became tortured children together in hell. . .

The "barriers to understanding" between peoples of different countries, so chewed over by middle-class intellectuals, disappear when people work together, fight together and suffer together. Those who have not suffered a little together with the millions who suffered in China will hardly know their China or their Chinese very well. The professional "reliever" will have a contempt for the "relieved." The only sure basis is to work and struggle with people, on terms of "mutual equality and respect," and to want to understand.

April 7th: The talk last evening centred on "relief" politics of the past. To deal adequately with this unsavoury subject would run into a dozen books; and some of these will no doubt be written. I had my first lesson in the late twenties, when the Suiyuan Canal was being built as a "constructive relief project." There I saw how, when the summer rains came and the refugee workers' shelters were inundated, food did not come, and some 40,000 good peasants who wanted to live began to walk away to certain death. I heard the American engineer complain that he was missing his summer in Pei Tai Ho, and "'to hell with them all, anyway."

I learned how the Catholic Church grew rich by taking over lands for the price of a little food, how grain merchants prospered by selling relief food imported from the Northeast. I saw the long lines of emaciated, starving people stand dumbly while the fat, well-fed cream of KMT soldiery marched up the street in a blare of bugles and fluttering of flags. So as not to offend the eye of visiting officials, refugees were made to throw their dead into the moat and cover them up—the dying tending the dead. All of this happened on a railway line that connected the starving areas with the rich and populous coast, where politicians and officials fattened on enormous foreign relief grants.

After this came the great flood of 1931 and the dyke reconstruction that followed it. A National Relief Commission was

formed, and I was sent to its Hupeh branch to supervise the use of the American wheat that came. More than half of this wheat went to the gentry, and right down the line "squeeze" was rampant. The refugee was to be paid four *catties* of grain for one *fang* of earth moved to the dykes—but the contractors squeezed, the traders who exchanged part of the wheat for salt and oil squeezed, everyone squeezed.

The Japanese were attacking in Shanghai at the time, and Tsai Ting-kai's army was resisting. The American loan wheat came up to Hankow, nevertheless. The 400,000 refugees in the Wuhan camp had to be evacuated to the dykes, which had to be built before the summer. How the human wolves gathered round and how the peasants suffered would make a long story, tedious in the telling, for it has been echoed so often elsewhere—in all places where the sweet name of "relief" has been made to cover exploitation and corruption. Relief politics permeated the whole country on which the old regime battened. "Relief" lined the pockets of the highest, elevated whole armies of officials, local and foreign, who sat about feasting each other in the cities and producing mountains of "projects" on paper.

In our own work of the CIC, in the war years, many good people around the world wanted to help China's wartime effort, and to help the ordinary people of China to build up their own livelihood, by means of cooperative production. This was, perhaps, one of the cleanest efforts that had been made. Much of the intelligent help given by many overseas friends of the Chinese people did manage to get to the people for whom it was intended, and this cannot be included within the meaning of the word "relief," as I have used it above.

Official "relief," as I have seen it in operation, has always been a pretty sickening thing. What it touched it corrupted and demoralised. It was used as a spearhead behind which came the demands that would lead to more slavery, more famines. "Relief" politics, "relief' junkets, "relief" trips—the expenditure of millions—all with the ultimate object of relieving China's poor of any independence and any chance they might have to stand on their own feet.

Small wonder that the new China turns away in disgust, and that now her people put forth their strength to get real relief to the sufferers in Korea, and to India, for are not the workers of the world one, and have they any other way to combat exploitation except by joining together?

April 8th: The newspapers these days have many articles exposing the various groups of spies working for the imperialists against the People's Republic. One is struck with the careful work that is done in collecting all the facts until the evidence is complete and irrefutable. Then it is made public in detail in the press, over the radio, at open meetings, while in some places the actual documentary and material evidence is publicly exhibited for all the people to examine for themselves. It is seen that the history of these thoroughly evil people often goes back a long way, as connections are exposed with German and Italian Nazis and Fascists as well as with the Kuomintang gangsters and their Japanese and western imperialist supporters.

There could be no greater contrast than between these arrests and public trials, and the pre-liberation terror methods under the Kuomintang, which tried for so many years to root out all vestiges of opposition to its corrupt, feudal regime.

Gangs of thugs were employed, and in the last years of the KMT these were tied up with the American Secret Service. In the days of the foreign settlements and concessions, they were invariably linked closely with the police and gangsters employed by those governments. Every kind of method was used to keep the trail hot. Able lads in workers' night schools were watched. Two who were graduates of the Yangtsepoo Social Centre were arrested because, in their dark and terrible alleyway, they had organised the kids for a night school. They were workers in a rubber factory, the management of which came to complain about the social centre. The two lads were given eight years' penal servitude. A book on Lenin, such as could be bought freely in any part of the city, had been found in their house.

In Gung Ho, we had many arrests. Girls came back from the

concentration camps, their legs and thighs seared with burns from hot irons; organisers' backs were scarred with beatings. Some came back nervous wrecks. Others never returned.

Once, when one of our organisers was suspected, and it was found that he was being checked on, he bought some trashy novels and went to a tea house, sprawled out, sang bits of old opera and talked nonsense for about three weeks. The spy watched him and finally reported back that the man was a very good one and could be considered quite safe.

In those days, people who were kind to peasants, or workers, to coolies or refugee children, were watched with suspicion. Only "Communists" were like that, it was argued. To speak gently, rationally, quietly, were bad signs. A good show of temper, as much shouting as possible—such were the indications of the proper kind of man.

At Shwangshihpu our boys were ordered to join the San Min Chu I Youth Corps, as were the staff of the Paochi Gung Ho orphanage, which was suspect. But joining made no great difference. We were still suspect. Just the facts that we worked hard with our own hands and did not beat our workers were enough.

In Sandan we once sent a group over to the neighbouring *hsien* of Minchin to buy wool. They were all arrested and nearly shot. I sat down in Wuwei arguing the case until, roped together, they were brought back, after three weeks in jail. Why had they been taken? It was found that their old padded clothing was stitched with red thread. This was a bad sign. The leader of the group had jotted down in his notebook some ideas for a speech. They did not praise the KMT. One lad was beaten with a hundred strokes. In the jail into which they had been thrown, they had found peasants who scarcely knew of what they were accused. One had sat in jail for years because his camel had died while carrying KMT army wheat.

It was important to have mission or American contacts—better both. In Sandan, an old German missionary lady who had lived for awhile in the same area as the 8th Route Army and admired it greatly, came to work at our school and struggle along with us. Don Kemp was our one-man American front in those last days before the

liberation.

Everywhere, people suspected by the KMT simply vanished. But though many were tortured and done away with, and, as the Liberation Army approached the cities, thousands of political prisoners were machine-gunned in their cells, the gang then in power had been far too venal and predatory, each individual far too busy grabbing for himself, to be really efficient. The great mass of the Chinese people wanted change, and it was impossible to kill them all.

April 9th: Summer is in the air today, and as I sit in this office of the CIC, now incorporated with the Cooperative Commission, writing on a glass-topped table, with the bustle of the street as an undertone to one's thoughts, my mind goes back to the beginnings of the CIC in the early summer of 1938...

I am sitting at a similar glass-topped desk piled high with plans for factories. The frightened capitalists want these erected in the "safer" portion of the International Settlement, not under occupation by the Japanese. There are blue prints for all kinds of factories, and my job is to go over them for factory safety.

The telephone rings, and I am informed that the Secretary-General wants to see me at once. I walk across the courts and into the great office of the Chief Administrator. He says that the British ambassador has come back from Hankow and has asked that I be released to go and work for the Popular Front Anti-Japanese Government there. The Settlement is partly governed by the Japanese, the Chief Administrator points out, so all he can do is to permit me to leave unconditionally. It is very bad that I should leave, as there is much work to be done in Shanghai. He winds up with the following peroration: "The Chinese Government in Hankow will not last three months. You are throwing up a career for nothing. China is in a mess. Don't get into it!"

I tell him I am going, anyway. He looks down at his papers and replies, "All right, then, hand over your work and go."

So the plans and the office were handed over, my ticket bought, and with the help of friends, the evening saw me on an “Empress” liner bound for Hongkong. A day or two later a plane set me down in the heat of Hankow, for the first time since the “reconstruction” work of 1932.

But to have arrived in Hankow meant nothing much, it seemed. The Government had apparently forgotten that it had given its approval of the plan which had been sent to it through the British ambassador by our little group of promoters of the CIC; and Dr. Kung did not seem interested any more. A prominent Chinese official called me to see him privately, and said, “We can have small industry everywhere—but not a cooperative movement for small industry. The common people of China are Communists, and that would put too much power into their hands.”

So one sat around and sweated. Asked to suggest a central board for Gung Ho, the names of both Communist and KMT leaders were put forward. W. H. Donald, Advisor to the Generalissimo, called me over and told me that such a proposal would never be accepted, that even the suggestion had made the starting of the CIC much harder.

Finally the whole matter was discussed, with many cross currents, and at last it was agreed that we be given space in the Yokohama Specie Bank and the green light to go ahead.

It was possible to do one thing, at least, and that was to move some of the Hankow industry to the Northwest, and so provide a basis for some of the industry that is there today. The Paochi and the Sian cotton mills went there while the KMT government was moving the Chengchow cotton mill south to Hankow and up to Shasi, later to be captured by the Japanese.

Dr. Kung gave us the whole of the Wuchang mint, but no money or facilities to move any of it anywhere, so that it was left to provide the Japanese with scrap iron.

There was very strong evidence, in those days of the so-called “United Front,” that nothing but a token war was being waged by the KMT against Japan. One of the biggest cotton mills in Hankow

was registered with the British Embassy as a British factory, to escape being sent inland. Both Embassy and KMT officials backed the factory against us. I was told that the mines at Ta Yeh had not been put properly out of action, so borrowed a car to go and see. The only demolition that had been done was of a kind that could be restored in a very short period. Workmen were caretaking in workshops, looking after material.

The general feeling of the Hankow leaders was that the sooner the Popular Front Government got out, the better. I talked to the leaders of the Chamber of Commerce, told them what had happened in Shanghai, and asked them to cooperate. They were apathetic. Madame Chiang made a trip to the country one weekend, with some of her "New Life" women. She asked some of the peasant women what they would do when the Japanese came; would they not run away?

One of the peasant women pulled back her sleeve and revealed a swollen, poisoned arm. She said, "Our government is like the poison in this arm. When the Japanese came, maybe they will prick the arm and the poison will run out." She knew nothing about the Japanese. She had never seen any. But she did know that the KMT were no good to her. The girl who told me this story said that Madame was silent for some time afterward.

The memory of Hankow that stays is of dysenteric, thin kid soldiers, sitting surrounded by flies, propped up against anything that would hold them. Underfed, half-armed, they were thrown against the Japanese as cannon fodder while behind their backs officials planned treachery.

One day, Wang Ching-wei sat in Kung's outer office. His attendant hanger-on pointed to me and told him what I was trying to do. Wang's fat face broke into an evil leer, and he got up and walked out.

One met many people in the ante-rooms of the then so great. One day, Lewis Kung, the second son of the Kung family, sat and talked petulantly to Advisor Donald. "You promised to take me tiger shooting, down in Yunnan. I've just got two new sporting rifles from America. Why don't you get a plane and take me down this

week?" The Japanese then were just down at O Tse Kou, below Hankow. Chinese kids, years younger than the fat, spoiled Lewis, were facing Japanese guns and dying. One felt slightly sick, and it was hard to be objective. Lewis was shipped off later, after the bombings in London had ended, to be an officer in the Scots' Guard there.

We went out to see what could be salvaged from the Hanyang industrial area, and struck one of the early air raids on Hankow. Only the poorer parts were bombed, and these extensively. Whole rows of workers' homes were levelled, and women, moaning for their dead, crawled over the blackened wreckage—a familiar sight later in Chungking, Paochi, Kweilin, Kukong, Kanhsien, and many another place one passed through. Still a familiar sight in the whole of Korea....

On the day we came back by car from the inspection of Ta Yeh iron mines, we had to halt in front of a reeling figure on the white metalled road. It was a soldier lad of about fifteen. He had been sick, and had been hit by a passing truck, which had not waited. His whole scalp was laid open. He was mad with thirst, but kept on walking in the blazing sun, scarcely knowing what he was doing. We took him over to a peasant's house and patched him up as best we could, then put him in the back of the car. We made Wuchang by midnight. The boy was so light and thin that I carried him in my arms easily, and we boarded a ferry and got into the city, where I had to find a hospital that would take him and sew him up. By this time he was quite unconscious. He went to an overseas Java unit hospital and afterwards was sent back to the front in the Northwest. He remains in my mind as an example of the courage of the common man and what he can take.

April 10th: Looking through the bookstalls in Tung An market today, I saw a kids, pictorial called "Factory Safety." These simple pictorials fit the pocket easily, and are cheap. Street libraries rent them to readers for a tiny sum, and their circulation is very wide.

This book on "Factory Safety" was a joy to see. In the old days of factory safety work in Shanghai, we had always wanted to get out

something like this, but were never able to get the cash for it. What the old Shanghai Municipal Council wanted of their factory inspectors was to keep the city tidy, make things easy and pleasant for big business and silence criticism. It lent much “face” to be able to introduce well-known visitors to the factory inspection section, as an example of the up-to-date methods of the administration.

As I look through this little book, a hundred memories come to mind. A whole series of books could be written about the tragic incidents of each day of some 10 years’ work. Many would leave one with a sense of impotence and anger that such things could be permitted. Gunther Stein, the writer, said when I took him around one day, “I wonder how you can stand it!” In truth, I could not have gone on standing it had I not known that change for the better was generating itself.

Shanghai Power started as a municipal enterprise. It was sold to Electric Bond and Share, a Morgan subsidiary, and renamed Shanghai Power Company. What chicanery was used, what foreigners were bought in order to allow a public utility to pass into the hands of one of the most vicious foreign trusts in the world, is another story. My chief concern was the number of workers who fell down chutes of the self-feeding boiler apparatus and went into the furnaces with the coal.

I would call on the American manager at Riverside. He would chew his cigar meditatively while I explained how we needed a light chain and belt which must be worn by workers who had to work naked on top of the stack of coal-dust. Then when the coal caved in under them they would not go down with it. “Christ!” shouted this representative of a Christian nation, “if the silly bastards don’t take more care, what can I do about it?” A mention of the American court and prosecution brought forth a smile. In those days of extra-territoriality foreigners were tried in their own courts and were thus exempt from Chinese law. The next time a worker died in this fashion the court was informed. They said they would “speak to the management.”

The Japanese courts in Shanghai administered the same kind of justice. A Japanese who, in a secret part of his home, kept a line of workers making narcotics for sale, had some killed. He was fined

one yen by the Japanese Court.

The ease with which raw material could be imported, and the finished goods exported, caused a great consumer goods industry to rise in dwelling houses of back alleyways. A house built for one or two families to live in would be converted into a factory employing several hundred children making flashlight bulbs for the five and ten cent stores abroad.

In the steaming heat of a Shanghai summer, when the foreigners and their compradores lay exhausted in deck chairs on shaded lawns, sipping cool drinks brought by attentive servants, these children toiled from dawn to dark in crowded lofts, their weary faces close to the Bunsen burners, their legs swollen with beri-beri, their sweating bodies covered with sores from bed-bugs and lice. In the not too distant future their hearts would stop working, for they were already enlarged.

From the famine and the flood, from the civil war and all the disturbances of the interior, a fresh wave of children would arrive in the city and be bought up by the loafers and gangsters who ran small industry. Of these there were many.

One of the worst dives was a place called Tien Kai Ziang, in an alleyway off what is now Peking Road West, in Shanghai. The management of this concern would subsidise orphanages to give him children. They had a battery of punch presses, making parts for the sockets of electric light bulbs. The children would sleep beside the machines. They worked a 14-hour day. The factory was unlighted except for a blazing naked bulb over each machine. There was an armed guard at the door to prevent the escape of any child. Foremen could beat the children at will.

Of one batch of orphans sent in by the “Child Welfare Association,” practically all received injuries from the fast-running, unguarded punch presses. Of 29 children, 11 had suffered amputations. Out of some 64 children working at one time it was found that over 30 had fingers or portions of fingers missing. When a child had had more than two amputations, he was kicked into the street to fend for himself and fight with other waifs for scraps from the garbage cans in the alleyways, at the backs of the restaurants.

The manager of the factory smoked opium. The raw material—brass—came from Japan. The produce went to South America to help force down the wages of workers there. All that China got out of it were the import and export duties on the finished goods. The children would be worn out by 30, if they lived so long. The manager would have a pack of useless fat women and spoiled brats. This was small capitalist industry.

One day I went to a place where one of the apprentices had been beaten to death by the manager. “Very bad boy!” this gentleman shouted. The police arrested him, but when I passed the place a few months later he was back there again.

But there were many other ways of doing away with people. In the hot summer-time, in badly ventilated workrooms, they died of fatigue or stumbled against unguarded machines and were caught by the old-fashioned clothing they wore. The dead body would be pulled away at night and tossed on the rubbish heaps at the back of Yangtsepoo for the dogs to eat, or taken out on the river and dropped in. But it was usually easy to see who would die and, as a rule, he would be “sent back to the country.” The kids in the battery-making shops, all of whom had lead poisoning, the silicosis cases, the beri-beri cases in the last stages, the TB ones and the badly injured—they could be sent back to the villages for their relatives to bury. More would come in.

Stinking urinals in workrooms, no place to wash down and take away the sweat and grease, black bedding, bleeding gums, trachoma eyes, wretched food, industrial hazards and lack of any creative opportunity—these were the wages of the worker of that day. Now recognised as the very basis of society, then he was regarded as something less than human.

Later: I can only write of the Shanghai I knew. The Shanghai of luxurious clubs, sleek cars, well-trained servants, was the Shanghai in which one slept and ate one’s food. But one’s working and emotional life was spent up and down the alleyways where the vast majority of the Chinese people lived... Where every tiny room held a family, where the rows of nightpots lined the streets .. . Where

clothing, hung a certain way on the bamboo poles in which it was dried, would speak a definite language, “Come and get the message that awaits you,” or “Don’t come, the house is watched.”

The gangster-run factory to which I was called one Christmas morning, to see the floor covered with the dead bodies of workers who had been killed in an explosion of inflammable gas from an annealing furnace, annealing the tops of water bottles for the KMT army... The gangster woman-manager with a flock of Taoist priests chanting and mumbling prayers to get the devils out of the place... The factory where another woman manager, a great fat mountain of a woman who beat her apprentices while they worked, screamed with rage when made to effect a simple improvement; and to emphasise her words, snatched up a live chicken, tore it to bits with her hands and stamped on it... The wonderful machine tool men who turned out marvels of machinery with rotten old machine tools... The long lines of serious, sweet-faced village girls who stood in the cotton mills.

The dark, brooding, set faces of the Japanese foremen and technicians, driven on by some force they seemed powerless to stand against... The irrepressible gaiety of dying apprentices in lead battery factories when I would go to take urine from them for testing for lead content— ‘What, you’re not going to drink all of that in one day, are you?”—as they saw me handing in the boxful of bottles to the driver... The chromium-plating workshops in alleyways, the apprentices covered with grinding dust, sleeping with grinding dust, hands and feet bitten deep with chrome holes that bored right down to the bone and suppurated...

A Shanghai where anything could be done if one had money, and where there was only one sacred word, and that was “PROFIT.”

But the thing that made one most sick was the support given by the ruling powers to the worst elements and their complete indifference to the fate of the mass of the people.

The Shen Shing Cotton Mill, in the western district of Shanghai, built latrines in the exit doors. A fire on straw matting outside caused a panic. Many girls were crushed to death trying to get out of the doors. The manager, who had been warned many times to

keep the exits clear, was treated with tender consideration by the court. When some small fines, and various officials, had to be paid, Shanghai society cried, “Poor fellow!” But the girls were buried, and that was that.

So also when the handrails of the stairway at a silk filature broke and 13 children were stamped to death; so when 400 women were blasted to death in a rubber factory; so when some 90 women and children were burned to death in a celluloid factory explosion—and so on, and on...

The Settlement could build fine buildings, make roads, set up schools for the rich, parks, and even a municipal orchestra, but it could not and would not lift the burden from the backs of the poor. Its *taipans* lived the lives of princes, surrounded by many servants, in lovely houses out in the western district. They would belong to exclusive clubs, holiday in Japan, or Tsingtao, or Pei Tai Ho. They would pass their lives without ever going down the main streets of the industrial parts of Hongkew or Yangtsepoo, let alone the alleyways, with their reek of urine and garbage. “One half of the bloody world,” one Public Works inspector would say impressively to me, “doesn’t know how the other half bloody well lives?” And having said it, he would escape in his car and get out as fast as possible.

Jessfield and Hongkew parks were beautiful. Nursemaids and babies would frolic there, and the fashionable of the town parade, expensively dressed, on Sundays. The tens of thousands of working girls walked down the paths from the villages before daylight in the morning and back after dark at night seven days a week.

Memory rakes up a jumble of pictures and incidents, each rather more fantastic than the last... The White Russian detachment of the Settlement armed forces standing to attention under the old Imperial Russian flag when important guests came in state to visit the Shanghai Municipal Council... How, when I began to study Chinese, the foreign officers of the Fire Department laughed and said, “What do you want to learn that monkey language for?” (My teacher, a gentle slip of a lad, in long white gown, would wince and pretend he had not heard. He had to teach foreigners Shanghai dialect all day for a living.)

Bill Tozer, head of the Yangtsepoo Fire Station, who would come home in the early hours of the morning after a drunken spree, driving like a demon in his car... “Knocked down another yellow belly on the way home. One the less now!” he would triumph. (It was a considerable pleasure, when attending another fire amongst some hundreds of straw huts, to see the worthy Bill, drunk again, fall up to his neck in one of the manure ponds where human manure is soaked prior to use on the land. He stank for some time after.)

And the conversation of the messroom, with its dull topics of drunken excess and lechery, its racial insanity, the wretched airs of superiority overlying the basic unhappiness and boredom because these puppets of colonial imperialism, part of a false, superimposed structure, could have no part in the rich and varied life that surrounded them.

Educational though this phase of my life was, I longed to end this lesson and spend my days amongst people who were struggling. Factory inspection was the next stage, and gave one a chance to pass from one place to another, Chinese and foreign, big and small, workroom and dormitory, seeing all kinds of conditions, knowing that better ways must come and that change would cleanse eventually—though that change had to come via all the horrors of the Japanese invasion, with dogs worrying at freshly made corpses, pillage and rape until the whole world seemed to be in the hands of a horde of maniacs.

Shanghai, a world in itself, has been a city of tragedy. It deserves the chance to make of itself the city it can really be—the city where the worker of the future will have some of the comforts and amenities the pampered westerner had in the past.

April 11th: To lunch with Meng Tso-shen, in the grounds of Pei Hai, where spring blossom and green willow sprout, where crowds of school-children singing and flowing up and down the little hills and around the lake make the place a temple to spring indeed.

There were kids everywhere, it seemed. Some with Young

Pioneer flags, some with drums and cymbals beating out the rhythm for dancing, some climbing rocks, their scarves flashes of scarlet against the white *dagoba*, some out on the lake in boats.

Tso-shen and I talked over old days in the beginning of the cooperative movement down in Kiangsi, then in Chekiang. Of the machine shop so well organised by its worker-owners that when the time came for it to be evacuated it seemed to move of itself over the hills from Ningpo to the far South Anhwei border, where it made munitions for the New Fourth Army until the Japanese advance forced it to evacuate again.

We talked of all the people who had helped us, and especially of one, a Communist, Mao Hsien-yu, who worked in Fukien and Chekiang, finally doing great work for the cooperatives by organising the fishermen of Lin Hai. Mao Hsien-yu stayed in Lin Hai for four years, until liberation, when he went to work for the new local government, but was killed by gangster reactionary elements. He was one of the most brilliant of cooperative organisers, for he could learn any new process and apply it. When a problem presented itself, his mind would automatically proceed to solve the practical detailed difficulties connected with it; whereas the old education had taught people to despise and shun the practical. If new China could produce men of the calibre of Mao Hsien-yu, one felt, there would be no problems for which solutions would not be found.

We talked of the cooperatives in Kinhua and Lishui, of the beauties of China's Southeast, and all the possibilities for future development there; of the crowded villages to which new ways of production would now be brought; and of this new day which means so much for all of them.

On the way home, I stopped at a bookshop to buy some books for Sandan. The keeper of the bookstall in the market wrapped them up in a page torn from an old English language reader. On the page was printed, "If I die in Sin I cannot go to God," and "Lord, save me, for I am lost."

And one thought back on the disservice done to the Chinese people by those missionaries who claimed to bring the "truth that

makes man free” but instead strengthened ancient superstitions and sex tabus such as that which decreed that the genitals were moved by devils and must be hid. Sex was part of man and sex was Sin, so there could be no escape from Sin—except through the ministrations of the missions. Otherwise Sin meant everlasting torment in hells only too familiar to the people through the graphic representations in their city temples where dogs would stand beside the upper and nether millstones eating the pulped bodies of even the only moderately sinful. Since the evolution of man there have been many traps set by the cunning to exploit and subject him. Sex as “sin” is perhaps the cleverest and most lucrative—a sure bet to fool the simple, hard working people. But humanity, no matter what, will progress, and will consign to limbo that which is obstructing its course, whatsoever it may be.

Later: Tonight, on the tram coming back from the Drum Tower, where I had been to spend the evening with an old friend, three apprentices came in and sat down next to me. They pulled out text books on electricity and looked at diagrams of circuits, questioning each other eagerly. They had just come from a night school, and it was evident that their day’s work had not tired them too much to take advantage of all that their night classes could teach them.

I remember the first apprentice schools we started in Shanghai, using the premises of the city public schools from six to eight in the evening. The apprentices, who had worked since six in the morning, had snatched their evening meal and run to school. Learning the simplest characters was too much strain for the younger ones, and they would fall asleep over their books; and many would have to go back to work again at eight and work on till ten. One had to struggle with the managements of the factories to let them come at all. But they all wanted to come. Such is the spirit that China has, and now it will be no longer checked and thwarted, but given unending scope.

The industrialisation of China has really begun at last, and will be a fairly rapid process. The thing that happened in the USSR has started to happen here—the quest after technical understanding on a vast scale.

These apprentices who are electrical shop fitters now, who were beaten daily under the old system, now have a way. They will be the men who will spread electricity, all right. And the momentum which has produced a Chinese army which operates will produce technicians who will operate.

April 12: The embankment east of the Peking Hotel, opposite the glacis of the old legation quarter, is now being planted with gardens and trees. The stone work has been finished, and transplanted gardens and trees appear overnight, and sit as though they had always sat there. The mass of blooms on each side of the path leading out of the central telegraph office, with the crenellated grey walls of the old legation bastion as background, is a sight to see.

The legation quarter of today is as neat and well-kept as ever, but no longer are there barracks full of foreign soldiers, American, British, Japanese; no longer are there police in old Manchu boots standing at the entrances. As one strolls along on this spring day, with life streaming past more vividly than it ever has done since Peking began, one thinks back to two old men who lived through Boxer times, through the days of the Dowager Empress, and who were, in a way, pioneers in a new setting. Puzzled pioneers, one might say, part of movements they did not understand, being used by forces they could not interpret.

The first was Ingram, the old mission doctor I met in Suiyuan working in a disinfecting station to stop the spread of typhus, carrying in the clothing of the refugees to the steam house he had built. “Why don’t you get the students to help?” I asked, pointing to the Christian university students who had come for service but were standing around outside. “Huh,” he said, “that’s where we have failed,” and went on collecting clothes.

“Doctor,” I said to him, as we sat on the train coming back to Peking, and looked out, as we neared Kalgan, on the sweep of the Great Wall, “I am a young man, you are old, and you have been all your life a mission doctor. What do you think of the mission teaching?” He sat and did not answer for a long time. I did not press, thinking perhaps he did not want to answer, and it had best

be forgotten. We both gazed out at the Great Wall, and I thought of some lines from the old ballad of “Meng Chiang Nu Weeping at the GreatWall’...

Then he turned to me and said slowly and very deliberately, “I think at least there is a power for good,” and then relapsed into silence again. The end of his life was tragic. He was killed by bandits when staying out in the hills, killed by the sickness of the old society which he saw, clearly enough, was a very sick one indeed.

Bailie was a more turbulent character. An Irishman, he said he felt that preaching was a blasphemy when people had not enough to eat, when there were eternal famines, when the forests were being cut down and the land eroded. He felt that the man of God should be around and doing things. He worked to settle Shantung famine refugees in Manchuria. The Japanese sent bandits to hang him up, and beat him nearly to death. He started the Nanking school of forestry, but mission politics put him out of that. He took some hundreds of upper-class boys to foreign countries to give them technical training. Most of those who came back turned into officials. He started a school in Shanghai for factory apprentices. This was getting down to a sounder basis, but politics stopped that. He recommended one of his boys to be magistrate in Hohsien in Anhwei, and went there with him to work on rural improvement.

I went to visit him there, bringing two books written by Maurice Hindus, on the developments in the USSR. He read them, and the more he read the more excited he became. “Why, this is what I have been trying to do all my life—and there all is done so easily... I’m just an old fool!” and rushing over to the new magistrate, he pressed the books on him, urging him to stop everything and read them.

The magistrate smiled, humouring the old man, and put the books on one side, resuming his talks with the gentry. He was in line for promotion, promotion that was to lead him to become Commissioner of Finance in Kansu, Secretary-General of the CIC administration in wartime, head of UNRRA in Manchuria afterwards, to arrest for too blatant squeeze there, followed by release by powerful friends in Nanking, and finally to his rightful

place alongside Chiang Kai-shek in Taiwan, where he awaits the justice of liberation— Liu Kwang-pei, “K.P. Liu”—who dissipated the strength given him with which to carry a war-time Gung Ho, and who became the enemy of the people instead of their servant, as Bailie wanted him to be.

Old man Bailie took his last voyage to America, penniless after 40 years’ struggle to reform the old system. He was given enough money for an operation for cancer of the prostate gland, but the operation failed. He took a gun and shot himself.

He would talk of how he planted the sides of the Purple Mountain with saplings, how the people would come and pull them up for firewood, and how perplexed he was. “No education is of any use that does not educate the people,” he would say. How to educate the people? His students, when they went to work, would not remove their uniforms, and would do nothing that would soil them. Dirt was work, work was dirt, and both were for coolies and peasants, not for the educated man, who existed on a higher level. How to teach them that work was cleanliness, sanity and order? he puzzled.

Always impatient, always somewhat fanatical, always young in mind, he battered his head against a thousand walls and did not bend much. He would have been a happy man today to see the Huai River conservancy work, to see irrigation and forestry being done by many of the lads who went through his school and now are led by a government which is realising all the things he instinctively felt were of first importance but did not know how to achieve.

He wrote an article in a Shanghai newspaper on technical improvement in the village and, reading it, I went to call on him, finding him in an attic room with a bed and a small desk only, pounding out his ideas. He became a friend, and would tell me not to stay in Shanghai but to get out into the villages where China was, to study and try to understand them. So for all the years we were in Shanghai there would be few week-ends or holidays that did not see us out around where farmers worked, where canal and pagoda, junk and peasant were to be seen, enjoyed and learned from.

Both Bailie and Ingrain helped to make people who thought for

themselves and who, by learning to think and work creatively, began to fit themselves for the new China which these two puzzled pioneers could not envisage and did not live to see.

The problems of peace and of poverty are world problems, one and indivisible. Here were two men, internationalists at heart, who made many mistakes, who died tragic deaths, who loved the people they worked amongst and were frustrated in every attempt to really help them. The internationalists of this new day will be able to evaluate both clearly and sympathetically these who lived out their lives in a time of expanding imperialism, and were themselves at the mercy of those forces which destroyed their works and smiled indulgently when they died. Great souls, used as puppets and kicked aside. Yet humble men, too, lacking understanding.

April 13th: Lao Yen had an old friend in tonight. He was once in our printing cooperative in Loyang, but was arrested as a Communist. When he got out of jail he became one, I guess. Tonight he came in army uniform. He had been to the back of Szechuan and to Chinghai, and I told him of my trip to Sungpan in 1940 when I went to see about trying to organise wool washing, wool transport, and so on.

One remembers so well the road, the narrow track that ran beside a tumbling river, a track lined with lilacs and bluebells in the summer; shacks where one cooked food; carriers who smoked opium, villages where they all smoked opium; gangsters with guns; and the terrible gold fields of Chang La, where everyone lived off the gold-diggers, who were often poor, emaciated opium smokers, exploited by the Kao Lao Hwei, the “Elder Brother Society,” as was so much else in Szechuan; where Tibetan people were driven off theft fields so that gold could be dug.

In Sungpan there was a school for specialists in animal husbandry. But no graduates went out to work in the villages. They came from Chengtu and they went back to Chengtu, to official jobs. There were only two Tibetans in the school, and they were the sons of the powerful Lama’s family.

I went out to Maoerhkai, the place where the famous meeting of the Red Army was held, a place of tall fir trees and grasslands, more than 10,000 feet above sea level. Each section of the country was held by some small prince; each section had its monastery and Living Buddha, and the politics that went with the selection of the right child god. All very feudal. The local princes had enlarged pictures of Chiang Kai-shek and the Szechuan gentry-militarists, autographed. They were paid poor prices for their wool, which had a goodly amount of sand rubbed into it, and the wool was then packed down to Kwanhsien, 600 *li* distant, by long lines of carriers. It was washed in Kwanhsien or Chengtu. Our idea was to have the Tibetans organise wool washing cooperatives and transport cooperatives so that we could get clean wool and cut out the middle man. But we were told not to worry about such things, as they were "political" and should be left alone.

Today the picture has changed. A responsible people's government in Sungpan is making new life, built on a solid foundation, a dream no longer but an attainable reality. How good it would be to go back there one day and see it! The possibilities for cheap electric power there are immense, and the people are inured to hardship, so that the pioneer spirit would not be lacking.

One of the "living Buddhas," bored with sainthood, wanted to do some constructive work while we were there, but was not allowed to realise his ambition. One wonders if he is still alive, and if he is, how he is making out now that everyone, even Living Buddhas, have the right to work! In the old days, when the faithful came to kneel at his feet, he would put out one hand to bless them and go on drinking his tsamba from a bowl held in the other, as though the whole process was rendered just too monotonous by repetition. The Living Buddha at Hu Ssu was a small boy who loved to go romping over the hills with his dog and did not like being a god.

Wonderful sheep country—with only a bit more science needed in shepherding and in winter feeding to make it bring in so much more wool... Those other tribal people, the Mantse, looking like Northern Indians, with their puttees, turbans, Hindu Kush-like towered houses and their mountain sturdiness. Dan Dye, the old research man in Chengtu, swore they came originally from the

Indus Valley.

With the new deal all the minorities are getting, these will feel today very much a part of the new China and will join in the job of reconstruction just as the Mongols, the Miaos, the Tibetans and the Lolos are being encouraged to do. Their dancing, their customs, will lend colour to Chinese life, and their craftsmanship bring new strength.

When I travelled alone up that long valley and out into the grasslands, I was recuperating from typhoid, with which I had been sick in Kiangsi for some months. But worse than the typhoid was the new atmosphere of Chungking, which was becoming bitterly anti-progressive.

My first attempt to leave Kwanhsien for Sungpan was cut short by a telegram telling me to return. K. P. Liu met me in Chengtu and told me with considerable force that Sa Chien-li, the able promotion secretary of our Gung Ho head office, must be discharged. "Everyone who mattered in the KMT" demanded it.

To build, to go on trying to build widespread cooperative industry under such circumstances seemed hopeless. In the midst of K.P.'s story about how to cure jaundice by taking a peasant's worn straw hat, boiling it and then drinking the water, so as to get the *ying* (or was it the *yang*?) right, and while he rambled on about the latest exaction of H. H. Kung's squeezing secretary, who looked upon Gung Ho as a private source of income; while K. P. was saying, "Why should he do this to me? He was secretary of the Chinese YMCA in Shanghai, I.P.R. delegate, and he has made millions in office... why should he want *this* money? Must I go on giving loans to his friends for bogus co-ops?"'... In the midst and mist of all this there was the ever-recurring picture of decent, hard working, thoughtful Sa Chien-li and those like him being kicked into limbo, and work having to be carried on with gangster politicians and adventurers... These thoughts stayed with me on the Sungpan road and became somewhat of a nightmare, especially when the bugs of some ancient inn would not let me sleep.

But the memories of that road, with its rugged scenery, its bamboo rope bridges over rushing rivers, its long green lake the

earthquake had made at Chao Chang Pa, and the long lines of Szechuanese peasants, weighed down with huge packs of wool and sand, moving steadily down to Kwanhsien, where the irrigation works of the past stand as an encouragement to the future to banish all such poverty and denial—these memories stay with one whenever one thinks of the Szechuan back country of the anti-Japanese war years.

I

particularly remember the day I returned to Chengtu. A uniformed student on a very shiny new bicycle was careering madly down the street. He ran into an old man. The point policeman came over, and the young aristocrat, in high passion, hit him in the face with his hand. The policeman retreated. It did not do to make trouble with the gentry... Japanese boys did the same thing to Chinese policemen on the coast. But we were supposed to be fighting the Japanese imperialists and all they stood for. Confusing!

April 14th: Every time one goes into the new bookshops, one is more and more amazed by the range of new material and its composition. Today, after buying Liu Shao-chi's "Internationalism and Nationalism," in English, we went over to the kid's section of the New China Bookshop, to the mass of books-in-pictures that can be so easily understood, and which are pored over so excitedly by the younger elements in Sandan. There was one on the "Ballpoint Fountain Pen King," Reynolds, the American millionaire, who in 1948 created much speculation about his proposed expedition by plane over Tibet and back. When the news came to Sandan, some of the lads brought the newspaper story to me to analyse. Could such a plane carry instruments capable of detecting fissionable material? Could there be fissionable material in such places? And if these things were possible, why did the KMT allow the plane to go?

This brought back to me a certain conversation in Lanchow. "Aren't there some curious ores in these parts? Not iron and those things, but funny kinds of ore? What do people make yellow colours for glazes with? Do they make yellow glass?"

The questions were put to me by an American professor in a colonel's uniform, who, together with a young American geologist army officer, had been spending his time in distant Sinkiang. They came in their jeep to call on me at the Lanchow Bailie School, sent over by KMT officials. But it was not much use asking me. I had never heard of any "funny kinds of ores," much. They went off a little disgruntled, saying that really the Northwest of China was kind of disappointing, though perhaps it was too big to explore in the short time they had.

It is important to realise, however, how the various elements of the superstructure functioned in order to hold it together during all those years—the trader, the missionary, the diplomat, and the open intelligence agent. The files of the foreign offices must be filled with reports on a million subjects.

The country was lonely, and anywhere foreigners lived, others would drop in. So, in Sandan, situated as we are on the main highway to the West, most of those who went to Sinkiang or to West Kansu would come in and see us. We met many kinds of people. There was Major Eckvall, for instance, with his charming Hungarian wife. An old Kansu missionary for many years, he had become a major in the US Intelligence Department. He broke the rear axle of his jeep when he got to Sandan, so had to stay a couple of weeks while a new one was being sent up. He had been in Sinkiang quite a bit, and thought the armies of the ferocious and corrupt Ma warlords "the best in China."

Findlay Andrew, another solid old Kansu missionary, became an official of the British Embassy in Chungking, also working on intelligence matters, though, of course, it was in the anti-Japanese war period. Another visitor through Sandan was Fox Holmes, a missionary who had become British Consul in Tihua. All very charming people, completely part of the old order, and using in its support the experience in the mission field which the Lord had given them.

The Catholic mission in Lanchow had quite an influx of Nazi Germans after the Japanese were beaten. How they came overland, and who helped them with their passports, I can only guess. During the years | travelled in KMT China I had to have the most complete

credentials, and was always subject to search. They were luckier.

One does not wonder in the least at the reluctance of the People's Government officials to have nationals of western countries roaming around while the tragedy of Korea is in progress. The new international spirit is friendly and understanding to the peoples of the whole world, but the deadly enemy of anything that savours of imperialism. The people have had their fill of that.

Many good people, of course, technicians and others, came and went without any bad intent. But always in the bigger centres there lived those whose business it was to collect information from those passing through. The innocent and politically naive traveller would be asked to dinner, helped with any travel difficulties he might have, and asked just a few questions that he might be able to answer. It was all very subtly done. Such made the material for reports. That the material would, quite likely, be factually wrong, did not eliminate the possibility of gaining some information some time that would repay all the trouble taken.

One instance, which seems fantastic when one looks back on it: When I came to Shanghai after the end of the Japanese war, I was entertained at the house of a friend—a well-known Labour Party woman. We talked idly on many topics, and the subject came round to atom bombs, then being discussed everywhere, and I foolishly repeated a story which an artist friend and I had just been laughing over. He had heard a lecture given by a general in the Northwest, who, trying to build up hatred of the Communists, had said, "We must prepare. There has been a cosmic ray explosion in the Sinkiang mountains!" This was so far-fetched that one could not imagine it being received as anything but a joke. But next day the telephone rang, and the lady demanded more details. Her government's embassy wanted them. There were no more details, but one wonders how many "reports" were written on the matter and how many "thorough investigations" made.

Later: Finding some difficulty in walking these last few days, I inspected my legs when having a wash down this morning, as one used to inspect the legs of Shanghai apprentices in the years gone by. Sure enough, they were oedemic, and one finger sank into the flesh just as it had into the legs of apprentices suffering from beri-

beri. Well, this gives one a chance to understand what those many thousands of lads felt then ... My legs feel curiously leaden and "nervy." It is uncomfortable enough to try to walk, but to stand on legs like those for long working hours must have been terrible.

In Shanghai, in the old Settlement days, one would see 16 year-olds working with legs swollen twice the normal size. They would go on like this, and often as the summer got hotter and hotter, hearts would swell also and a lad would collapse and die immediately. Then the management would say, "Very funny! Can't understand why he died!"

In the smaller factories, almost all the boy workers were affected. They simply became dull, listless and apathetic, and worked in this state until they could work no longer and a replacement had to be sought. In the country, hard as their lives were, they had at least been able to get enough Vitamin B1 to stave off beri-beri, but brought to the city, the lack of the essential vitamin in their scanty ration of polished rice, and the extra fatigue from unendurable working conditions and even worse living conditions soon led to this and other diseases.

In my case, the condition may be due to the accumulated wear and tear of many sicknesses, or my own carelessness in not selecting from a very adequate diet those things most beneficial. But with those children, the diet of polished rice and old cabbage, added to a 12 or 14-hour day, the lack of ventilation, lack of interest in what they were doing and the general hopelessness of everyone around them, gave them no chance against disease.

At that time I helped a research man to study the incidence of beri-beri. It was found that rest and B1 injections cured the condition very quickly. Treatment with rest and food containing B1 also helped a great deal.

Once I packed a car full of the worst sufferers from one of the factories and took them to a hospital. It was the first time they had ever been outside their factory, and the first time they had ridden in a motor vehicle. They had never seen the Bund of Shanghai. They had come from Ningpo by ship and had been taken across to the factory, put to work immediately, and had remained there for two

years.

We went up in the hospital lift, and their apathetic eyes took light and a little life. One of them looked up at me, and from his pocket took out two tiny electric flash light bulbs, one red and one blue, and pushed them from his sweaty hand into mine. “Good to play with,” he said. They were his only possessions, and | could not offend by not taking them. They stayed with me on my desk for years, a reminder of the struggle of one small life against the rotten world of his day.

I can see now the row of those tired bodies in bed, just lying there and sleeping, blissfully doing nothing—if only for a while. But one thought of all the other thousands who needed the same treatment, and the denial of life which was their daily portion.

Yet even under the bad conditions of small consumer goods factories, this disease could be checked with just a little organisation. Rice in the husk, milled each day, just enough for use and not washed after milling, would preserve the Vitamin B1 and eliminate the extra fatigue factor of trying to digest the outer skin of the grain. Vegetables cut the day on which they were to be used would preserve their Vitamin C. Simple bathing arrangements could be made so that, in the terrible heat of a Shanghai summer, the lads could pour water over themselves at least twice a day. One pair of shorts could be washed and another put on alternately. These minimum improvements could at least have been made, but managements turned a cold eye on them—until the Japanese came and burnt up most of the factories.

Our cooperatives, especially those in the villages, fared better. Members worked long hours, but there was fresh air and water, and their womenfolk to help keep up living standards.

There was beri-beri in the cities of Kukong, Kweilin and Chungking in those days, but it was never as bad as it was in the foul alleyways of 1927-37 Shanghai. We used to say that all the child workers of Shanghai had beri-beri, and all the farmers outside Shanghai had liver fluke. Conservative doctors used to say that nothing much could be done about it, and why try to do it, anyway? “Too many Chinese, old man, you know. Best let ’em die.”

But today the small boys of the countryside are being organised to collect snails, which are host for the liver-fluke germ, peasants are being taught what the liver-fluke does to them, and there is no doubt that with organisation it will be stamped out. Nor will the scourge of beri-beri continue to torment working lads. For today's medical and factory cadres have behind them not only the strength, but the active demand of the people's government for change.

April 15th: To a movie on the retreat from Moscow in 1812. Made in USSR and well done, with the characters speaking good Chinese. To the Old China Hand (horrible term, connoting so much that is bad!) this in itself would be a revolution. In the days when American movies flooded the market the ordinary Chinese never had the price of a movie ticket. Those who did, the upper middle class in the big cities, had to be content with whatever satisfaction they could get out of the Hollywood actresses' legs. Whether the dialogue, if spoken in the audience's own tongue, would have been particularly edifying, is beside the point. It had simply not occurred to anyone to make the films in the language of the country in which they were to be shown. But in that old Shanghai, Chinese everywhere were forced to learn another man's tongue in order to conduct their business, educate their children and even enjoy social life, in their own country. The ancient Chinese language was dismissed by the conquering white barbarians as so much "gibberish"—so diseased had the "Shanghai mind" become.

Today when folks go to the movies, it is a wonderful new thing to them to hear Napoleon speaking Chinese, and to hear Chinese coming out of the mouths of generals and others in many parts of the world. They begin to acquire new understanding of world history, and something of the international spirit, which is based on understanding of the world's economic structure.

Thinking over these things, after the movie, I remembered the words of one of those Old China Hands, in this case a liberal, who had travelled over a lot of China. He said, "There's one thing you will never do with the Chinese, Communist or not. You'll never make them feel equal with other peoples. They will either have to feel superior or inferior. You must either give way to them or else

rule them. And the next thing you'! never do is get rid of their feudal ideas about women. These things are ingrained too deeply in the family and all the village life."

One considers the enormous progress that has been made already in just those two fields. This morning, for instance, I went to see a doctor. The hospital was crowded with patients. The gateman was polite, and gave me a wooden slip and form. I got in line with the rest of the people waiting to register. The girl at the counter said "Sinkiang?" when it came to filling in the place of origin. I answered "New Zealand," which she dashed off in English. Then down the line to the doctor, the lad for tests, the pharmacy. Not even a dash of curtness in their treatment of me, though the papers that day were carrying the news of more bombings, by people of my race, of peaceful Chinese towns. The processes were handled chiefly by women. A patient spat on the wooden floor of a waiting room. The attendant asked him, in a patient, yet determined way, to read a poster about the bad effects of this. The doctors were thoughtful, quiet and efficient. They neither patronised nor favoured. The attitude was friendly and correct.

Very obviously a start had been made in living the new morality which cuts out racial dislike and discrimination as evil things. So they are already ahead of the West, ahead of the "White Australians" with the little enameled "White Australia" badges on their lapels, ahead of the society which sneers at "Chinks" and treats them as "half men." In the new China, down to the smallest peasant in the smallest village, over this vast land, everyone is learning to hate imperialism and the racism that goes with it; to be on the lookout, too, for imperialist spies who would help to enslave him again.

He is also learning quickly that it is not moral to try to get tough with minority peoples like the Mongols, Tibetans, Miaos; that it is not colour that makes the difference between men, it is their "thinking." So our Japanese technician at Sandan, with his two charming children and his old housekeeper, our two American technicians, the New Zealanders, and the Canadian ex-"highbrow," the old-school-tie Englishman, are just working members of a working group, valued for the technique they bring and indulgently

helped to correct their many mistakes in human, collective living. They are all keen on making the new way work—it would be quite impossible if they were not. They have progressed enough not to feel differently from the ordinary Sandan lad when they see the dramatic posters on the wall depicting the speedy end of either Japanese or American armed aggression.

On the question of equality of women, my Old China Hand acquaintance should come and see for himself. The great changes that are taking place in the position of women in the old middle-class families (not the "breaking of sacred family ties" but the breaking of the power of patriarchal feudalism which was the deadly enemy of free and loving family relations), the new spirit entering into these old families as their children, Young Pioneers, in gay red scarves, girls and boys, come trooping home arm in arm, discussing their joint problems and plans—these changes are not so important as those which are revolutionising the lives of the working people who make the basis of society. There are the trains manned entirely by girls; the girl navy personnel, girl soldiers, technicians; and back in the villages the girl leaders coming up and taking their places in the village council.

The strength of this movement towards equality of the sexes and its amazingly rapid advance show clearly that it stems from the people, that the people have been waiting for this change; that it is what they want and what they need.

April 16th: Today to the Tunhuang Exhibition in the old Imperial Palace. Many paintings from the Wei, T'ang and Sung Dynasties, taken from the famous West Kansu caves, are on display there for the Peking people to see. Not easy to find, anywhere in the world, such a treasure house as these hundreds of caves provide, with their ancient paintings and objects in a state of perfect preservation, kept intact by the dry, clear air of that region.

When, in 1943, I was searching for a place for the school, I went to Tunhuang with Joseph Needham and two school lads, Wang and Sun. The caves are some 40 *li* from the city. When we got there the bearings of our truck burnt out and we had to send the truck engine

down to the oilfields to be repaired, so that we had a month to spend exploring the caves and thinking about them. Those that interested me most were the many drawings, friezes and murals, made in great detail, showing the daily lives of the ordinary people of those times, their agriculture, crafts and arts, folk dances, festivals and other traditional ways.

Our days at Tunhuang were enlivened by the visits of Mongol shepherds who came and went. They had quite a feud with the Hasa, and it seemed to be the policy of the local KMT authorities to keep this feud burning. Some day, when we really have one world and universal peace, Tunhuang will become a great tourist centre, for people everywhere will want to come and see this wonder. The climate is perfect, the fruits very delicious, and the locality, with new method, will be made to bloom.

But the memory that sticks in my mind more than any other was that of a wonderful autumn morning, with the poplars in all their golden glory, and we sunbathing after a dip in the tiny river. Then down the path from the bare, chocolate-coloured hills, a file of peasants moving swiftly, silently. Haggard men, bloodshot eyes, gaunt, ragged, never saying a word. They had been up in the mountains gold working, living on a carefully worked out minimum diet, so much food, so much water, stretching it out, scraping for gold. And one thought of all the bitterness that has gone with the scraping for gold everywhere.

So whenever I look at pictures of Tunhuang, when people talk of Tunhuang, this vivid picture also comes back. The old monks who brought their philosophy from India must have looked like these gaunt men, and the heroes of the Long March, who crossed Tibetan mountains, must have looked the same . . . So much human effort, heroism, for what? The Long March trail of men certainly got somewhere, and their sufferings are bearing fruit; and the haggard, worn-out peasants are figuratively all part of the long march which has led from the bitter depths of the old society to the dawn of the better day we see now.

At the Tunhuang Exhibition we passed into a smaller room at the end where there were pictures of Stein and Pelliot and an explanation of what “cultural imperialism” has meant and how it

has affected the lives of the people. One thinks back to the enormous amount of loot that has been taken out of China, from the sack of Yuan Ming Yuan onwards, and how, when museums come to be built everywhere and institutions arise in tomorrow's China, there is going to be a demand for the return of some of the treasures of China's rich past.

Recently in the exhibition directed against American aggression in Korea, there was an interesting section devoted to pictures of the various objects of art removed from China and now in American institutions and in the hands of private collectors. Today, even curios bought in shops must undergo a customs scrutiny before they can be taken out of the country. Today's China looks after the future.

April 17th: Last night with two "international friends'—Americans. We talked of the conditions in much of the countryside of the Northwest in the old days. Of the incredible denial one had witnessed over all those years; people ageing quickly, old at 30, dying, worn out, in their forties. Families boiling up bark and leaves with their bit of millet, feeding their children on gruel with white kaolin clay in it to fill their stomachs, holding everything until spring so that the men could eat then and the animals eat while the next harvest was sown. Of the long battle for survival that had to be waged incessantly. Of how the feudal armies would march through, tearing away the few poor possessions the peasants owned.

I told how, in 1937, one of our present Sandan boys had been forcibly made a soldier when he was on his way home from school. The soldiers, the KMT's newest and best at that time, looted a village in passing; this little boy looked through a peasant house to find something of value and could find only an iron poker, which he took and sold for a few coppers in the first town they came to. The boy had been beaten and driven over the mountains with his division and told that they were to march to Yunnan; but, stripping off his uniform one day when the column was resting and he was up the side of a river bank pretending to relieve himself, he slipped down into the water and under a bridge.

The column went on without him and he met a cooperative apprentice on the road, coming to wash yarn in the stream. They turned out to be fellow countrymen, and he started his work in the cooperative, where industry could give two filling meals of cornmeal a day. The change was a great one. But then he found that in their village most of the people grew huge goiters, the peasants scratched away at the red earth of the hillsides and got only poor crops, and the big gangster leader of the area kept a private army of gunmen and could take whatever he wished. He wondered if there was any place where such things did not happen, and in consequence fell for the mission house teaching which said that all the world was like this and that the best hope was to die, forgiven of the sin of sex, from which all evil came, and to find eternal bliss somewhere in the sky.

But then he had found that there were ways to have some bliss in this life too, if one was clever and could take advantage of those who had worked themselves stupid. Why, there was money to be made in so many ways! The world was full of buyers and sellers. The most fervent supporters of the mission were the shrewdest traders in the locality. It was only too evident that their words were not to be believed but were a snare for trapping the foolish.

Words must be used to hide real meaning, like two horse dealers with their hands up each others' long sleeves, talking earnestly in highsounding phrases, but the real business being done with the touch of their fingers. So "New Life" movements, "Cooperative" movements, KMT and Christian slogans, anti-this and anti-that slogans, were all just words. The thing to do was to grasp what one could, grasp, be bold. But words were pretty ...

One remembered, too, sitting on a truck going to Chungking from Paochi, then the terminus of the Lunghai railway. The truck was well filled with people who were from Shanghai. Wives and families, luggage galore. As the days went by and I listened in to their Shanghai dialect, I realised that, in the fourth year of the anti-Japanese war, there were Chinese who liked the Japanese militarists and who thought that the KMT and the Japanese Imperialist Army had much in common and should be together.

In Chungking the destination of these Shanghai patriots proved to

be near my own, the CIC office at Koloshan. So I was able to see how they were met by Tai Li's gangsters and taken to the big houses that had been prepared for them. Tai Li, a sadistic savage of the Himmler variety, was then head of the KMT Gestapo. The Shanghailanders were family members of the puppet Wang Ching-wei's mission to Chungking, then busy talking peace with the KMT. More trucks came with more people. The best of cordial relations were maintained. Every effort was being made to sell the Chinese people into protracted slavery.

But the movement that was growing in Yenan was resisting Japan and was gaining the support of the people—the exploited, desperate, struggling people of China—was growing from strength to strength. Its exponents, in many places, lived on one bowl of millet a day, lived in the same way as those they worked with. They grew in understanding of the village, based policy and action on this understanding. No wonder Chiang and Tai Li and all their gang thought the Japanese and Wang Ching-wei preferable—just as the American militarists and the Big Boys do today.

The villages of China, especially the villages of the one-crop-a-year country in the Northwest, have known poverty such as few other peoples have known it. They have known bitterness such as few other people have known in modern history. Today's struggle is their struggle, and he who is not for them is against them.

One thinks back again over some of the hardships: of villages where water is an expensive item, having to be brought from afar or melted down from icebricks, where fuel for boiling water to drink is a constant worry. One remembers the old women sitting outside their huts, sunning the winter store of millet, their long brown fingers picking up every tiny grain that escaped; the man, the common peasant, who felt that if he could buy just enough cloth to patch his old clothes he was passing the New Year pretty well. The group of hungry peasants round a donkey that had died, cutting it up avidly. The children in coal mines lugging tiny baskets of coal up long black tunnels.

And one thinks of the waste under the KMT regime, the thousands of tons of trucks and valuable equipment brought in and allowed to go to rack and ruin, of the mountains of food wasted at

sumptuous feast tables, and of the corrupt deals made round them to despoil the people still more. Of the buying and selling of women and children. Of all the beautiful words, the smooth pretensions. Of the contemptuous and callous eyes of western "experts" who came by plane and went by plane. Of the vast gulf that lay between the village and the city. Of the exploitation of opium, by which those who suffered too much could escape for a brief moment. And of the dead and rotting mass of feudal tradition which lay heavily over all.

When one thinks of poverty, one's mind goes back to a farmstead of the Alashan side of the North Mountains in Sandan. A place called Red Stone Lake, to which we used to hike each New Year. The last time we went, the farmer, in his bare living room, preserved the empty ration can we had given him the year before. On the *k'ang* lay his wife and several children, all sick, over them his tattered sheepskin coat. He himself was going about in a daze, crying a little from red-rimmed eyes, desperate to know what to do about them. In the house, nothing. Bandits had taken his animals. Passing soldiers had stolen the felt from his *k'ang*. Just a peasant and his family, sick in mind and body—yet representing that vast mass of peasantry throughout Asia, wanting, demanding something better than this.

April 18th: The conversation at lunch turned on the real progress of Manchuria in this last year or so. There was some industrialisation under the Japanese, but at what terrible cost in terms of the blood and sweat of the enslaved Chinese people. It was not until after liberation, when the people's armies were able to take the whole base firmly in both hands and to build up the workers to the point where they were able to take over, that it was possible not only to prevent any slipping back but to carry development full steam ahead. Soviet experts were invited and served as advisors and co-workers under Chinese administration. Unemployed technicians from the South flocked there.

Soon the stories of Manchuria's industrial advancement became known in all the villages of China. These stories were backed by concrete evidence in the form of surpluses of food and goods which went to help less developed areas and those stricken by floods in

that early time after the liberation. Now everywhere people began to say, “Wait until we are like the Northeast!”

I had only been to Manchuria once, in the summer of 1931, just before the Japanese seized control. We left Shanghai on a Japanese ship which, going full steam ahead through a fog, ran into a Norwegian collier and cut it in half so that it sank very quickly. The Norwegian captain stepped off his bridge on to the “Hoten Maru,” our boat, reversing the tradition of “captains last off.” It was as well that he did, for he was able to ask the Hoten Maru to stop and pick up his survivors. The Hoten Maru tried to lower a boat, but the boat caught in the ropes and overturned. The survivors finally arrived in their own waterlogged lifeboat. We felt that the boasted efficiency of the Japanese was somewhat overrated. But when we got to Dairen and saw the fine railway yards and the well-run trains we were somewhat impressed.

In Mukden we stayed in a little German hotel. After dinner one night, some German traders and some White Russian emigrés were talking with a British-American Tobacco Company man. They all agreed that the stage was set for the entire take-over of Manchuria. “It will be the biggest and most prosperous Japanese province,” the German said. “From it we can kill those Bolsheviks !” the White Russian said viciously. “We will give the Japanese the Far East when they put our Czar back on the throne. The Far East is no good to us. The Japanese can make Shantung peasants work there. There’s millions of them coming on. They can stand any cold and like it.” “What is most needed,” said the BAT man, “is a clearly defined sphere of influence in China. America can best control China Proper; Britain and France, South China and the periphery.”

As the drinks became more and more frequent the argument waxed hotter and hotter, till the German, banging his beer mug on the table, said fiercely, “Germany will control all! Why?” And he glared round at all the others sitting in the lounge. “Simply because we are more virile than any other nation—more sexually potent. In the end that means we shall rule!”

I don’t remember what other arguments were brought up, but later in the year I was to hear the same argument on a Yangtse River steamer, where there was a German on his way to Hankow to

be head of some docks there. He had been a submarine captain and a spy in America during the first world war, and boasted of his exploits. On the question of the Chinese, he thought that the best thing always was to tie them up and flog them. “When I catch them stealing wheat, I just have the overseer bring them to the back godown, tie up their mugs so they can’t yell, strip them and beat them unconscious. That’s the only thing they understand. They can’t complain to anyone, or else the gang, whom we pay, would beat them again. It’s a wonderful system!” And he glared round as though he relished the thought and would like to have the chance of heating to death everyone who did not agree with him. Including us.

The scene again changes ... | am at Chiang Kai-shek’s headquarters at Chungking. Old Donald, the advisor, is looking over the latest script he has written, all about the glamorous, heroic Madame. I have been called to discuss the work CIC is to be allowed to do. One of the side doors opens, and Chennault pokes his gangster head out. Stennes, the Nazi German, comes in, clicks heels, calls Donald “chief,” and sits down. “Should be strung up and beaten. The only thing these bastards know. You are too soft ...” It seems to be a familiar Nazi tune.

Stennes, shortly after, was given a British passport to go through Hongkong, and went to Shanghai, where he stayed with the Japanese and afterwards was on the spot to assist Chiang Kai-shek when he returned to Nanking. That’s one kind of internationalism, we might say. When he was leaving by plane from Chungking, an anti-fascist German at the airport, who had a Jewish wife, watched him with hate. “He shot 11 Social Democrats over his desk, with a pistol he took from the drawer during interrogation,” he said.

But let us leave the stench of Chennault and Stennes and return to the Northeast. The Americans shot their KMT armies in there as fast as the Japanese collapsed. The KMT rule was like that of a decadent Japanese army of occupation. Manchuria became the land of free opportunity for the fast-moving and completely unscrupulous individual. One of the least cooperative and weakest of our Sandan group went there, and wrote enthusiastically, “Millions can be made. Big jobs for everyone, if you know how to

go about it. You must not be foolish!”

And America went on arming the KMT to the teeth to support such, to support every scoundrel, every adventurer who liked to come to this new land of free and equal opportunity for the gang who could seize control. The peasant who had stood the incredible exactions of the long Japanese occupation was crushed under a new superstructure, still denying him any way to progress. But the PLA found ways and means to get to Manchuria and to organise the only section of the community that could and would fight—the people who had suffered and did not want to suffer any more.

So when one scans the morning paper and reads of new bombing raids on Antung, on cities along the Yalu River, one wonders just how long the people of Manchuria will have to endure organised banditry—now in a new and even more terrible form. I have a special interest in Antung, for that is where George Hogg’s adopted boys returned home after leaving Sandan. Lao San and Lao Ssu, who after the death of Hogg in 1945, became the merriest note in my daily life, for they lived those years of struggle in my house, leaving in 1950 to meet the father who had asked leave from the PLA to be a cooperative worker in Antung. After the first bombing of Antung, Lao San wrote, “Just like the Japanese planes that bombed Paochi in the anti-Japanese war days. Why do they come?” At that time China had not yet sent her volunteers to defend her borders. The bombing was an act of pure aggression on MacArthur’s part.

Lao San and Lao Ssu were two plucky children. Losing their mother shortly after their father had to flee because of his political ideas, they came to our cave at Shwangshihpu. They were just toddlers then, and so in the years that followed became very much part of us.

April 19th: The papers have been talking a good deal about Vietnam where such a great struggle is being put up for independence. Strange that the countries who talked about Liberty, Equality, and so on, about National Independence, tea chests in Boston Harbour, and the rest, are now bombing peoples who are

desperately in need of these same “inalienable liberties.” It is now 19 years since I was in Vietnam. I swore then that I would never go there again while it remained under French rule. On this first visit, I made two bad mistakes. First, I did not travel on a French ship, and second, I took my eldest adopted Chinese son with me.

We had just come back from New Zealand and, as we had a little time on our hands before we had to go to Shanghai, thought it would be interesting to see Hainan and Annam.

The first shock was at Haiphong, where it was decided that the whole boat must have cholera injections, though these had been done in Hongkong before leaving, and we had our certificates. We were lined up and injections made with dirty needles, and without cleaning the skin. Then they put us into boats to land, and left the open boats in the sun, banging against the side of the ship, for an hour or two. In Haiphong, the officials who were to examine passports were not at home, and we had to wait a day to see them, so we went out to the fashionable Tu San bathing resort, where it seemed that only Frenchmen and an occasional Annamese compradore type were represented.

In Hanoi, we went around hotels, but when they saw Alan they said, “*Un Chinois*,” and “No room!” At last we found a place, and then set out to see the city. The only acquaintance we had had with Vietnamese people was in Shanghai, where the French in their Settlement used such as policemen, just as the British used Sikhs in the International Settlement. Here we found them to be so different, and wondered more and more why such an able people should submit to the disgusting rule of French overlords who lived in great luxury, in vast houses, far removed from the simple huts of the people whose country it was.

We understood better later when we were told how the French went about the business of control; how they would find the loafer elements and use them to ferret out the leader for freedom, in the style Japanese occupation of the China coast had made so familiar to us. Then they would torture these leaders to try and find out where the others were. One method of torture was to tie the victim down, stripped, then run safety razor blades down the length of the body. The slits were stuffed with cotton wool soaked in alcohol,

which was then lighted with a match. There were many other and even cruder methods. This was some considerable time before Hitler and the Gestapo familiarised the world with the fascist pattern.

The role of the Catholic missions was one that gave the French an additional hold on the people. In the days of the anti-Japanese war, before the taking over of Haiphong by the Japanese, streams of people bound for the unoccupied areas of China would pass through Haiphong and go on by rail to Kunming in Yunnan. Such were fair game for officials, large and small. The richer ones were looted by the big looters, the smaller ones by the smaller. Exactions were taken from almost everyone. Great piles of material gathered in Haiphong, which were afterwards taken over by the Japanese.

Thinking back on Vietnam, one sees it as a wonderful country overrun by gangsters engaged in making fortunes to take back to the old world and squander, leaving very little basic development behind them. Today they have the support of American big business, American bombers, American cash, as had the corrupt Kuomintang in yesterday's China. But this support, which has earned America the title of the Most-Hated-Nation, and for which the American taxpayer foots the bill, cannot stand, any more than it has done in China, against the mounting strength and unity of an awakened Asian people, determined to throw off the burden of colonial imperialism which has drained its resources dry and held back its independent progress for so long.

April 20th: Talking about Vietnam brings back memories of other Southeast Asian places. Before Pearl Harbour, I went to Hongkong to buy some trucks, and as they were to be landed in Rangoon, took a ship from Hongkong to Singapore on the way there, with the intention of getting help for Gung Ho from the patriotic Chinese in Singapore.

It was easy to form a committee in Singapore. It was not so easy to get the colonial government to agree that money be allowed to leave the country. In fact, it proved impossible. I went to see the official who was called Protector of the Chinese, and found him still

thinking of the KMT as a revolutionary force that had to be combated. He was still living in 1926, and this was 1941.

Singapore looked like a second edition of the central portion of Shanghai's International Settlement, and, with most of the same problems in its back streets, was dreaming along. The rich were getting much richer, and the poor were getting a lot poorer. One very rich Chinese denied that he was Chinese any longer. "We are Malayan now," he said proudly. But he meant "Malayan" in the sense that he could be a compradore for imperialist interests, just as the various princes were "Malayan" nationalists too, in a mild, subdued sort of way, even to giving the British Navy a cruiser called "Malaya." But the whole edifice toppled when the Japanese attacked, and has been on very shaky foundations ever since the people began to see that the big battleships, the soldiers and their armaments, were not, after all, impossible to deal with.

With all its money, Malaya had no university, only a "Raffles College" where boys of "good parentage" were taught how to become more respectable and more presentable, and more respectful, it seemed to me on my cursory walk over the very fine buildings, with ugly paintings of the imperialist entrepreneur for whom they were named. The grandest building, I thought, was the railway station, built for the railways that were to penetrate China from the south and bring wealth down into the imperial bandit nests in the warm tropics.

Down in the bookshops of the Chinese quarter, Chinese students pored over material from China, especially any even mildly progressive. With all their hearts, they hoped that their country would fight for survival. I thought of the first time I had come to Singapore, on the ship that brought Dr. Kung back from Geneva at the beginning of the anti-Japanese war. How the whole wharf was alive with mass demonstrations of Chinese people who wanted the United Front to succeed. How fat old Kung and his fat secretary waddled around, little understanding the force that was expressing itself, and chuckling with flattered delight because they took the demonstration for personal adulation.

The beginnings of Malaya's independence movement were well underway then, for anyone who had eyes to see, in the machine

shops in back streets, in the schools, in the contract labour tin mines, on the rubber plantations.

In Rangoon, the same kind of overseas group of Chinese helped a great deal, though baffled by the waste of money and the foolishness of the KMT agents who came there to run material up the Burma Road. The biggest hotel in the place was crowded with agents of various kinds. The great thing was to get profit quickly. It was pointed out to me that proper westerners would have to wear evening clothes to go to the cinema, that they rode in cars only. Anglo-Indian Eurasians could ride in horse-drawn cabs, and Chinese in rickshaws.

I went to a meal with a fellow countryman at the university. A young Burmese who was half Chinese, a member of the staff, was present. He talked bitterly of the mess imperialism had made of Rangoon with its conflicting nationalisms, its Hinayana Buddhism and so on. The Burmese hated the Indians who came to work. The Burmese landlords ground down the peasants. The priests kept the people in submission by their powerful control of the means of livelihood. The British, as usual, exploited the contradictions to their own advantage. A few weeks after this conversation, the Japanese stood over Burma. The Japanese went, but the same struggle goes on. Who is paying for what? Who finances what? Who pays? What are the chances?... The people in the long run will ask and will demand an answer.

In Lashio, Ghurkas drilled, as other Indian units. It was all very tidy. There were great dumps of trucks and material for China. Little ever got there. A Chinese student, on his way to Kunming, joined us. “Burma is a good country, going to hell!” was his opinion. The British had made railways and started some industry. But they could go no further.

Over the border and into Wanting, the first Chinese town and the first Customs station, we found incredible bureaucracy and gangsterdom. Wanting was being run not in the interests of China at war but in the interests of gangs of individuals who had set up offices there. We stumbled from bureau to bureau, past a clinic where the bodies of those who had died that day of malaria lay in the sun with flies buzzing around. After two days of working on

clearances, it was good to get out of the place and take the hill road over to the towns of Chiefang, Mengshih, Paoshan, where we were to try to set up some cooperative industry later. It was a curious journey. The trucks wended their way, in long lines, down from the hilltops to the valleys of Salween and Mekong. Three trucks in front of us crashed and went hurtling down into the valley. The procession kept on. Not one truck in the almost bumper-to-bumper convoy could stop.

Up at Tali, after a week on the road, we found our Gung Ho depot had gone into decline, for the first organiser had worked just too well, and had been taken away as a "leftist." They said he was "too enthusiastic." The number of cooperatives had dropped from 60 to a mere handful, and these would soon be stopped. Tali, beside its beautiful lake, was surely one of the most favourable locations in China. Tali, where the old held such a grip that the new could only wait. And on down the road to Kunming, the China end of the Burma Road, the city of perpetual spring, where long roads lined with eucalyptus trees flanked rich fields; where industry had started to move and old ways gave place to student demonstrations of refugee universities whose students could no longer tolerate gang rule.

In Kunming, one of our men told me about Kochow, the place where tin was mined, tin to be sent overseas in payment for something or other the KMT wanted. Tin mined by tiny boys called "ants," crawling down dark, narrow passages where they sickened and died—for the tin was mixed with arsenical ores.

We went down to look at Yuki in South Yunnan, where we had some cooperatives. Again the "Communist" stigma, applied to every measure designed to improve the lot of the people, prevented expansion of the work. Everywhere one went it was the same. People who wanted to work, promoters who wanted to help them, production desperately needed, but the simple cooperative way invariably branded "Communism." It was in the Kunming Chamber of Commerce that one of the gentry got up and said, "*Pu te liao*! (Dreadful, dreadful!) The Communists have come into our midst! Here are factories without proper owners, everyone owing them. This must stop. This is just Communism!" There were many eyes on

Yunnan. Rich minerals, a rich country—easy to exploit. But the world has moved too fast, Yunnan today is safe for the people.

Later: Writing about Yunnan brought back an incident that took place when we were passing through the province of Kweichow on the way to Szechuan.

Kweichow is a poor province, there being an old saying that you cannot pass three days there without rain, cannot go three *li* without climbing over hills, cannot meet a person with more than three *cash* in his pocket. In wartime, Kweichow was a place that supplied soldiers for the KMT armies, where conscription was heavily enforced, and where the life of the ordinary man was of very little account.

It was one morning early that we stumbled across a scene of human tragedy. Thousands of tired, hungry, yellow-faced, malarial wrecks of men at the edge of a roadside were standing staring with dull, apathetic eyes. Below them, on a small flat, four kids of about 16 were lying on the ground, shot. Another group was being prepared for shooting—just farm boys who, having some spark of manhood left in them, had rebelled and were to be made an example of. The look, the staring dead look on the faces of the standing soldiers, was terrible to see. It haunted me for many days. One felt less sorry for the dead than for the living, driven around, barely fed, verminous, dirty and shivering with malaria, exhaustion and fear.

As one looks at the quietly self-confident, well-fed, well-clothed soldier of the People's Liberation Army, lending a hand, when not in combat, with the harvest or the building of dykes, teaching literacy classes, pursuing some special line of study, an active member of his discussion group, his drama or music group, an intelligent participant in the affairs of his country, it is impossible to think of him in the same terms as the KMT soldiers one encountered in pre-liberation years. Yet some of these lads who survived are, in fact, the Liberation Army soldiers of today. The word "revolution" takes on new meaning.

Then in Kweichow, also, there was the “Red Cross Depot,” a racket in the hands of Shanghai gangsters. There was our own Kweiyang Gung Ho office, which did not live up to expectation, for its work was twisted to fit in with the schemes of charitable great ladies who wanted something to show, something to write home about—above all, nothing that could be called “Communist”—something that could be easily controlled, responding to every whim of the ruling clique. No real cooperative could possibly fulfil these conditions. So Kweiyang, the capital of Kweichow, became a city of great schemes, much talk and little action. It was the place where old feudal lords held powerful sway and nothing could be done without reference to them. A place in the environs of which the most abject poverty could be seen. A place rich in raw material and with superb scenery, and one which must soon now come into its own.

April 21st: From the other room, as this is being written, come the voices of a group talking about productive cooperatives. Hundreds of thousands of consumer cooperatives, supply and marketing cooperatives, have been in full swing ever since the liberation. Now the time has come for the development, on a nationally planned scale, of the producer cooperatives, which it is felt have an essential role to play in the New Democracy. And when the new China says that she will have producer cooperatives, nothing is more sure than the fact that she will have them, and they will succeed. The new China, as the rest of the world will shortly find out, is like that.

The wartime efforts to make a Gung Ho were part of the historical setting of that time. It was a wonder that they ever got as far as they did in the areas still under KMT gang rule. The people wanted to cooperate, the markets were waiting, there was even some capital—but for the most part the leadership was emasculated by the clique in power who certainly did not want people’s cooperatives, though a little lip service was given for a time for the sake of foreign approval. So one rushed from one province to another, trying to hold together what had been started, but it was a bit like trying to hold the tide back.

As for the so-called “cooperatives” set up by the KMT government

— the “rural credit cooperatives,” for example—these simply provided the landlord group in each area with brand-new ways of exploiting the people. When we went to Kiangsi, the peasants asked fearfully if our cooperatives were like the “kerosene cooperatives.” It appeared that the local gentry had organised a “cooperative” in every village district, and forced the farmers to join, the farmers not knowing at all clearly what they had joined nor what was expected of them. Their thumb prints would be fixed to a document held by the leader of the *pao*. The “cooperative” would apply for a loan. The money would be used to buy kerosene for hoarding. Later, when the shortage of kerosene sent the price up, the “cooperative” would sell and invest in some other commodity. When the “cooperative” made money, somehow or other it would stick to the gentry’s fingers. When it lost money, the peasants were called upon to repay the loans.

In Yutu, in South Kiangsi, we happened on a scene where there was great wailing. A young farmer’s wife had been taken from him to be sold to make up his “kerosene co-op” deficit. Houses and land could also be taken, or boys sold to take the place of some landlord’s son as a conscript in the army. That was what the word “cooperative” meant to many a peasant.

In one province, the Commissioner of Cooperation said at a public meeting, a year or two before liberation, that in spite of many years’ efforts, he did not know of one single real cooperative in the whole province. Yet the Chinese, above all peoples, like working in groups. It is the natural way for them, and today’s liberated people’s organisations have built on this.

Our producer cooperatives had their own organisation, their own federations, and their own supply and marketing organisations, their own training schools, their own experimental work. They reached a peak number of several thousands. But within a few years those operated in the KMT areas had dwindled to a few hundred. Some of the good cooperatives that survived, struggling against great difficulties, had put forth heroic efforts. The stories of absolute heroism take some beating... The accountant of our office in the New Fourth Army area, who stood by his books when the KMT army entered shooting, and who fell wounded. The

depotmaster at Wenchow in Chekiang, who stayed by his storehouse during Japanese bombing, and was killed. The many who were dragged off to KMT concentration camps and those who literally worked themselves to death for the movement.

As for those we used to call ““Gung Ho bed-bugs” and “lice,” who lived on the body politic, lived, grew and fattened, who went around the world, climbing from post to post, on their record of “serving the people,” those days are over. Those of them who have stayed in liberated China will have the chance to learn and to change, and to work again, a little more humbly and a little nearer to the people, than in the past.

Later: A letter from Lao San, in Manchuria—Antung. He says he is in high school, that his lessons are very important, and that it is not easy to be good in everything. That the winter skating was good, and that his whole family is well. It is the letter any happy adolescent would write.

One thinks of Paochi 10 years ago when the boys’ mother, trying to support herself and them, lived in a tiny village spinning yarn for army blankets. The father had had to go swiftly into the night, with the political police on his trail. The mother fought on, ill, but finally went insane with pain, was carried by George Hogg into the city, and died in the Gung Ho hospital there. Gung Ho workers took Lao San and Lao Ssu into the orphanage. Lao San, the elder, in charge, then about six years old, came to see his mother every day.

Then one day the hospital said that she had gone home. The village was 40 *li* away, over a wide river with a poor bridge. Lao San set off to find her, 40 *li*, a very tiny boy, having had an inadequate breakfast of one piece of steamed bread, made of *kaoliang* meal, and nothing else afterward, and suffering from dysentery and frequent malarial attacks. He got to the village, found she was not there, and straightway walked the 40 *li* back to Paochi. Impossible? Nothing, it seems, is impossible to the Chinese when they want to do a thing.

The mother buried, the two kids lived in the orphanage, but the

CIC doctor said that as both had running eyes and dysentery, and Lao San had malaria so frequently, and since both had been so undernourished, it was not likely that they would grow up if left in the orphanage, where food was at a bare minimum. Their two brothers were in the Shwangshihpu Bailie School with George Hogg. Neither he nor I had any personal living money at that time, but we had a cave cut in the cliff at the back of the school, and we thought we could easily make room for two small ones, so I was deputed to bring them back on my next trip from Paochi.

The good-natured bus station manager had his two busses packed full when I arrived with the kids. Leo San and I were jammed into one bus, while Lao Ssu was passed up to a peasant woman in the other. She was a kindly, large woman, and readily agreed to carry him on her lap. As our bus went over the Tsingling Pass, Lao San's spirits rose, and he sang all the songs he knew, in a clear, high voice. An official's lady, who spoke English, drew her clothes aside and looked at him in horror. "That eye! It's horribly contagious, you know. Keep him away from me!" But the bus lurched, and it was not easy to keep him away from anyone. I can remember his face well, shrunken with malnutrition, eye streaming pus, chin uplifted and singing for all he was worth.

When we got to the cave, and everyone bustled round, and all was excitement, we suddenly remembered Lao Ssu, and a mass of boys rushed off to the bus station. The second bus was an old truck with everyone sitting on top, and there it was standing in the station yard, with the peasant woman mildly wondering if she had acquired a new baby, and Lao Ssu looking round with much interest at his new surroundings.

George Hogg was very devoted to them, and I made a bad substitute parent after his death in Sandan. George would watch over their welfare without ever spoiling them. They had to go to the village primary school when they got to Sandan, as our school did not have junior primary classes then. George fixed up the back wall of the house compound so that they could climb over, drop down on the other side, and dash across to school. The memory of those two tiny bits of energy and courage climbing over the wall in the morning, with George looking at them with a quizzical smile, is one

that stays with me. Of course, there were plenty of gates, but what is more exciting than climbing over a wall? Another memory is of Lao San and Lao Ssu going out with the group to dig irrigation channels, with tall shovels longer than themselves, heads down against the spring wind. George would have loved to see that.

As with Alan and Mike, my two adopted lads who had gone off with the 8th Route Army when war started, I have always felt that Lao San and Lao Ssu gave me much more than I could ever have given them. More understanding of the way life should be lived, perhaps. Anyway, that's all in the philosophical realm. They were wonderful to have known, and they will be good people in the new society. Their sturdy courage was always matter-of-fact, and was the courage of the ordinary Chinese peasant who has faced so much and can face so much more, the courage that enables them to take on modern tanks and knock them out, in defence of their homes and their independence.

April 22nd: "The villagers now describe the cooperatives as 'the artery through which life pulsates,'" says the concluding line of a newspaper article on one of new China's cooperatives.

"What I'm interested in cooperatives for," said a great mountain of fat and bull that made a successful American businessman in Hongkong, before Pearl Harbour, "'is the fact that they can be the medium for developing China's frequent, small and scattered mining resources. Now there are big American firms with plenty of capital to spare. Give that capital a chance through cooperatives and we'll be doing everyone a good turn."

The old society had done him a good turn, all right. An old mining engineer, he now lived in considerable state. With shrewd cunning he had assessed the possibilities in a working federation of mining cooperatives, financed by American trusts, getting a hold on the Chinese village so that the life blood would flow in their direction.

He went on to say that in Kwangsi there was such good tin, "and most of it still under the peasants' paddy fields, and they don't

know it !” he exulted. He was particularly interested in Kwangsi. The warlords Li and Pai were shrewd men, not quite so stupid and arrogant as Chiang Kai-shek, he thought.

But anyhow, Chinese politics were a joke, no one could take them seriously. Money was power, and the trusts had money. It spelt the same in every language. “Now, about Kwangsi,” he would go on, with his dreams and schemes of how the Kwangsi folk would one day work for him.

Kwangsi is somewhat of a fairyland, with its queer little mountains and its clear streams, its low, wooded hills, and its virile peasantry. For some years, at the beginning of the Popular Front war against Japan, its capital, Kweilin, was the most progressive of South China cities. Intellectuals and patriots gathered there. The Gung Ho printing cooperative helped to bring some new ideas. The Kwangtung paper cooperatives sent their paper. Then came the Japanese imperialists and Kweilin was burnt and the work scattered. One of our best lads in Southeast work was killed there by the Japanese army, and when one thinks of Kwangsi, one thinks of his eagerness and spirit.

There will be no chance now for American trusts to look for tin under the paddy fields. But there will be many, many new cooperatives, and the newer Kweilin that is arising will again be the home of creative people’s intellectuals, lighting up people’s lives with their message.

Later: There were many eyes on the infant Gung Ho in those days. There were those who wanted to use it as a means of economic penetration, there were those who wanted to make it a “middle way” to “combat Communism,” there were those who wanted to make it a string of little productive enterprises all paying into the fat man’s family treasury. There were also many just ordinary people believing in cooperation, some of them having no chance to support it in their own countries, who wanted to help it in wartime China. It was these people whose interest came in support of peace as world issues became clearer, and who kept on supporting what they felt to be a peaceful way.

When the anti-Japanese war began, many of the missions took a considerable interest in the work for some time, until they felt it was too “red,” when they dropped it like a hot stone. There were many patriotic overseas Chinese, strong middle-class nationalists, who gave support in the early days of the war, but stopped soon after. After all, they had their businesses, their plantations, their mines, and workers were a part of their assets, necessary for profit-making. Gung Ho was a “Communist” sort of thing. “Work together”— that’s for preachers and publishers, not for practical businessmen. “Work, you bastard, I’m paying you,” was more realistic. “Work, or I'll fire you.”

The thing that really kept Gung Ho going at all was that it had struck a popular trend. The people liked it, and in spite of almost every kind of mismanagement, every kind of difficulty, they would keep on with it.

Today in China the cooperative producer is an honoured person. If a member leads in production he is paid homage by all. The promoter leads from the rear. In the first years of Gung Ho the promoter felt, quite often, that it was he, and not the worker, who was the big cheese. He would stand at the door of the cooperative, with felt hat and walking stick, having his picture taken, as though he alone had done the job.

I remember going with one regional head to a so-called “model cooperative settlement” he claimed to have set up. It was a terrible show, with cooperatives allotted tidy housing on tidy little streets, with the promoter bossing it all. I had been there before and had asked at one towel cooperative who was the best worker. They pointed out a quiet young Szechuanese, who seemed to be truly a part of his machine and the machine part of him.

When the head came in with me later to show me the cooperative, this worker was taking a breath of fresh air outside the cooperative door. He was sensibly dressed in a pair of shorts and wooden sandals, for the weather was suffocating. He was enjoying the cooler air that came up from the river, and wiping off the sweat with a small towel. The head stopped in front of him and turned to the manager. “Why do you let street loafers stand in front of your premises?” he shouted. “Get on, get away, you!” he bawled at the

worker. The cooperative member said nothing, just looked, turned and went inside and sat down at his loom. The regional director stared after him, mumbled that workers in a model centre should be better dressed when at work, and stamped down to his office.

There were cooperatives in places where promoters did not come, too far off the track, where there were no easy loans, no bunch of federation chairmen doing business for themselves under the name of "cooperative federation," where there was simply the raw material, the market, and the producer. Such cooperatives often succeeded in spite of the difficulties.

The greatest nuisance in cooperatives near a city was the tendency for the chairman or manager, or both, to become infected with the idea that they were factory managers and must live like other factory managers in the locality, spending money freely, entertaining, dressing well, and squeezing. Many a cooperative in anti-Japanese war days failed because the manager had played with the group's money on an inflated money market, when it was easy to cheat the membership on the actual prices of the day

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In these times, however, it would require a very shrewd and a very bold man to get away with cheating for long. Today's cooperatives, with almost fanatical honesty coming down from the top, and in consequence, incorruptible cadres down to the youngest junior, can only do one thing—succeed. Failure is not a revolutionary virtue. Mistakes will be forgiven, but not the same one too often.

Still later: "I give you money, you give me profit; that is cooperation!" said Dr. H. H. Kung, KMT Minister of Finance and Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law, who at the time was president of CIC. Once at a meeting of regional directors, old man Kung admonished us thus: "You see my son David? Well, the Generalissimo gave him 80,000,000 to buy arms from Germany. But David knew there would be war with Germany soon, so he did not buy. But he bought gold dollars, worked on the exchange, and then

he sent the Generalissimo back some 80,000,000, having the original 80,000,000 still in hand. The Generalissimo praised me and said that David was really a model son. Now," he shouted, glaring fiercely round at all of us, "What have you people given to the Generalissimo? Nothing!"

The old Advisor, Donald, once tried to give me some advice on the importance of flattering the KMT. He confided to me one of his own methods of getting on the right side of the "Old Man." He would go to a foreign newspaper office and get them to run off one copy of a news-sheet containing the most extravagant praise of Kung. Then he would clip the article carefully and see that it was put on the great one's desk the morning he wanted to see him. It always worked, he said.

I think my most revealing interview with old man Kung was on a morning just after an air raid. Kung had his own special dugout way down in the rock, with all conveniences, power station, and so on. I had to take some official memoranda to him to be chopped. "Why, the Japanese did no damage at all!" he said with a great deal of scorn. Just killed a few dozen peasants, and we have hundreds of millions of them." Which I thought was quite a statement for one of the heads of a great nation to make—illustrating the general attitude of the KMT only too clearly. Of course old Kung was very kind to old family friends, numerous Christian pastors, and so on, but as far as his politics were concerned he was, as his own family said quite openly, in politics for profit.

His servants would go to Shanghai to see after his interests there, and run back Japanese goods to be sold in Chungking. One day when I showed him a leather jacket made in Shaoyang, Hunan, he produced one made by the Japanese in Shanghai, and shouted how much better and how much cheaper it was. But on the way out of the house, the attendants and gatemen asked me to get them some of those "Shaoyang cooperative coats"—without payment, of course—and when I did not, gave me considerable difficulty getting in to see the great man next time I was obliged to call on him.

We had to pay all these minions a respectable sum several times a year for their civility and cooperation in regard to interviews with Kung on behalf of CIC, but they always demanded more. It was not

so much a government as a gang, a gang with powerful backing in the highest places—a gang that knew little and cared less about the people of China, their abilities, their present needs or their future fate. Such was the environment in which producer cooperatives had to struggle during that long decade.

April 23rd: One of the greatest helps to successful working on projects is proper inspection. Today this comes naturally. The inspector is incorruptible. He does not have to be given presents, or entertained lavishly. He usually tries to help as well as he can, and to be as constructive as he is able. He just slips into place and becomes part of the work while he stays on the job.

The job, too, is a real piece of work, not the elaborate facade put up so often in the past stage, in order to get easy loans, well-paid appointments and lots of "face" for official loafers. One of my own inspection trips sticks in my mind. Hundreds of similar cases could be cited.

This trip was to Fukien province. There was the usual flattering reception from the local official, head of a government cooperative, anxious to impress us with his "cooperative training school" and "cooperative farm." There was the usual feasting of the inspector, and the bestowing of gifts. At last we were taken to see the "projects." At the cooperative training school we found everyone very busy. Students crowded the kitchens. "Do all our own cooking!" pointed out the official. Out in the garden, some 15 boys were raking one tiny plot vigorously. "Do all our own gardening!" the official stressed.

One of our party hung back and talked to the students. They told him a different story. "Oh, today's a holiday, really. We were only mustered up here because you were coming. Of course we don't do this every day. When big KMT men come we do military drill for them. When the educational people come, we are always in class. Because you Gung Ho people like to see work, we are put to work." They were bitter and disillusioned and glad of a chance to talk.

At the "cooperative farm," which was in a fine bit of country,

they showed us a method for pumping water which, to anyone with rudimentary technical knowledge, was nothing but a joke. Then we went to the “co-op village” where, as it turned out, preparations for our coming had fallen through. The men were lying in the shade of a hut, playing cards.

A great deal of public money had been used, and the results were nil. The official was beside himself with rage at the exposure, and, getting someone else to lead the visitors into another corner, sailed in, cursing the men. He was quite silent on the way home. He lived in a mission and had a beautiful office, explaining in honeyed tones that the governor always loved to visit his office, for it was always so spic and span, so clean and attractive, so far removed from the filth of the villages.

In that society, predatory taxation and conscription were the only activities by which the government made itself felt. When what should have been constructive work was attempted it just fell apart. There was simply no basis for it.

Fukien is a province where much can be done with water power, with reclamation of land, with iron smelting, pottery, ramie, and so on. The people are energetic and independent. I always thought that the youngsters of Changting could cuss at shorter notice and more adequately than any others I met with in China. The peasants in the paper-making areas had wonderful collective spirit, supported the schools for their children, and got along with the business, all in spite of the KMT.

Some of our best cooperatives in Fukien made umbrellas. In the streets of Yungan, one such cooperative maintained a repair shop in charge of a youngster who had come down as a refugee from Foochow. With no boss to stand over him, he just plugged away each day, mending umbrellas, assessing the price in coppers and keeping accounts, He kept a stock of umbrella parts beside him to assemble when not repairing. When he saw anyone pass with a broken umbrella, he would solicit business with a jolly smile, and mend swiftly and effectively. Later he came to our Bailie School and learned to read and write and talk in the colloquial northern Chinese that has spread so rapidly, and to enter the ranks of the leaders.

The ability shown by so many of these just ordinary, homeless, refugee people was remarkable. One wondered when a government would come that could use it and develop its potential. Perhaps some day it will be possible to go to Fukien again and see the power plants that will be springing up, and the new opportunities for every able, spunky kid who is able to take them.

In anti-Japanese war days, it was easy to see the different spirit in those places, like Changting, that had been held, even for awhile, by the old Red Army. The Red Army had been gone for many years but the people who joined our cooperatives used to say that they felt at home working collectively because this was the method of the old "Red Army which was ours" (as a member said to me one day in spite of the KMT gendarme standing not so far away, and in spite of the terror then coming to its height in that locality).

Changting is one of the most lovely of the smaller Chinese cities. One reaches it from Kiangsi, through wooded trails, on which minority peoples, with their colourful clothing, are often seen. Changting; Hoping, in Kwangtung; Tunhuang, in Kansu, have special places in my memory for their haunting beauty. One remembers a summer evening in Changting, down a little stream where a row of water-wheels lifted mallets to husk rice, with trees and greenery in the background, and a group of us tossing clothes on to the grass and diving into coolness, while a stout old peasant woman put down her basket of firewood and sat down to watch us, not offended by our nakedness.

I thought then, how like France, some decades ago, when we had been kid soldiers and had come out of the Somme for a rest, to a place where there was a mill pond, and where some British West Indian troops were quartered. How our white bodies and their gleaming black ones mingled in fun and water games, while the old French peasant women who brought their knitting and sat on the dam to watch, would say, "How beautiful, so young, grass so green, leaves so shining, black and white complete the picture, *n'est-ce pas*?"'—not in the least abashed. Then how the pursed-up padre sniffed, looking at the BWI men, and said, "Well, 'Black Working Infantry,' I believe they call them," and, "Just look at those French women! They just enjoy seeing you all bathe naked."

But we did not stop bathing to please the padre and so offend the old dears who sold us ham and eggs and gave us cheery smiles. As for the missionaries in Changting, they, too, were shocked to see us wearing shorts and climbing about the hills with the “natives.” As a rule this was more than their holy eyes could stand, but, of course, there were also a few of the broadminded who would be charming and give us tea as we sat on the edges of their chairs, trying to be as polite as possible.

The thing that struck one about so many of the missions was that though geographically located in China, they were actually foreign worlds, in which the inhabitants, often enough, lived in considerable comfort, divorced from the teeming life around them and in contact with only a selected few.

One of the more energetic pastors in a great mission compound in Kiangsi had to confess that he had only 11 converts in his church, and they were uncertain. His wife, who was a very spic and span Swiss, would keep their place in perfect order, scrubbing everything white, and they would sit on the balcony at night yodelling over the dark river and across to the wooded hills. So much energy, in their case, so much expense of faith and hope, and with such small results. His 11 converts have by now probably forgotten all about him, having found better and more permanent ways of getting help with their livelihood... It was always pretty good trade unloading tracts which the village women could put in their shoes, but now there are no more tracts in such quantity. The day has passed.

April 24th: The newspaper from Shanghai has pictures of POW soldiers in Korea reading this same “Shanghai News’—reading their own printed messages to their families back home, simple, often ungrammatical letters expressing their longing for peace and reunion with their families, their hatred of the whole dirty adventure in which they find themselves involved, and their relieved gratitude for the human kindness shown them by people they had been told were uncivilised and ferocious enemies.

Their captors, on the other hand, can hardly credit the utter ignorance of world affairs shown by these representatives of an

“advanced” country— advanced in every way, one might say, except in people’s understanding of how they come to be tricked into such a situation. Bombs in the hands of ignoramuses certainly don’t make the world a better place to live in.

A trip to Korea was the first holiday I took out of Shanghai in the late twenties. The ship was a Japanese freighter that carried a few passengers. The engineer could speak a little English, and was devoted to one thing, outside his engines: making dwarf trees grow in beautiful porcelain bowls. The kimono would fall off his shoulders, leaving him in his *fundusi* only, but he would go on intently examining a root, clipping a bit here and a bit there, completely and utterly absorbed. So conversation was rare. However, he gave me a list of good Japanese inns at which to stay in Chemulpo and Seoul, and we found them comfortable and good indeed. We went down to the hot springs at Onyo—I do not know the present name—and saw what had been done with an irrigation system put in there.

But the pattern of imperialism was interesting—a good lesson for one who had so much still to learn. The Japanese lived trim and proper lives in trim and beautiful little houses. The Korean lad who was houseboy at Onyo did not wince when beaten over the bare buttocks with a bit of bamboo by the old lady innkeeper. The look in his eyes as he moved away would have dispelled any illusion that he liked it, though. The best paid Korean teachers in the big school we saw were paid 14 yen a month; the Japanese headmaster received 400.

Back in Seoul, one saw Korean landlords, Korean stooges of the Japanese, Korean policemen and soldiers, the rich sitting in Chosen Hotel, those who wanted to be rich pleasing the Japanese as best they could. On the outskirts of the city and in the country, peasant huts with pot-bellied children standing listlessly around. On the railroads, gangs of Koreans with a Japanese overseer carrying a stick which he would use, as a matter of course, on their backs whenever he felt like it.

A country in silent revolt, biding its time... Young men taken off by the Japanese to have their minds distorted by the madness of militarists so that after a few years of this education they would try

to be tougher than even the Japanese themselves. Churches everywhere, which people would join so that they would at least have the right to meet together. The American Catholic mission father with whom we travelled part of the way, who felt that the Japanese were doing a "good job" by the country—they did not stop his Christian work of baptising the babies and burying the dead at all. The young man who came secretly and begged help to get away to Shanghai or anywhere out of his own country, where he could no longer live like a man. The sentry boxes with Japanese sentries to whom one would have to bow in passing, who would briskly summon anyone over for interrogation and inspection of papers... A smouldering populace, determined that one day they would have their own Korea. One felt that there, if one stayed long enough, one too would go unsmiling with an aching heart.

A beautiful country, especially in the northern parts, now blasted with bombs bought by the Big Boys with money taken from the wages of their people. A country where there are many graves. The graves of those who awoke early enough to fight, the graves of those who were used to hold the old in its place, the graves of men and the graves of fools. And many graves of women and children who had no weapons in their hands. The grave of Japanese imperialism and the grave of American imperialism, in part, also...

"Its no use telling me, Rewi! They're a dirty, stinking, filthy lot of bastards and I hate every one of them." The speaker was a fat accountant sent by the American State Department to be an "advisor." We stood on the station of Wen Ti Chen, in Honan, on an early summer morning, and around us crowded the refugees. The accountant was not so bad as his fellow cooperator—a bigger cooperator. He bragged that his State Department salary was intact in the USA. He could live well from his travel money, and the profits from sales of Parker pens and such items, thoughtfully brought over for the purpose. He could buy his wife a diamond necklace in India, on his way home. He did not expect to pay any customs charges, of course, having come back from "war duty." He simply could not stand going out into the crudeness of the countryside at all, and wrote his "advice" well propped up in bed in the best room of the mission house, whose good lady was specially attentive to him. So attentive that in the mission compound there

were whispers. But the great man lolled back and dreamed, when he was not writing his “reports.”

“Didn’t do the job well enough last time! Clear the hills and the valleys of them all, and let the grass and the trees come up green again. Crawling, verminous bastards!” This time the speaker was captain of a Butterfield and Swie steamer. We had just left Wanhsien and were steaming up the river to Chungking in Szechuan. It was the third or fourth year of the war against Japan.

Many similar stories can be told. Too many. Every westerner who has lived in China must have heard such sentiments, actual or implied, hundreds of times. This is what has made the Korean struggle so bitter. This is what the Korean people are up against. This is the kind of poison that has been injected into the minds of the youngsters who drop bombs; the thing that would make an exploited London Cockney walk up to an Indian wharf labourer and kick him down with a heavy boot, as I have seen in Bombay; the thing that makes a couple of idlers on a New Zealand railway station come up to the carriage where I sit with my adopted son Alan and say, “Christ, mate, look at this! muckin’ Chinese in first class!”

This is poison, dangerous stuff, the stuff that Big Business, the Hitlers, the MacArthurs, the Trumans and Churchills can use, more deadly than bacteriological warfare because it poisons the minds of men and makes them maniacs. It’s Hitler and the Jews all over again. It’s the sickness of the old system of human organisation with robber barons in the shape of profit mongers. The last refuge of madmen. Racism.

“Here’s a foreigner. Let’s heave a brick at him,” turns into “Here’s a foreigner. Let’s stamp him out.” The face-slapping Japanese, who stood armed in front of one in Shanghai, feeling that it was his turn to stamp now, in the name of His Imperial Majesty. The Japanese children who rushed out of a school in Nagasaki to pelt me with stones as I passed up the street. These were catching on. Japan was going to be bigger, stronger. Now they bow to American imperialism; tomorrow the Zaibatsu families would flay American prisoners alive, treat them to all the horrors of death camps.

Imperialism is one everywhere, and its sicknesses the same everywhere. A united people's resistance is the medicine.

The Japanese worker, the Japanese peasant, are as good a people as any. The Koreans and the Chinese Volunteers, who stand up together against America, are fighting for them too. The tables are turned.

April 25th: Yesterday afternoon on the streets of Peking one heard everywhere the voices of women denouncing, women with tears in their voices, women with rage in their voices.

Most of the bigger shops at this end of the city have radios with amplifiers, and as I passed down the street to go to the bookstore at Wang Fu Chin, I heard speeches all the way, until outside the International Bookshop, where there are two huge amplifiers, all the line of waiting pedicab drivers were listening in, while a group of country women were gathered under the amplifiers looking up at them with rapt attention.

It was a Women's Federation meeting denouncing American aggression in Korea and protesting against the rearming of Japan. Women told of their sufferings under the Japanese, and when I say "told," that is mild. They put all they had into their speeches, which were intensely moving.

My pedicab and most of the other pedicabs and many of the bicycles on the street had red pennants with characters denouncing the re-arming of Japan. A garbage collector's horse and cart came by. Red streamers were twined through his horse's mane, with the same stirring and popular characters on them.

There is no doubt that the realisation of the need to resist American imperialism and to struggle against the rearming of Japan has gone right down to the roots here. The enormous power wielded by the women of any country is being organised here and helped to express itself. The great power of the ordinary men of the street, the haulers of carts, the transport workers of all kinds, is another terrific force.

One sees the dignified pedicab driver of today, an active member of his own respected organisation. And one remembers the lean, exploited rickshaw pullers of old Shanghai, where a man might pull all day in the killing heat and yet not make enough to pay hire to the owner of the rickshaw. The owners of the rickshaws, which were hired out day and night in that big city, could send their sons to America to study. Every rickshaw owner was a member of the powerful *Ching Pang* gang and could do almost anything he wished with the humans who slaved for him.

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LAOS
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MANCHOULI
TSITSIHAR
SUNGKIANG
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HARBIN
CHANG-CHUN
VLADIVOSTOK
INNER MONGOLIA
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PEKING
PYONGYANG
JAPAN
TOKYO
Yellow
TIENTSIN
DAIREN
HOPEI
TAI-YUAN
SEOUL
YELLOW SEA
River
TSINAN
TSINGTAO
SHANSI
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TPING YUAN
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AMOY
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LIUCHOW
CANTON
TUNG
SWATOW
TAIWAN
KWANG
HONGKONG
CHINA
SOUTH SEA
HAINAN ISLAND
PHILIPPINES
LEGEND
PROVINCIAL BOUNDARY
RAILWAY
RAILWAY UNDER CONSTRUCTION
HIGHWAY

One thinks of the stories that would come back to our office when we investigated some of these cases—for at one time, the Settlement authorities, out to institute a “reform measure” for the sake of face-saving, ordered such an investigation. Every kind of worker’s tragedy was found. The rickshaw pullers would pull and pull their hearts out in the pulling, and often died pulling. There was the man I found in bed sobbing, for he had pulled and pulled but had not brought home enough to feed his wife and children, let alone himself, and he wanted to die and leave it all.

There were the pullers who were beaten up by foreign army and navy personnel—made to race down the main streets with drunken sailors beating them on, the pullers who were made to do anything and everything—pimp for prostitutes, work for gunmen and kidnappers—anything that would make them less like people and more like beasts of the underworld.

That day has gone from China forever, and is already almost forgotten, so hungrily have people seized hold of the new life, so keenly have they joined in the swing of meetings and all the organised, creative activity round them .. . For the woman, a chance to express herself and in the expressing build that which will hold together the things she loves—her children, her home, their future. Women now have responsible work in construction that they care for, too. No more the painted dolls of Shanghai, nor the exploited contract mill workers, the scum, the riff-raff, but people, self-respecting and capable, ready and able to take a part in the building of a new world.

I remember back in the worst days of colonial imperialism, when hope seemed smallest, how a very tough Settlement inspector of high rank, in between his cussing of China, Shanghai, his work, the climate, the servants, and all other nationalities but his own, voiced this rather startling tribute, which seemed to burst forth in spite of him: “But I do take off my hat to the Chinese women! Christ, what they go through, how they hold their families together in those slums. No other women anywhere could do it!”

Home conditions for Shanghai working women were terrible, even in the settled portions. In the straw hut areas they were as

shocking as anything in the worst quarters in the world. The Settlement police had only one way to deal with the problem of straw huts, and that was to evict the settlers and burn down the huts. I remember one such attempt, when the line of armed police advanced to do the evicting, and the organised women of the area advanced on them with their ammunition—full wooden pots, which their brigade of children at the rear kept changing. The women won the encounter. The police retired in confusion, smelling badly.

April 25th: Reading through this diary, the critic in the west will no doubt exclaim, "The fellow is just over-enthusiastic. China is China, and nothing can ever change so fast. Not really change, you know. Can't possibly be so good as he makes out!"

The fact that the change in China does affect all the people, right down to the roots in the villages, is a thing vastly more important than the development of any kind of new bomb. The change is very real. The girls who are army or navy cadres, who run trains, who conduct meetings, are not the women of old China; they have changed. The man laying water mains in the street, with his shirt off, can stand erect and look passers-by full in the eye, conscious that his work is important, proud of his strength, sure of himself. He, too, has changed. He is not the same man who was made to feel that he was only a "coolie'"—that whether he worked or did not work was of no great importance to anyone; that there were millions of others who would take his place as soon as he fell.

Today the picture is different. China wants her men and women. They are all needed. Certainly, technique is often lacking, but as certainly it will come. There is no worker with a higher potential than the Chinese worker.

Early in 1937, after some 10 years of factory inspection in Shanghai, I made a trip round the world looking at various industrial enterprises from the point of view of safety. But nowhere did I see finer machine tool men than the Shanghai-Ningpo-Wusih men who, with poor equipment, did such excellent work in Shanghai.

That trip round the world showed me many things. That it was possible to find chrome holes in the hands of New Zealand workers. That the factory inspector, who made no complaint about a mill there where saws were unguarded, was receiving loads of wood scrap for his home firing from the factory manager. That state inspection of factories in America was a poor joke in very bad taste. That the only effective factory inspection was that done on a "sound profit basis" by the insurance companies or their subsidiaries. That in England, factory inspectors were efficient, but unable to deal with the human side of their problems well because of restrictions that prevented "too much interference with management." That in India, people were hardly people at all in the eyes of the government, while in Malaya they were "simply children, don't you know!" That in no part were there to be found workers more creative than the Chinese, more able to grasp technique, more able to use it. This is well enough known to any who have lived and worked in China, but the western world on the whole has still to find it out.

Thinking along these lines, I was especially reminded of my trip through the USA. A pleasant trip, with friendly people and much bustle and movement everywhere. I went around some factories in California, a bunch of just small ones. Most of the hazards we found in Shanghai were there, and nothing being done about them. In Chicago, the factory inspectors were just ward politicians. One who took me round could not find the factories we wanted to see. They took me to a department of statistics which was good, and which recorded the 40,000-odd accidents a year. In the labour compensation courts, lawyers fought over cases, and X-ray pictures of fractures, etc. were tossed around as between hounds over a bone. The inspector who served as my guide was a member of the American Legion, in which he beat a big drum, he said.

In Toledo, Ohio, the chief factory inspector had his typist on his knee when I stopped outside his half-open door. Disengaging himself, he gave me some literature and a card to see a glass factory where ice cream could be served to workers during work hours, and got rid of me as soon as possible. In Pittsburgh, the guide who took me over the American Steel Works, pointing to the dressing rooms, said bitterly that such nonsense had to be put up with now because

of the unions. He thought that Bolsheviks were the same everywhere, and ought to be cleaned out.

In New York, one found many and many a small factory in the back streets with sweated garment workers in low, badly ventilated rooms—not at all the sort of thing one had been led to expect modern America would permit. In England, many of the small factories around Birmingham and London were ancient, poorly equipped, badly lit, with poor working conditions, something like many on the China coast.

Wherever possible, I looked for the small factory, to find, too often, conditions approximating to those in the poorer ones of Shanghai. The West had nothing much to boast about.

The ancient textile factories in Lancashire, with out-of-date equipment; the precise factory inspectors in bowler hats and impeccable clothing; the coroner's court where the magistrate shouted at the witness, "Take your 'ands out of your pockets! Stand up like a man!" And the witness, brother to the deceased worker, said, "He was taking a bit of 4 x 2 timber on top of the building—" to be interrupted by a roar from the magistrate, "None of your tradesman's jargon here, my man. Four what? Two what?—" And the final judgment, to which the jury with the words which they had mumbled together with the bible held in front of them still fresh in their minds, archaic words about King, God, etc., hurriedly agreed: "The deceased suffered injuries to the occipital bone, etc., etc." And the factory inspector gathering walking stick, gloves and bowler hat, stalking primly out to his car with the curious visitor on his trail.

Courts in the lands where profit is the first consideration seemed to be much the same whether in London, Chicago or Shanghai. I thought of the Shanghai inquest on a sawmill worker who had slipped, been carried against the saw, and had been neatly halved, from the head downwards, with the two parts of his felt hat lying on the floor. That was the feature that seemed to amuse the officials. The two parts of the felt hat, lying on the floor. What has happened to us, one wondered, when we look on human tragedy in this way? When we look on those upon whom our society stands, in this way?

China today is a new China. When the women and the streetside pedicab drivers hear of 2,000 Korean youth being herded into a railway train and that train being destroyed by burning napalm dropped from American planes, they do not see anything funny in it at all. It makes them hate, and determine to do something with their hate. The new China that is emerging is not sentimental. It is a realistic China that knows it has seen the worst, knows that nothing so rotten as this thing in Korea will stand—this thing in Vietnam, in Malaya, in Greece—that one stage has passed and a new one begun.

April 26th: Occasionally lads were dragged away from our school in Sandan to be KMT conscripts. There was the case of Wang Chien, for instance. He was a student in the coal mining section, a lad of great courage and dependability. He had many a narrow escape in the dangerous business of mining with the primitive equipment we had then. Sent into Kanchow, some 60 kilometres west, to bring back grain, he found that the local headman was tormenting his family to provide a soldier or else pay up. Being a lad of direct action, he found the headman and beat him up good and proper, for which he was arrested, tied up and dragged off to a cavalry regiment.

After some months' training, he passed through Sandan with his unit. Hoping to buy him off, we looked for the KMT officer, but the Ma family generals had issued an order that every man had to be accounted for, on pain of death, so that the officer, for once, could not be bribed.

Wang Chien went on marching east to meet the Liberation Army. As soon as they were deployed for battle, he got out of his uniform, tossed away his rifle, and in a pair of school shorts and an old hat he had found, started back to Sandan, carefully skirting towns, walking fast. He managed to get home by liberation, suffering from nothing but exhaustion, took a short rest, went to have another look at the headman, and arrived back at the school, where he has been busy with Diesel engines in the transport section ever since.

Chin Wei-kwei was a quiet, dreamy little boy in the leather tannery. His people were being maltreated until he agreed to go and

relieve them of persecution. A cautious conscript was Chin. As the retreat swept westward through Sandan he sat on a truck with the rest, visibly cheerful. Don't run away from the army while it is stationed in one's own town, was his maxim. Run away a little farther on and walk back home. He turned up again in the leather tannery, all right, as though nothing had ever happened.

"Ta T'ou" (Big Head), as one of the cart drivers was called, could see no sense in waste. So he brought back everything he had, including his rifle, and lived in the North Mountains until liberation. How did he live? On that subject, Ta T'ou becomes very vague.

Little stories like these are told everywhere. The Chinese soldier will defend, and attack, too, as no other will do, if he knows the whole score, and is convinced that it is his own fight. Otherwise, nothing doing, definitely nothing doing. The KMT, knowing this, would try to get men into new localities, hundreds of miles away from their homes, where they would be complete strangers, without backing. But often, even then, the same thing held.

Today it is an honour to be allowed to join the army or navy or airforce. In our school, almost everyone who could volunteered when there was a call for people to "resist America and aid Korea." In schools in Peking, I knew of lads who wept when not accepted because they could not pass the physical examination or because a parent had not consented to let them go.

Today there is an entirely new concept of the soldier. He is someone people feel grateful to, not afraid of. Soldiers, sailors and airforcemen are properly fed and taught. They are made to feel that they are a part of the society, not its dregs, as they were in the old days, when the people said, "Good iron does not make nails; good men do not become soldiers."

In the past a soldier, after he had been dragged away, was often ashamed to return to his family again. He felt he had lost too much face. Even when he was crippled he would rather stay in a crippled soldiers' centre than return to his village.

In Shanghai, in 1937, I had a little to do with a crippled soldiers'

hospital where there were some 800 men. Most of these felt that, for themselves, life was just a thing to be got through somehow—but not back in the village where they could not hold up their heads with the rest of the family. Later I was to meet them in Hsingkuo in Kiangsi and Tse Kiang in Hunan, where they had work centres. They were unhappy and often revolutionary, and there were frequent executions for insubordination.

One man, blinded, was nevertheless determined to go back to his home and tell them about the 8th Route Army. How he had managed to hear so much about it in Hunan, I do not know. He had been blinded early in the war. Somehow he managed to get transport across Kweichow and Szechuan, by truck to Chengtu. There friends put him on some horse carts going to the Northwest, so that he made his way, after a month or two of travel, to Shwangshihpu, in Shensi.

In Shwangshihpu, he asked for trucks going to Lanchow, as his home was in Chang Chia Chuan, a village 90 *li* off the main road between Tienshui and Lanchow. I, too, was seeking a truck, and we sat together in the back of a Sinkiang truck belonging to the army, which had agreed to take us as "'yellow fish." (Unauthorised passengers in the Northwest in war days were always "yellow fish.")

The blind soldier talked on. ""They must be good, because they are peasant people who want to fight. They are not driven to fight. They are fighting for all the village people, so they do not steal the people's things. My village must know about these men. I must go back and tell them all. I am blind, but this thing I can do. So when the 8th Route Army comes, people will love them and help them." I said, "But, you know, if the local government hears of what you say, it will not be good for you." "*Fang p'i*!" he spat contemptuously. "How will they ever know what is talked about on the *k'angs*?" The last I saw of him, he had borrowed a donkey and was going over the mountain trails homeward. I wonder how his mission ended!

April 27th: Once, in Japan, a friend took me to listen to a meeting where an old military general was talking to village youths, as they kneeled at his feet. We were in a temple overlooking the courtyard where the meeting was being held, so could watch unobserved. The friend translated.

The general told how he had grown up in this village, how he had helped his mother with the vegetables, and related many other simple, sentimental details of his home life. My translator was visibly moved, the audience visibly impressed. Everyone was stiff, neat, correct. The courtyard was neat and clean, the trees neatly clipped.

I told the story to a leftist Japanese friend later. He said that the general was one of the most savage and reactionary of the whole feudal bunch. He loved having leftists beaten slowly to death.

In Chungking, during the war days, I had occasion to seek out the great about army blanket contracts for cooperatives. The scene this time was a large school in a mission compound. Here, too, everything was neat, clipped and clean, in spite of the wreckage of one corner by a bomb. In the meeting hall where I waited for my interview, rows of prim and proper "New Life" workers sat rigidly. Chiang Kai-shek, carefully tailored, spruce, erect, with toothbrush moustache, and very like the Japanese general, was talking.

He told them how he stood beside his mother in Fenghua, near Ningpo, cooking food on the little stove she had given him; how he had been changed by Bible teaching, the moral help he had derived from various texts. He exuded sentimentality and prim self-satisfaction. The audience was very moved. The people standing in the outer room with me and looking in were also moved. Outside, the Tai Li Gestapo men talked with that mountain of fat, General J. L. Huang, smiles on their fat and greasy faces as they whispered, leaning up against the big shiny cars. It was a scene to remember: peanuts and pigs...

It was late at night, in snowy winter weather, that I was called to an interview with Chairman Mao in Yenan. He moved quietly, and, in his padded clothes and in the dim light, seemed to fill the room, a cave cut out of the loess bank. His words were quiet ones, of interest in what was being done, and encouragement. It was the time of the United Front. One left feeling that here was power, and the ability to lead China's millions, power that somehow came from those millions themselves. He seemed to be the incarnation of every peasant and worker I had ever known.

Later: The newspapers bring the stories of inhuman atrocities and bestial insults heaped upon the Koreans in this last and most bitter struggle to keep their independence. It is the old story of imperialism and racism, profit and privilege, hatred and contempt for the "lesser breeds," the exploited. The bad old society dies hard and still foolishly hopes by terror to stamp out the strong growing democracy of the people, which now springs up throughout the whole of an awakened Asia, and will not be put down.

One thinks back to the emigrés who fled Russia when the people came to power there. Pogoretsky was the first of many I encountered on the China coast. He was a small, hard-drinking sailor, with a British DSO and Russian crosses of St. George. He was an officer in the Shanghai Fire Department. "Never hit a Chinese," he would shout, "only use your boot. Use your hand to beat your wife, as you love her, and you only beat her to show you are boss and that you love her. Chinese must be kicked." The servants feared and hated him, for he would vent his fury on them at every chance he could get.

"The Bolsheviks," he would roar, "they must all be killed, every one of them. One day we shall come back to power, one day, one day ..." and he would describe with threatening gestures what he would do then.

He seemed to move around the world with ease. His first wife died, he married another, went off to Paris, came back again as captain of a British freighter, was never at loss for a job. Shanghai had many such. In truth, it was the real paradise for adventurers who battened on each other and upon society, from the American Raven Trust Company, the American Oriental Bank, specialising in the savings of small men, which it cleared out with when the bank crashed, to the American attorneys of "special courts," who took part in gun running, to the Japanese who sold heroin, the French who sold justice, and the British who made solid money from everyone else's mistakes—all profited on China's tragedy.

There was the worthy Binon, a Belgian officer in the Fire Department, with more medals than would cover his chest, who put the opium he ran into the Settlement from the French Concession under his wife's mattress on which she lay "sick" during a police

raid. Then there was the lad who came from the Kwangsi countryside and learned to drive a car—he was taught by the gang, given a license by the gang (only $16 silver squeeze to the French Police, the regular charge), had a job found for him by the gang, driving the car of a very strict, puritanical Scotch official, and used the car during off hours to run opium over from Frenchtown for the gang. Caught, beaten up in jail to make him give the names of his accomplices, he did not tell, was released, given a brand-new Colt and ammunition by the gang, a permit to eat in its restaurants and teashops, and was left to rot as one of the thousands of small-time gangsters so exploited. A tough system which destroyed the morale both of the poorest and the greatest, tossing out self-respect and making men savages—all men, whether Chinese, Japanese, British, American.

There is only one purpose in recalling these sicknesses of the old day, and that is to show that all men are indeed brothers, and that when they walk the wrong road, they walk it together. The racial intolerance carefully exploited in Shanghai was just a skin disease. The real sickness was deep in a system that would not work, that in the end could lead only to what we saw in Chapei and Yangtsepoo —streets thick with the corpses of women and kids, cut down by machine-gun fire, atavistic savagery triumphant. The same thing that happened in Hitler's death camps, the same thing that has happened so often in Korea, and is done every day as this is being written, by the sad, exploited mercenaries of profiteers.

One could go on telling these sickening stories endlessly, and the decade I spent in Shanghai was crammed with them. Yet, as one travels around the world, lives in the Chinese countryside, one is filled with the conviction of the basic decency of ordinary people. The gentle courtesy, the civilised approach to life of the Chinese villager, the friendliness of the common people of Japan, the warmth of the French peasants who helped us when we were kid soldiers, our own warmth for the 15-year-old German soldier who strayed into our lines in a fog, and our anger and hate that flamed into a riot against the dirty Afrikander imperialists when in Capetown, during the first world war, our Maori comrades were refused the right to sit in street cars. We were not "political," just ordinary, healthy lads, and it was unthinkable to us that our friends

should be publicly shamed because the sun had tanned their skins a richer brown than ours. It made us sick at the stomach and fighting mad against the diseased minds that tried to warp and infect ours with their monstrous notions.

In the years that have followed, life has been full of the light and darkness of these contradictions; the light and freedom of intercourse with ordinary, decent people, whatever their race or the colour of their skin, and the evil darkness of racial prejudice. One reflects how easy it is for untruths to exploit people, especially the immense untruths of imperialism and its attendant racism.

April 28th: Talking with friends at lunch today about the great flood control projects under way here. The Huai River job alone, the first stage of which is to be completed in a month or two, spells prosperity and safety to peasants farming one-seventh of China's arable land.

It can be imagined with what enthusiasm farmers of this huge area rallied to the call of "Harness the Huai River!" 10,000 local mutual-aid teams, women members to the fore, rallied too, they tell me, to the support of the volunteers, promising that their farms would be well looked after while the men were away on the all-important job of building the dykes.

Now there are 2,000,000 workers on this gigantic undertaking, paid volunteers from both country and city, workers living under the conditions self-respecting humans should live under, decently housed and clothed, provided with medical services, educational facilities, entertainment—all the amenities a democratic group can obtain for themselves with the help of a government which is truly theirs.

This talk brought back vividly a story I heard when working on dyke repair at Sinti, on the Yangtse near Hankow, on one of the KMT's so-called "productive relief' schemes.

Sinti garrison was under the command of an opium-smoking loafer, whose few hundred "troops" were really tough local bandits.

They had plenty of arms and ammunition.

It was in Sinti that a local man, pastor of a Christian church, came to me with this story. The man was sincere, and wanted to do the best he could for refugees. Large bands of village people from the devastated areas, he said, ‘were roaming about, homeless and starving. They wanted to come and work on the dykes, but this was not permitted. Outside Sinti, the country dykes were being built by the local people, but there was just enough food to keep them working, and no more. In Sinti, the main dyke had to be erected by the townsfolk. These were being driven to exhaustion by the KMT soldiers, while jobs were refused to the refugees.

One night the refugees borrowed two big barges from the farmers, crowded aboard and poled over to the Sinti bank. The soldiers of the garrison came down to the shore and angrily ordered them to push off. They shouted that they were starving, living on straw. There was a short silence. Then the soldiers threatened to shoot the first refugee who attempted to land. An old man stood up then, bared his belly and said, “I will come ashore. Kill me and see if we have not been eating straw!” And silence fell again, till the old man, throwing off his rags, stepped over the side of the boat and into the shallow water, wading up to the land, his arms outstretched.

Everyone was quiet, staring at the naked old man with his protruding belly, walking painfully to the shore. When he approached the soldiers, his eyes glaring, his wild, haggard face hating them, they struck at him with their bayoneted rifles. A bayonet ripped his belly open. The soldiers looked awhile and were silent, turned and laughed at each other a little nervously and went back up the beach.

The refugees landed, and women threw themselves over the old man, wailing. The men looked quiet and fierce. The Christian pastor who had come down and witnessed the scene was very frightened with the terror of it all, with what wild forces were released, with what men could do. And the people thought of the old peasant as a martyr, a real man.

April 29th: In one part of the old Imperial City there is the new Park of Culture and Rest where, today, feet burning with the first touch of summer on the streets, we made our way to see the big exhibition of mining which was being shown there.

The demonstrators at the various models were workers from the mines, and they were careful to make each point clearly. In one room were pictures, grim and tragic, of the life of the miners under the Japanese, and of the evils of the old type of mining.

The bright-eyed lass from one colliery, who demonstrated, was so filled with enthusiasm she could hardly get the words out fast enough. She switched on the red and the blue lights to show where work was situated and exactly what was being done in each place. Models of collieries, of coal washing plants, of all sorts of mechanised processes, were shown and explained to the thousands of spectators surging through the exhibition rooms. Many asked questions eagerly, especially the young.

Of all the splendid exhibitions seen during these three months in Peking, this seemed to me the finest and most basic for industry. I went off to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to Sandan to bring the cadre in charge of mining to Peking so that he might attend this people's university, which it would be hard to duplicate anywhere in the industrialised West today. The thirst for new knowledge is wonderful to see. All day long, thousands of people stand in endless queues to witness these exhibitions.

On the way home, stopped at a bookshop and bought another pile of books and magazines. One was a picture story book, of the kind so popular now, called "The Death Factory." It described in considerable detail Hitler's death camps, and showed at the end the restoration to office by the Americans of those who had run them.

On the streets, these days, are many pictures of Japanese barbarities, with the slogan, "Stop America re-arming Japan!" Hate against persons is not fostered. It is the evil system that is attacked —imperialism—whether it is Japanese slashing open the stomachs of pregnant women, Germans herding people into death camps, the KMT burying political suspects alive, Americans machine-gunning Korean civilians, the British shelling defenceless Yangtse River cities

or burning Malayan villages, the French shooting leaders of the independence movement in Vietnam.

Just as in New Zealand the home folk would be loath to believe that the golden-headed boy, son of the local minister, had shot clown a bunch of German prisoners in cold blood, as happened at the back of our lines in France, so would home folk anywhere hate to think that their men could do such things.

But the history of the common man everywhere, under the old system, has been a history of denial, exploitation and savagery; of the tearing of mankind apart and the glorifying of individuals who, bereft of collective sanity, go mad and rend themselves and one another...

Now in China in schools, in public gardens, in the factories, in all government organisations, in hospitals, in street unions, there can be found groups of people, men and women, boys and girls, sitting around in animated discussion—discussion that not only has to de with world affairs, but also with their own daily practical work, their criticism of it and their self-criticism in regard to their own part in it. That this could have spread so widely and so quickly shows that it is a method which is popular.

The group method of solving difficulties has always been the village method in China. Here, after a lad has sat in his study group each day, and thinks over his mistakes, and the mistakes of his group, he does get a better idea of how he can fit into society and what he wants that society to become. Above all, he gets a humility that enables him to be a person who can be lived with, who can go on learning always, unhampered by individual pride and arrogance.

The social implications of all this are tremendous. The old order cannot hope to stand against it.

April 30th: It is something to be in Peking on the eve of May 1st. Everywhere organisations are making decorations in red and gold, the two colours most loved by the Chinese peasant. From the amplifiers down the main streets come liberation songs and music,

all very cheerful. Cadres in labour unions and schools are busy preparing for tomorrow. There is a good deal of bustle everywhere, for tomorrow most will join in the march past and listen to the speeches. Personally, being fat and fifty, I don't envy them marching and standing for many hours in the heat in neatly-pressed, buttoned-up new summer uniforms, but I guess that few would change places for anything. The mass of red silk banners, the music, above all, the sense of creating anew, have everyone excited and inspired. Peking is definitely on holiday, and holidaying collectively and with a purpose, a happy unity.

In KMT times, May Day was just one of the official holidays, along with Women's Day, Youth Day, Children's Day, Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Birthday, and so on. In our village the same group of gentry would solemnly appear on the stage of a very ugly pavilion and harangue the people and the soldiers, the school kids and their teachers, all of whom would be ordered to attend. The *hsien* magistrate and the army commander would deliver long speeches, and the kids would tire visibly. A box on the platform would be full of large blue and yellow paper flowers, and each dignitary would pin one on and replace it in the box at the end of the ceremony to use on the following day.

Our school would send a representative few to each meeting, and for the last year or so before liberation I was able to excuse myself entirely. But in the earlier years, when it was very necessary to be present, I remember a May Day that at least held a little variation.

The public parade ground was a long strip, with a street crossing at each end. Right in the middle of a long peroration about the KMT's love for the peasants and the workers, a peasant from the street outside, taken short, ducked into the parade ground gates and dropped his pants to squat by the wall. The *hsien* magistrate was overcome with fury at the sight, and stopping his speech, shouted to the police detachment, "Arrest that man!" A crowd of policemen took off at the double, brandishing their rifles. The peasant pulled up his pants with a jerk, and holding them up with one hand, fled. Our boys looked hard at the ground and tried to conceal their mirth. The police pursued and returned later, red and puffing, without their quarry.

I remember another meeting when the magistrate decided to give out trousers to all local children without such, and got the police to round up a group of trouserless children upon whom to shower his benevolence. He asked our school to take pictures of him during this touching ceremony. As it was summer, the mothers of the children sensibly put the pants away until winter, and the kids went out to splash in the stream every day as sensibly and as beautifully naked as before.

Many of the peasants of West Kansu believe that children should not wear clothes until they are about 14, for if they do they will not be able to stand the hardships of a farmer's life and will fall sick when they grow older. There is a story that in the "old days"'—how long ago no one knows—there was a terrible epidemic, and all the children were dying. There came an old doctor who said, ""Take away their clothes and let them run naked." The epidemic was stopped.

Be this as it may, it is conceivable that exposure to the sun could save the lives of people whose diet is so poor. Again, the epidemic may have been caused by infected vermin from old clothes. The sheepskin or padded jacket lived in day and night for the whole of the long winter did get verminous in the past. One of our country boys who came to us thought that vermin were really part of one's body, "like worms in the stomach," he said. Everyone had them. The same lad, after a few years, was one of the most meticulous of. clean, tidy people. The Peter-Pan-clothed lads who came to us in the first winter could not be separated from the clothes issued to them. They wore all the clothes they had, summer ones under the winter ones, in all the winters following.

The shortage of cloth has been such a chronic anxiety in people's lives that as soon as their economic conditions improve they naturally like to wear more and better clothes. Only as cloth becomes more plentiful and security more firmly established will people feel that they can afford to shed any unnecessary clothing in the interests of health, beauty and freedom of movement. People will gain self-respect in a thousand new ways as they create new machines and a new life, and the next few decades of the Chinese revolution will see fresh ground broken in all the varied fields of

human endeavour.

May 1st: Everyone up early this morning, with much bustle, the streets outside filled with singing. It is a glorious day, with just enough wind so far to make the red silk banners and their long gold streamers float in the air. The sun glistens on the brass spikes at the tops of the flagstaffs...

Back in 1942, George Hogg, sitting at an evening meeting with our tiny group of refugee kids who made up our school then, said that our school should have its own colours. What colours would the boys like?

At that time, KMT blue was everywhere. Schools were painted blue. Slogans were written up in blue. Red was considered very bad in any school. But one slip of a kid got up and said we should have red and gold for our colours, because we were in south Shensi and southeast Kansu, and every farmer's house, in autumn, in these regions, was ablaze with red and gold. Red peppers on the housetops, red persimmons on the trees, golden cobs drying under the eaves, and the golden-skinned children playing under them. The red and gold of old temple walls that sat so easily, so softly in the green countryside.

The idea went to the vote, and won out—which was something for those days of terror, when our school was regarded with not a little suspicion.

We were at that time grateful for the school dog, which employed a very good technique, not barking too much but going quietly into action when any intruder came round the place.

So when, one evening after a meal, the discussion meeting was under way, and two policemen from the village were snooping around the back of the building, listening in, our dog quietly fastened his teeth in the seat of a pair of black pants. After a good deal of tugging and many anguished yells from the policeman, with everyone coming round to pull the dog off, he was dragged away, still holding the square of cloth firmly in his jaws. The policeman

hurriedly departed, hanging his coat over his bare and damaged bottom.

I have not had a May Day in the village since liberation. One looks forward to having many in the future, for exciting as the big city is, the village, in its development, is still more exciting. In Sandan today, the pictures of Mao and Chu Teh and other leaders will be carried, amongst red banners and the dust of the dusty Northwest—those leaders who have come from the people, who are the people, symbolising the people's hope, the people's potential, the people's belief in themselves.

May Day is a day to think of all those who have worked to make it possible: the builders of dykes, the layers of railroads, the diggers of coal, the women who brought their children and worked beside their menfolk. It is not a day to think of the fat and bored lookers-on at life, at the distorters of all living values, cunning and vicious, with their stock claptrap of "Biological Warfare" and "H Bombs."

It is a day to think of the patient potter with his wheel, making new ware for his fellows; of the bridge builder, pouring cement so that men's feet will move more certainly; of the digger of irrigation canals that will enable water to flow where it did not flow before; of the drillers for oil in desert lands; of the planters of trees; of the lad who mends a broken-down truck on the top of a freezing mountain pass; of the washers of hides in cold streams; of the worker's steady eyes that measure with micrometers the output of his lathe; of the weavers of cloth, and those who bend over sewing machines to make the clothes we wear.

This is a day that should make us proud of being men, of man's courage in his evolutionary and revolutionary struggles, and of what he yet will do. It is a day that should make us more sure of ourselves, sure that our organisation of producers who can work together is stronger than the now crumbling, competitive old society from which we are emerging. We think of the creative future—of the fun of making a boiler work, rivetting it, expanding the tubes, of putting a new bearing in a generator, of carrying light and power into new workrooms. Of wool cards and the wool fibre running evenly over them and the triumph in the eyes of those who manipulate them, of stud sheep in the yard, of shepherds who come

with new understanding and science; of tractors drumming up against the wind.

One thinks of these in all the provinces of China, in its tens of thousands of villages of the future, in its new cities that will arise; in everything that peace will do for the common man who longs for it. One thinks of the minds of workers and peasants opening to understanding; of how they will win their own minds for themselves, cutting out every vestige of slavery.

This second May Day is another great milestone in new China's history. The road ahead is clear.

May 2nd: Last night the talk turned on international understanding—how to get people who came from different environments to understand one another.

Everyone agreed that the colonial attitude in the "international" city of Shanghai had made such understanding impossible, because there was no basis of mutual respect. The "compradore" type of the coast, who became a rich cosmopolitan, the hanger-on of the missions, the foreign official's secretaries and servants, the Wang Ching-wei's, the gangsters who, working with the Japanese, became more Japanese in ferocity than the Japanese themselves—these were a long way from respecting one another. They invariably hated and despised one another. The system could breed only squabbling exploiters and their wretched exploitees, could breed only cunning, but never understanding.

Perhaps the best basis for this, after the destruction of imperialism, is the working together in production. People appreciate one another when they struggle hard, against odds, to gain something everyone wants. In Sandan we have tried to develop this kind of understanding. Of course, the individualistic, headstrong and impatient leanings in members of our international group, and the youth and inexperience of some of our trainees, at times make for situations that need the collective method of solution. Especially when new method is being aimed at, and the trainees have not sufficient theory to understand the importance of

each step, whether it be in the treatment of stud sheep, the filtering of oil, or the handling of delicate apparatus.

In the old days of the KMT, the idea of *kung chia* (public property) was laughed at. Liberation brought a new conception of *kung chia*, which it became the first duty of everyone to protect. It became *ren min ti*, "the people's," and "ours" in more than name only. This change to "ours" instead of "mine" makes cooperation between people of different races much easier. No one is profiting at the expense of anyone else. If a man is paid more, it is because he is worth more to the group. He can talk about care and maintenance in terms of the people's property, and show that it is to everyone's personal advantage to accept his share of the responsibility in caring for the property which all own. So, when one trainee slings a bag of blasting powder under a workbench when he rushes off to class, and an American technician comrade rushes in to do a welding job, with the result that everything gets blown up, there is a good deal of need for chewing the whole matter over together.

On the other hand, the westerner from the old society becomes more and more aware of the immense need for change in his thinking and emotional habits if he is to fit himself for the kind of living the new society demands. He has to become civilised in a new way, much to his amazement, at times.

Later: One of the friends seen last evening lay back in his chair, sunburnt, weary in body, but with considerable fire in his eye. He had been in the May Day parade all day. "What did you like best?" I asked. "Oh, just all the people who went past, the ordinary workers most, the unions, people with their kids, people who crowded by, looking as if they knew that this was their day. The people who do things, make things..."

Going home myself, sometime between eleven and midnight, I passed T'ien An Men, facing the great square. Standing in front of the tablet where, in Imperial times, officials would prostrate themselves before the Emperor within, was a family, in line, looking up at the great portrait of Chairman Mao, at the majesty of T'ien An Men. The central figure was an old-timer, with toothless jaws set in a wide smile. The night was warm, and his coat was open, showing

a wrinkled torso. In each hand he held the hand of a child. He looked and looked, the family looked, and did not tire in the looking.

He must have seen much in his life, the warlords, the Japanese, the KMT, but here, before he went on his way with his forefathers, he was to see this new thing, the rise of people like himself, children like his, and here was the portrait of the man who had brought all this about. It was something to look at, think over, and treasure. I shall always remember this May Day by this family and that portrait.

May 3rd: The newspapers report the first shipments of grain to India, and the trade agreement under which many more thousands of tons are to be sent.

So China, accepted in the minds of so many as a land of perpetual famine, turns out to be one that can export food to India. China, the land that "cannot clothe its own people," has already been proved well able to do so. China, the land where people talked darkly of "population pressure," has become one where all people are wanted, where there is work for all.

Not so hard to understand when one thinks back on the savage past when grain was used to oppress the peasantry rather than feed them, when, in famine regions, grain would be held by the bigger landlords and used to take over land.

The Catholic missions in Suiyuan, in time of famine, had storehouses filled to the brim. There was a good railway line direct from Manchuria, where there was a grain surplus, yet the starved were counted in the hundreds of thousands.

The people of Sandan tell of one landlord's house where, during a famine, people came to die at his front doors and he had to hire men to cart away the corpses, but his grain stayed. In the dry Northwest, grain can be held for many years and changed into silver and gold when prices reach a peak. Not long before liberation there, bandits raided the house of one of the local gentry. They took

away 18 pack loads of silver and gold, on 18 of the landlord's pack animals.

So deeply was the idea of holding grain fixed in the feudal mind that it seemed nothing could shift it. In Shanghai in 1937, after months of fighting the Japanese, when the South City was about to fall to the enemy, the food committee of the International Settlement, then packed with refugees, arranged for Settlement rice *hongs* to buy three huge stacks of rice from the doomed area. The rice was bought, but the KMT general, Yang Hu, then in retreat, demanded more "squeeze" than had originally been agreed upon. The rice stayed where it was, and the Japanese Imperial Army fed on it for the next six months. In the Settlement, the trucks were kept busy picking up the people who had died from starvation, putting them in plain board coffins provided by some "benevolent society," stacking them in huge piles in the Settlement's western district, throwing gasoline over them and burning them.

May 4th: Today is a day of celebration, for it commemorates the beginning of the movement against foreign imperialism.

After supper, I walked down to Wang Fu Chin, the main street, which was a blaze of red banners and red shop decorations, bright against the fresh green of the trees. A long line of trucks carrying Liberation Army soldiers came down from the Forbidden City and circled round the new monument which has been set up at the crossroads. It depicts a Chinese Volunteer in Korea, in heroic pose, standing on guard. Though put up as a model over lath and plaster, it seems to live as most of the statues in our Western world do not. One truckful of girl soldiers stood up, clapped and saluted it as they passed.

The statue appeared suddenly, just before May Day. It symbolises the mood of the people today and will stand as long as they feel what it expresses. When the present stage has been victoriously passed, and the next stage comes in with all its challenge and problems, art will spring up to dramatise afresh the people's ideas.

Those Western statues... One thinks of all the pompous and

dismal objects that were scattered throughout the colonial world, the kings and queens, royal princes and field marshals, looking down upon those whom they had robbed. One remembers how many of these images were carted off by Japanese rival imperialists to be turned into munitions, remembers what happened to the Winged Victory of the First World War monument; how when war came again to Shanghai it took wing from its base on the Bund, and was afterwards seen lying sadly on its side in the back of the British Consulate. One remembers the statues of the Chinese warlords—the originals of which have all vanished—and wonders if that of Li Hung-chang, the Manchu Dynasty politician, presented by the German armament firm of Krupp,still standsin the Shanghai garden where it was erected.

The most fitting memorials of the old day are the ones of people to whom the peasants were really grateful—the deified ones who conceived the waterways for the Chengtu plain, at Kwanhsien, thereby bringing life to millions over many hundreds of years; or the modern one at Lanchow of the Kansu man, Tuan, who went to South China and brought back the idea of making the Yellow River hoist its own water for the peasants' fields; who, failing the first time to adapt the waterwheel he had seen in Kiangsi, sold his possessions to make a second journey, suffered hardship, but returned again to Lanchow to build the waterwheel that has since been copied along the river and which has done much to make livelihood possible for many people.

The new China produces many who sacrifice themselves for the people; and of these many will never be known, except amongst those with whom they work, for the job of a Communist is simply to serve the people, and no special glory is sought. In this short period following liberation, many schemes have been mapped out and applied, with the result that vast areas of wasteland have been brought under cultivation. It is as though a button had been pressed and suddenly all the creative energy lying dormant had begun to express itself.

From the captured KMT conscript, once despised, beaten and fooled, the new people's soldier emerges, prepared to deal with the world's biggest tanks and its most formidable modern weapons,

arming himself from the stooges of the armament makers of America, who stand uncertainly before him.

On Wang Fu Chin, in many of the shop fronts, are tableaux showing Korean war scenes, with American soldiers in surrender, American soldiers having their wounds treated by the Chinese Red Cross—and also American soldiers burning villages, bayoneting the women they have raped. The people stand in front of them and gaze, taking in every detail. The myth of white supremacy has been demolished, well and truly. People after this will be just people, and, white or coloured, they will be judged by their actions.

May 8th: Some of the lads at Sandan seem to have picked up the story-in-picture technique, for this morning the post brings me a thick little book of drawings from the ceramics section. They are line drawings, cheerfully coloured in. They tackle the various livelihood and production problems with the insouciance of youth plus its energy and determination for achievement. These lads are full of plans now to make this part of the school into a modem ceramics department capable of producing material for the electrification of the villages as well as the improved common ware people want to use in their homes.

One spring Sunday, some years ago, as I walked over the steppe, my foot turned up some bits of painted pottery, and later, when we excavated for irrigation purposes, we unearthed vast quantities more, relics of the neolithic potters whose bones we have found, together with their stone axes, ever since.

When we came to Sandan, the only industry that was operating much was the making of pots. Pots were produced in crude white, or glazed with a very beautiful black iron glaze. The potteries had been completely devastated by the early Ma warlords, the “Ma Ssu-ling,” the young Ma Chung-ying, and later Ma Pu-ching.

The present growth has been comparatively recent, with peasants coming in from other parts and setting up the industry again. Methods are still primitive, and until we set up a department of ceramics at the school, no effort to improve the quality had been

made. The total profits from the industry went into just a few pockets. The people lived in grinding poverty. Coal for the kilns had to be mined under the most primitive conditions.

“What’s the use of making good artistic pottery for Sandan peasants? They cannot appreciate it. Look at their dirty houses, everything covered with dust!” The speaker was a superior American-trained Lanchow official.

“But Neolithic man liked his painted pottery, and it helped him to raise himself to higher forms; it helped him to go on to make bronze and iron; it led him to create,” I said.

The superior official snorted, “Nonsense! Nowadays we can get stamped-out glass or plastic products from America which can be sold to these people in exchange for minerals or some kind of raw materials. The glass products will last, will not break, are simple and very cheap, cheaper than you could ever make them here.”

“But people have their own culture, they want to paint the things they like to see, they like to feel they are people, not slaves.”

“There is always freedom for the clever individual to leave the ranks of the slaves and become one of the master group,” he replied. “China has to go through the same thing as the English workers in the Industrial Revolution.” (Not the first time I had heard this kindly sentiment!) “Don’t talk a lot of sentimental stuff about ‘creative working.’ These village kids are only clods!” And he gave a short, derisive laugh.

I thought back on so many who certainly were dull enough when they came, but who, as they made things, would sit back and look at what they had done with a new light in their eyes, a new understanding that “I, the Wang Boy of no account, am able to make something, can decorate something, and people like it. I am a person. I can do this because we have a group here and our collective strength enables us to build a kiln, and look for better pottery clay. I can blow glass from the white sand that was lifted by the wind and blown into one’s burning eyes. The glass can be made flat and used in greenhouses that will enable us to raise early crops of vegetables so that our livelihood will be better at once. And

everything we need is right here and belongs to us: the glass sand, the soda, the lime, the coal, the pottery clay, the glazes, the material for firebricks."

Ceramic wares, made by people long before they bothered much to adorn themselves with clothes, are things that give man, especially man in the making, a glimpse of his potential. They give him confidence in himself. They raise him from the earth. They make him a person infinitely superior to the American-trained young man who comes back with a slick wardrobe, a gold wrist watch, several Parker fountain pens, and a specialised knowledge of something he has no real interest in doing.

He is consumed with one idea, to be important, to shine in front of everyone, to be a "success," to amass money as a God-given right and to "run things;" to have his woman play mahjong with other "important" wives, and so help to keep him in his position, to have all of his kids go to America too, to be put through the same superficial processes, come back with the latest fashions and the smoothest talk. This is something the village has no way of understanding.

Our lads have come from peasant homes. Too many children, too small a bit of land. "Lao Erh (Second Eldest), you go and find a way to make things; there is not enough land for all of us to work on." Then, "Lao Erh, you made that pot yourself, you painted it yourself?" And the whole family crowd round to look at Lao Erh with new respect and admiration. He has made something that did not exist before, and he has made it from the products of his own earth, with his own fingers. He has a new dignity.

After this he can go to the hills and find new material with the confidence of knowing what he wants. He can look at coal with a new eye, estimate its BTU; his industrial understanding is beginning to develop and reach out. Having applied theory and practice successfully in this first simple thing, he feels that other things can be attempted. It is the first step in his realisation of man's limitless power over the materials at his hand.

Last year, after liberation, we were permitted to bring in a Japanese technician who had been working in China for many

years. The whole school had heard of Japanese, but few, except the refugees from Honan, had ever seen one. They gathered round in groups to stare at this living real Japanese and his two kids, finally murmuring, “But they look much the same as us!” And one said, “Why, ordinary people anywhere are much the same, I suppose,” and they all agreed, but continued to stare fascinated at the Japanese family, trying to find some point of difference. “Perhaps it’s because these are worker Japanese and not imperialist Japanese,” one small boy said.

The pottery boys appreciated him from the beginning, and would do anything to get him to show them new techniques and new ideas for working. His two little sons merged with the whole group of kids easily and became one with them in no time, taking part in the school plays as well as in all the rough-and-tumble of the kids’ group life together. Lao Liu, who has endured much bitterness in his 70 years as a pottery worker, says, “This is the best technician we have ever had!” and hastens back to the pottery, to see what new thing is being done.

Lao Liu has been attending the “accusation” meetings. Though his old eyes are dulled now, his voice is as strong and resolute as ever as he tells how, in the not-so-distant past, officials would take the people’s pretty girls to make a mattress of flesh, take their animals, then fine them for losing them; take a worker’s life, his independence, and then laugh at him; take his sons, beat them, and drive them away to armies and never let them come back again; take everything and give nothing but heartache and bitterness, so that workers would look for opium of one kind or another to dream up a happiness which their society denied them.

A potter thinks of many things as his fingers shape a teapot spout, turn a rice bowl, stack his saggers in the kiln, and fire them; and Lao Liu seems to have remembered them all.

May 9th: To realise the influence of the Chinese revolution on the people’s everyday lives, one should observe what is happening in the back streets, the villages, the houses of the common people; observe how the ordinary street manages its own affairs and

reorganises its living to meet the needs of the day.

In the back streets of Peking, blackboard newspapers advise sprinkling water to keep dust down, report the present situation in Korea, tell how to cooperate and to keep the drains from blocking up when the summer rains come, explain the arrest of KMT special agents who operate underground, as well as any other matters which are of common interest to the people. The big buildings and the impressive construction work in the modern cities of the coast are fine, but China is mostly villages and small towns, spread over a vast area. What happens in them is the important thing.

"The Chinese will always make slaves of themselves. They will never get out of the rut they got into 2,000 years ago." The speaker was a Catholic priest, talking with other priests, on a ship on which I was a passenger, going down the China coast.

"They will never be a really modern nation," his friend said, "because their ruling class, no matter who it may be, will always rend itself in feuds over place and position, and bureaucracy will halt everything."

The third came in with "I have been in China for most of my life. I should say that the trouble in China is that they do not know what family love is. They tie themselves to formal things that are empty. They are tired of each other, and in spite of all the mourning when a member of the family dies, they are really glad to see him die."

I listened and marvelled at the considered conclusions of men who had devoted themselves to the cause of saving men's souls in China—three men who had lived most of their lives in China, yet could find nothing to hope for amongst the people they wanted to change. Their long, bearded, pessimistic faces, sunken eyes and lifeless, bitter voices reflected defeat—-the defeat that must have come to many and many a missionary in trying to catch souls while stomachs remain empty. In "giving unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and not only giving, but helping Caesar to collect, and in doing a spot of intelligence work for Caesar, in the end giving their own souls to Caesar—as the wireless sending sets and the special agents' material found recently with priests in Tientsin show fully.

The simple, clear way the leaders of the Chinese Revolution are using to begin the process of change in China brings victory, laughing eyes, confidence and comradeship. Down in the fisher boats by the seashore, with the miners as they tunnel under the earth, the farmers as they plan their crops, in all the homes of all the people who struggle and long for a better way, there is change in the air, a desire for change, a belief in the change that is going on around them. There are long faces in the homes of the once greatly privileged, behind high walls, people who once lived too easily, did what they would regardless of the rights of others. But for the overwhelming majority there are lighter hearts and smiles amongst those who work and struggle for the new day. At last the road is clear to them. They have a way they understand.

Old lady Liu, who comes back from her village outside Peking, where she has been on her day off, says, while she cleans the pots and prepares the food, “Well, that’s funny! The Americans want to bring the Japanese back, arm them again—those Japanese!” And she takes a meat knife and chops up the meat with hard, bold strokes. “And the USSR and us want to have a meeting and sign up not to have any war. But they won’t do it! It’s very funny! The head of our village called a meeting, and we all discussed it. It’s very funny!” And she went on with her work, saying every now and then, “Very funny! Very funny!”

In her 50-odd years she had seen a great deal that had been strange to her. There had always been war. Who wants it to continue? No one in her village; that would be too silly to suggest.

Down on the open market, one stall holder shouts to another, “Meeting tonight at seven!” And the other shouts back, ““What about?” And gets the answer, “Setting fair prices, no more bargaining, and what we can do for the peace movement.”

Everywhere there are meetings; everyone has a feeling of responsibility for what is happening in the world, a feeling of confidence in grappling with the future.

May 10th: Peking, in its back streets at least, reminds one of a

large Chinese village, and it is fun to roam, country-cousin-like, and just look at the people.

Looking down from a higher vantage point today on a small coal briquette factory, in part of a typical old-Peking house built round a courtyard, I noticed a boy bustling about with much energy, sweeping the yard and putting tools away. It has been hot these days, and his wiry young body was black with coal dust, which he washed off with great vigour, finally tossing the contents of the whole bucket of water over himself and swiftly rubbing down. Then he vanished into the house and presently emerged, dressed, carrying his school bag, and with the scarlet Young Pioneer kerchief round his neck. Some of his older relatives were sitting out on the front doorstep. A grandmother with a young baby on her lap looked up to smile at him as he came out.

He drew himself up smartly, gave them all a salute and a cheery smile, and vanished down the road. The old folks looked at each other proudly. That smile and salute reminded me of the smile and salute I had seen exchanged so often between the men of the people's army and the peasants in the villages—a greeting signifying the mutual respect and friendship which seem an integral part of the new way of living.

One thought of those days when the lowest level of the people's degradation was reached, those days of 1931-2, in Hankow, when the streets were full of flood refugees, when the relief racketeers were feasting each other with champagne dinners at the various big foreign hotels, when Communist kids were being executed in batches in front of the customs house, when refugees who would even organise their local groups in refugee camps were taken away to be shot as Communists.

I counted up to nine champagne dinners that were given out of public relief funds. Each director of each length of dyke construction would give one, and the various other directors also. The Chinese people in their millions had to reconstruct their homes, try to keep their children together, try to get seed, to live somehow till harvest. Over them all hovered the foul KMT armies, with their swaggering Yeh Peng, who afterwards went to work with the traitor Wang Ching-wei. The principle that all refugees were Communists

was adopted. Arrests were made every day. Shootings were frequent.

One day, the coldest of the winter, with a light fall of snow on the ground and a bitter wind blowing down the street, I stood in my greatcoat watching a procession advancing. In front was a line of buglers, blowing their lungs out. In the centre of the road, the "convicted," with their hands tied behind their backs; flanking them on each side of the road, heavily armed guards.

The procession moved at double step. The convicted were all politicals, men and women, school kids, peasants and workers. At the rear of the group came a man whose face and eyes are as clear to me today, some 20 years after, as they were then. He was tall, clothed in a single thickness of faded army uniform, too big for him, that the wind pressed against his thin body. His head was erect, his eyes calm, and he was smiling.

The look and the smile struck me with the impact of a bullet. The moment his eyes met mine, and then looked on and over the crowd —the fat shopkeepers, the curious street people, the guards, the sordid scene—in that moment I felt like doing one thing, throwing off my warm coat and joining him in his march to the bank of the great sullen Yangtse, where his life would be torn from him. But I only fell back against the shop front, retreated inside my great warm coat, stayed in a daze; one pageant over, curious onlookers in the sweet turned to stare at me, and I escaped up a side street and fled.

Who was that man? What was his history? I never knew; but today, on the Peking street, one caught a glimpse of that smile and those steady eyes when the kid from the coal briquette yard paid his respects to his family before going off to school. That steady, calm understanding, and the very gay smile that goes with it, can make every difficulty seem as nothing, every pain, even to the losing of the life of any one individual, a small thing.

Behind those eyes and that smile lies all the power of the regenerative forces now awake and conscious in China. In them there is no hope for the Big Boys, the politicians, the professional militarists. But there is joy and happiness for the common people

everywhere, with a new road to tread and new hope as they tread it.

May 7th: Yesterday I went to the memorial service for Agnes Smedley, and the funeral rites when her ashes were interred at the cemetery where lie some of the notable leaders of the Chinese Revolution.

The Revolutionary Cemetery is a quiet spot outside the new Peking city area site, out near a low line of hills dominated by a T'ang type pagoda. The cemetery is set amongst peach trees, with the grave of Jen Pi-shih prominent. Agnes, Daughter of Earth, is buried alongside other fighters for the people, each grave having a simple but effective headstone, surmounted by a red Star.

The first part of the ceremony was held in the city at the Youth Palace, in the morning. It was a beautiful day, with the city still ablaze with the decorations, flaming red and gold, of May Ist and 4th. The speeches were good, simple and clear, and many of her old writer friends were among the speakers. The Minister of Culture, the writer Mao Tun, whom she once brought to our Shanghai home in the dark days; the writer Ting Ling, Madame Lu Hsiin, the wife of Chu Teh, Yang Kang, and Dr. Ma Hai-teh all spoke, as did Arthur Clegg, a member of the British Friendship Delegation.

Her books were spread out for the people to read. The whole meeting was excellently organised and the large portrait of Agnes was a fine, spirited one. It stood over the speakers' stage, then was erected on the front of the truck that carried the ashes and the mourners to the cemetery, and was finally placed by the tomb, according to Chinese custom, as friends dropped bouquets of flowers there.

After it was all over, a few of the international group foregathered at the temporary matshed restaurant known amongst them as "The Dump," and had a long drink of draught beer. We felt that Agnes would have appreciated this finish to a day of memories and talks about her.

Today at her funeral here in Peking, among the chief mourners, was a detachment of the People's Liberation Army, deputising in a very real way for the hundreds of millions of Asian people who respect her memory. They do a daughter of America this honour at a time when the wrath of the Chinese people against Truman and his gang is at its height, when the streets are full of the anti-American-imperialist songs of the day, when everyone, down to the poorest villager, understands that the America of 1951 is the enemy of peace, their enemy, every poor man's enemy. But of "anti-foreignism" there is no trace. The enemy is the imperialist who will make war in order to exploit others. The friend is one who behaves like a friend, regardless of race or colour.

As we drove out of the cemetery, an old Englishman, who has seen something of the developments of the past year, said, "Good God! Why, if we could have this kind of organisation in Britain, we could get the country on its feet again in a couple of shakes. It's tremendous, but I'm sure our English people could do it too. They are dazed, stuck in the mud, asleep... but let them awake and they can do it, too!" And we all agreed.

That the new China should have been able to stand on its own feet so solidly and in such a brief fraction of time, shows that liberation came as a hoped-for event, an event for which people's minds were ready and waiting.

How immense was the courage of those few leaders in Kiangsi, where the first Red Army base was built, at a time when Chiang Kai-shek had the backing of the whole imperialist world! He had Von Seeckt, Von Falkenhausen, Italian pilots (who afterwards helped the Japanese against Chiang); American airmen, who planned to reorganise his airforce. The pious saying of Chiang the Methodist that he would "gladly exterminate all the people of Kiangsi, if necessary to put an end to the Communist menace" was typical of the time and the governmental attitude. The KMT army adopted the Nazi cap, on the advice of some of its 400 Nazi officers. It adopted Nazi manners.

One week we went to Hangchow, to climb over its hills and look at its scenery. Our room in the Lakeside Hotel was near that of a Nazi officer who was playing a violin between drinks. A high KMT

officer entered his room with some message. The German, furious at being interrupted, brought his violin down over the officer's head with both hands, smashing it to smithereens and cutting the officer's face. The officer turned, panic-stricken, and fled. It would be interesting to see if any kind of bigwig could try this on even the smallest PLA detail. He would certainly need a lot of nerve to start anything here. China is not the same China.

Chiang Kai-shek liked the Germans. The main reason for Advisor Donald's downfall, in 1940, was his stubborn adherence to the idea that Chiang should break with the Nazis, who were encouraging Japan. Tai Li, sinister head of Chiang's Gestapo, managed the thing deftly. Donald retired in high dudgeon to Tahiti, and was not called back by the Chiangs until just before Pearl Harbour, so that he was caught by the Japanese before he could get through the Philippines. Donald wanted to get all of this straight before he died, and wrote me several letters from his hospital asking for memoranda of conversations, but I could not help him, as I had forgotten them completely; in any case, he was in the hands of the Chiangs, who naturally seized everything he wrote.

Moreover, it didn't matter much, as the squabbles were only concerned with power politics within the family—the Chiang family, the ruling class family. What was the best method of keeping power? To stick with Germany? To tie up with the Japanese imperialists? Or to bank all on America? The Chinese people mattered not one iota. The whole thing at the back of Chiang's mind always was how to crush the Communists. When Stilwell wanted to support the 8th Route Army in the struggle against Japanese fascism, Chiang was furious. He and his party, in the main, hoped for a profitable peace with the Japanese and German fascists. But it was not easy to swing the people behind their efforts at betrayal.

May 11th: Turning on the radio last evening, there came the ubiquitous "Voice of America" known here as the "Voice of Wall Street." The Voice of Wall Street, with the right blend of pathos and shocked manliness, deplored the execution of spies, traitors and other enemies of the Chinese people. Here, it suggested, was the

“Red Terror” in action at last; this was the kind of thing to be expected from a government which dared to depart from the old order. The commentator clearly inferred that those executed were not criminals but just “politicals” whose opinions differed from those of the government in power. The broadcast was a carefully prepared attack of the kind that came over from the Axis countries during the last world war, its object being to confuse the issues and play upon the emotions of the uninformed.

Nothing was said of the crimes of the executed; that each had had a complete trial and exhaustive investigation; that the shocking crimes for which they had been indicted were fully proven, each case revealing the utter rottenness of the old regime, its bestiality, its terror. It was not mentioned that all, after liberation, had been given a chance to reform, and to take part in the new life, but that they had rejected this chance not once but many times. They had chosen to go on with their conspiracy and sabotage—their radio transmitters behind false walls, their storing up of lethal weapons, their murder of new leaders carrying on peaceful work, their richly paid connections with American agents in Hongkong and elsewhere; and all their tortuous efforts to thwart the will of the Chinese people to “stand up on their own feet.”

That these evil remnants of a malevolent past were not brought to trial until two years after the liberation of the mainland is due not to any change of policy on the part of the people’s government, but to allow time both for a change of heart and for the collection of evidence with perhaps the most thorough, painstaking and public investigation of evidence ever undertaken in any country.

In all the days of my first 20 years in China, the killing of Communists, progressives, liberals—any people who wanted change—was so common as not to warrant mention in the newspapers. From the days of early 1927, when heads hung from the telegraph poles of Shanghai, on through to 1949, people would be seized and executed by the KMT police, army, or some special agent anxious to please his superiors and get promotion. More than 30,000 persons were “executed” in Shanghai alone by order of the authorities between the years 1927 and 1937.

In Changsha, at the time of the 1931 flood, the KMT governor

gave a dinner to which I, as a member of the flood reconstruction group, was invited. There was an evil, satisfied smile on his greasy face as he described how he had dealt with the Communists of that city. “I knew there must be Communists among the people in the poorer parts of the city—so my soldiers drove them all into the sewers and killed them there like rats. Some good were killed with the bad, of course, but we are thorough here. We get them all.” His audience of both Chinese and foreign relief people bowed their heads in polite acquiescence. How many thousands of good people this butcher disposed of will, perhaps, never be known, but his name is a stink in the nostrils of all good Hunanese.

After the Canton Commune, the killings went on for weeks. In Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai and all other big cities, killings, before liberation, were too frequent to be noticed, and many of them were done in direct cooperation with American special service men, as in the infamous SACO camp in Chungking. Great pits of corpses, bearing the marks of torture and of burial before death, were dug up in many places after the liberation of these and other cities.

In Sinkiang in 1941, when Shen Shih-tsai, the governor, decided to back Chiang Kai-shek, 10,000 progressives were massacred at his order and 20,000 others were thrown into prison. The Ma warlords in the Northwest had their spies everywhere. They slew quickly and there were no reports on the killings.

In every village, under Kuomintang fascist rule, the village head, or the head of the *pao*, had power to kill, conscript, beggar homes, steal and racketeer. One has only to go to an accusation meeting in any village to hear the whole story. Women get up and relate in detail the horrors that were done, bring in witnesses, face the accused and demand that he speak. “Is it true? *Is it true*?” they demand of him, in voices terrible with remembered suffering. Why has he done these things? Now they know, and all Chinese people know that the evil old order which produced him had the support of those who operate the “Voice of America,” those who exploited the good working people of America in order to supply Chiang Kai-shek with the tools to continue his tyranny; those who would gladly bring back the nightmare horrors of that time and crush the new China that now stands on its feet—if they could.

The people of China have finished with all this. They have thrown it out. They are taking steps in every organisation to see that it does not happen again. It is very necessary for their future, and the future of their millions of children, that they do this thing.

Later: Pat Givons was the Irish head of the special police in the Shanghai Settlement. He liked seeing Communists executed. It pleased his sadist soul, just as it pleased Tai Li's, head of the Nanking Gestapo. "Communists are the only Chinese I respect," Pat would say. "They are the only ones who know how to die."

But these men, whose quality he dimly recognized, wanted to live and to make it possible for other people to live, too. They stood for life, fuller life than the world had yet known. So not one of them wanted to die. But because they died trying to bring in life, not one of them was afraid to die.

In those old Shanghai days, "legitimate" business, gun running, extraterritoriality, the fat compradores, the myth of the white man in the East, the facade of imperialism, were threatened. Any good spunky kid who objected to these niceties, who wanted a chance for the people, could be harried down and murdered. And no one would know the score.

Under the Japanese imperialists, the savagery was intensified. How many were killed for "political reasons" in the 23 years of revolution? The score must run into many millions.

And now the livelihood of hundreds of millions more depends on this new deal working and working well. The struggle of the Chinese people against those who would subject them has entered a new phase. It has many major victories to its credit, but it still goes on. It understands who are its enemies and who are its friends. The treatment of American prisoners in Korea shows civilised understanding, with none of the sadistic lust of imperialist hirelings such as the Japanese militarists, Syngman Rhee and the pious Chiang Kai-shek. The list of those murdered by Chiang in Taiwan must also run into tens of thousands. It has been open mass murder there at times. There is smouldering hate in many a cottage in Taiwan, as American officers and KMT bandits dash past in their cars, as old Japanese generals reappear.

Taiwan will have its day of reckoning, too, and those who have taken action against the people will be dealt with, as they will in every other part of Asia now struggling toward independence. When people have suffered too long and too bitterly, when they have hated too long, been victimised too long, they begin to ask, “Who is responsible? Who?” Just as the mothers of American boys killed in Korea are beginning to ask, “Who did this? Why was it done? Why were we fooled?”

The Goerings and the Himmlers had to face the people, at last. Throughout China, their ilk is facing the people today. What does surprise one is the great care with which everything is done, how evidence is checked, re-checked and published: the methods of an organised society, as against the wild-man age of the profit-grabbing past.

May 22nd: This city, more than ever, is a mass of moving life in its back lanes and on its thoroughfares. Today I went through a maze of small streets, and it seemed that there were schools, kindergartens, nurseries everywhere. Doors of big houses, the erstwhile homes of officials who had made off to Hongkong, Taiwan, or other parts, seemed to pour forth children—healthy, happy looking kids, shrieking and laughing in the play-hour, with competent-looking young nurses keeping a tolerant eye on them.

In Chungking, in 1940, not so long ago in time, but really in another age, I was acting as head of the Gung Ho organisation during the sickness of K. P. Liu. It had been a difficult time, with personnel worries, and all the other complications of that day, and I was glad to get to sleep some time after midnight. Raining, so no bombs, I thought thankfully.

Dreaming of the next crisis, I at last responded to the rough shaking one of the lads was applying to my shoulder. “Get up, you are wanted on urgent business,” he was saying. I came to, and still dazed, asked, “Where?” as I pulled on my clothes. “You are wanted at Dr. Kung’s home.”

Well, it was 3:00 a.m. It was raining. There were no rickshaws or

other conveyances, but Dr. Kung was the Prime Minister, the Chairman of Gung Ho, so off I trudged through the mud, down the slippery steps leading to Tsao Tse Nan Yuan, along the road to Fan Chuang, where the great man lived.

Getting there finally, I found that it was a pleasant little family party, that games had just finished and the old man was going off to bed. Madame Kung, a blend of the English duchess and the American millionaire's wife, was in a good, a gracious mood. She had a little money, she said. Whether or not she had won it at the card game, she did not disclose, but she wanted it spent, economically and swiftly, on a nursery for cooperative children. It must be "modern" and it must be near Chungking, where she could take people to see it. The sum, however, was not large.

As I stumbled back into the attic room at Fang Niu Hong, and pulled off wet and muddy shoes, I could not help feeling that I was a pretty worthless, cheap sort of object. However, the next day the money went to the local organiser, and a week or so later I went to inspect the result.

The "nursery" was a long matshed. There was nothing inside, no cots, equipment or children. "Oh," explained the organiser, "the money was spent, a lot of children were brought in, pictures were taken. Some visitors came in cars to see. It's all finished now," and he laughed somewhat hysterically. I stood there for a few minutes more, looking at that pitiful ghost of a nursery and then, again feeling worthless, trudged off back to the bus station.

There were some nurseries that worked, in Gung Ho days, but they were simple ones, operated by the women workers themselves. Whenever there was Official unction, there was official suction, as it were.

May 23rd: At the big International Bookshop on the main street in Peking, books in many languages can be bought. I was especially pleased today to be able to buy, in the English translation, Liu Shao-chi's "On Inner-Party Struggle." His previously translated "On the Party" was received with much interest by our international group

at Sandan, as was his “Internationalism and Nationalism.” These materials are practical lessons in the new art of civilised collective living.

“Why don’t they give me an orderly or a horse?’” he quotes, “‘ Why don’t they promote me?’”

“Everything is centred on ‘me,’ and everything proceeds from the position of ‘me,’ and in such a manner disputes are created and struggles are carried on. . . As long as they personally are satisfied, even if things are otherwise unreasonably arranged, they care not one whit. This is one kind of unprincipled struggle...

“Some comrades ... curse and get mad at people because they want to have a momentary fit of gratification, and give vent to their ill feeling and grudges. This is also a kind of unprincipled struggle.”

He goes on to criticise individualists who indulge in backbiting, rumour-mongering, the tellers of lies and spreaders of libel. He talks of the petty bourgeois weaknesses of “impetuousness and frenzy,” of their revengefulness, of their impulse to disrupt order and organisation; of how self-criticism and mutual criticism inside the human organisational groups will help to make for a constructive working force.

This is all sound common sense, the science of the working group, dedicated to getting things done. It is part of the science of the way to live together, of the way to subordinate the wild lusts of greedy man to the principled actions of the collective group. China’s millions have waited a long time for this.

Back in the old days of Gung Ho, after one of our periodic reorganisations, the power of directing the whole movement was vested in five departmental heads, who were supposed to meet and coordinate their efforts. A large number of stone houses on Koloshan, near Chungking, were bought. These were set among pines and reached by charming stone steps. Here the planning and direction of small productive enterprises all over the unoccupied territory were supposed to be carried on.

What really happened was that each departmental head started to

gather round him various henchmen with the object of pulling down the other heads— each wished to get back to the principle of one-man authority, only to be attained by the elimination of all other aspirants to power. So the days were spent in inventing tales and traps, in destructive criticism, in running from one ally to another, in scheming, rumour-mongering, and in pulling down the organisation so that it could not operate.

A field man would come to Chungking. He would try to find lodgings. Then he would have to set about finding out how to get to Koloshan. Having managed to get a bus there, he would be treated as a stranger, watched as to which group he would apply for help, and his requests treated accordingly. It was an impossible situation, and, needless to say, did not work. Many of the staff members, sickened, just left their "chop" (signature seal) with a friend and went back to the city to live.

Such was the superstructure that almost smothered every effort the ordinary man might make in the direction of progress. It was a frightening sight, when offices closed in the evenings, to see the stream of long-gowned or tightly buttoned-up officials, with walking sticks, fatuous grins showing rows of gold teeth, and useless portfolios tucked under their arms. One looked and thought, "Christ! Did *I* have a part in bringing all this together?"

The feeling of guilt would only wear off a bit when I got down to the machine shop near the city and saw real cooperative workers, towels about their necks with which they wiped the sweat from their limbs at times, bending over their lathes creating something that at least was not for Wang Ching-wei and the Japanese, that was at least an expression of decent people's creative power.

May 24th: The accusation meetings of the past few days have been broadcast. Crimes that have come up for cleansing have shocked even those hardened to the ways of old China. The landlord, for instance, who had exterminated the whole family of one peasant who opposed him; who, on being told that he had missed out on the baby, went back and tore the child apart with his hands...

The old society, fortified by the Trumans and the Marshalls, would have gone on perpetuating these horrors. But the new society is catching up with these sadistic murderers as it will eventually catch up with all the other murderers throughout the whole world —those who in one way or another have tried to stamp on the man upon whom society rests.

May 25th: The papers quote the speeches of the international delegates— student delegates, peace delegates, people who come, see, talk and go, letting still more come. It is good that they come, good to hear what they say, to be reinfected with their enthusiasm as they witness with their new eyes the tremendous changes to which one has already grown half accustomed.

The old China had many visitors also—especially during the days of the anti-Japanese war. They came into China and were carefully met, carefully escorted, carefully shielded from the realities they did not want to see anyway, and carefully exported again. The top rankers would be invited to a carefully prepared afternoon tea or supper in a happy domestic setting—the setting of the Generalissimo of all the KMT and his glamorous, American-educated lady.

In those days before the entry of the Japanese into the world war, it was often necessary for me to go to Hongkong to attend to Gung Ho finances and to buy material. On one such trip I was told with bated breath that one of the greatest Americans was there, and would be graciously pleased to see me before he went on to Chungking.

The hour was set for midnight, in the foyer of the biggest hotel, and, having had a busy day, I went to sleep on the couch there, waiting, only to be awakened by an acquaintance who wanted to talk. Shortly before 1:00 a.m. a tall, made-up woman in evening gown and jewels came across the floor. “Good God, who’s that advancing!” cried the acquaintance, and fled. It was Clare Booth, and she sat down tiredly, making a visible effort to be bright and youthful. Then husband Henry Luce came in, sat and ordered drinks, and she retired.

So this was Henry Luce, the odd, friendless boy of the Chefoo Mission School of the old days, too proud to mix. Here was the great purveyor of pap for thoughtless folk, the drummer-up of support for big business, the Apostle of the American Century. He was not impressive.

Funny thing about all those great names, so well advertised, so fawned upon. Their owners were not impressive. One wondered how they held their power so long. They talked in platitudes, drank a good deal, were personal friends with Dr. H. H. Kung, were what made the fingers pull triggers, but still ... were awfully unimpressive. Whether they were the fat, bellowing kind or the long, horse-faced kind, they, compared, for instance, with any of the foreign student delegates I met recently here, were in every way inferior stuff. One wonders if the Roman patricians at the end of the empire were something like that—mean or swinish.

May 29th: Yesterday the morning paper was almost wholly devoted to the liberation of Tibet, with all the details in both Chinese and Tibetan languages. In the evening, parades went down Changan Street with flags, celebrating. The Post Office, with its band of dancers in Chinese Post Office green, looked very gay.

Tibet has never been thought of as anything but part of China, and Tibetans as one of the minority groups of China, as are the Inner Mongols, the Miao people, and so on. Chinghai, Sikang, Szechuan, Kansu and Yunnan provinces have many Tibetans also. This minority group now faces a very bright future, and its development will be fast.

Han superiority in imperial and feudal times drove the Tibetan minorities, as well as other minorities, into themselves. One remembers when, in KMT days, a group of Tibetan leaders from the Sungpan district of Szechuan came to Chungking, bringing a huge Chinese silk flag, gold and other presents for the KMT government; how they were treated like children, how even the smallest armyman or policemen on the road would accost them, “Hey, you barbarians, where do you think you’re going?” They were treated somewhat as are Red Indians on reservations in America. Traders

would come to Labrang in Kansu, and cheat as they would, the Tibetans having no redress. Han traders, like money fakers under feudal and imperialistic systems anywhere, were pretty ruthless.

In Sandan once, a group of Tibetans came over from Chinghai and wanted to see the school. The local *hsien* magistrate, who was also walking round the school, cursed them and ordered his bodyguards to drive them away as though they were dogs. They and other minorities were regarded as something less than men.

Today, however, the picture has changed radically. They are treated as self-respecting people, their customs and religion are left to them, and they are encouraged to advance, to see the rest of China, to feel that they are a working part of the new China, with just the same responsibilities and aspirations for better living as has any Chinese worker, be he Han, Miao, Lolo, Mongol or Tibetan. The provinces of Tibet and Chinghai, Sikang and Yunnan, will mean a great deal to the new China, for their resources have, during the past hundred years, scarcely been tapped.

The editorials in today's papers point out the faults necessary for Han people to correct when working with Tibetans; how the old Han nationalism and superiority must be forgotten; how all the mistakes of the old imperialist-feudalist relations must be corrected as this ancient province takes the road to progress.

Lhasa will be a Forbidden City to imperialism, but the whole country will be open wide to the new spirit that is working towards a socialist China and a new Asia. For that, all right-minded people should be thankful.

LANCHOW, 1951

June 2nd: Just a few hours and the scene changes from stately Peking to Lanchow on the Yellow River. The air service runs smoothy and without any bureaucracy. The passenger just buys his ticket and things go swiftly.

From the air one looks at the panorama of China's villages, her loess hills and valleys, with a new sense of the enormous potential of those who inhabit them. Now everything seems possible. "Finish the job!" is one of the slogans of New China. The job will be finished, the mistakes of the past corrected, now that power is in the hands of the man who actually does the job.

In Lanchow, Transport Division students stationed there come to meet me. Someone lends me a bicycle and I ride it with bravado up the hill to our office. Here we have quite a crowd gathered and one sees many new faces, for our convoy from Chungking has come in.

We all have a meal of beancurd and onions, steamed bread and rice gruel, out in the garden. Someone gets me a piece of board to sit on, as I have never learned to squat comfortably, and we talk about transport. After supper they show me the big chart they have made, with the various places to which trucks have been sent, and the people who have gone with them, marked on it. They are very proud of themselves for having got so far and for having been able to send so much valuable material to the school. The belief in the collective group is growing, and obviously brings satisfaction.

It is good to be with the group one knows so well, for there is so much to be said of simple things about making and maintaining that is of intense interest to all of us. There are all the stories of the long journey from Chungking of our convoy of 16 trucks. How money ran out on the way, and to earn more, how the group set up a workshop to repair outside trucks as well as their own; all the other difficulties, and how they were overcome. Everyone wants to know what has happened in Peking, whether our work will go on, what will become of it in the future. Questions come from all quarters until at last the still night closes round us and we lie on the

floor of the main meeting room, and all is silence.

There is a warmth in the comradeship of ordinary people in China—a warmth that one has hungered for—a warmth that makes every hardship a trifle of no account.

June 4th: Yesterday was Sunday, and various Sandan graduates from around the place came to talk a bit and then go back to their jobs. In the evening the 20-odd students, student leaders and workers gathered for study. The material concerned the activities of KMT agents attempting sabotage; how everyone should watch out for them, ways of identifying them, and how they should be dealt with.

Some told stories of ex-special agents known to them, and how they had reformed. Others talked about the really "rotten eggs" and the various ways these tried to hinder the new democracy—by acting "progressive" and shouting slogans at every opportunity, while at the same time doing their best to thwart construction by sly and deliberate sabotage. Sometimes they tried to undermine the group—dampen enthusiasm, spoil collective spirit and set one against another, enjoying it all as a kind of game.

Such people were mostly to be found amongst the "half-intellectuals" of the old regime, who would not work on an equal footing with others but wanted personal power and preferment—the preferment the old society used to give to those smart enough to cultivate the "right people," wear the right clothes, talk the right kind of smooth patter. A society like the present one in China, that judges by results, assesses the value of a man's or a group's political philosophy by what is produced by it, can have little to do with such people. And very naturally, such people hate such a society.

One of the workers, slapping his leg, said, "Can't make out why all those big shots of the KMT lasted so long! They spent all their time grabbing cash, fooling with women. How did they stand up so long?" Someone else quickly came in with, "Imperialism wanted them, foreign big business had to have them. So we were given missionaries to tell us about a happy world to come, so that we

would not fight for it here. And we were given KMT newspapers, KMT radio to fool us, and the KMT bandits were given American guns to help them to go on robbing us. Yes, we were fooled, all right, and for a long time. But we won't be fooled again!"

A tall welder said, "I'm not so sure about all this lenient treatment of those who say they have reformed. That's easy for any opportunist to say, but if they thought the old lot would be foisted back on us, what would they do then? Would they stay loyal to the people?"

The bell announced bed-time, but the meeting agreed to postpone sleep for another half hour, and went on—the small boy who could not read or write, the drivers of trucks, the girl in the corner who sat so sedately, the students, all joining in and talking the matter through to their mutual satisfaction.

The little poplar in the front compound lifted itself up to the stars which shone so brightly in the clear Northwest sky beyond. I thought as I looked past the eager faces and through the open windows into the night, of the change wrought in this house, once the residence of a Swedish trader-missionary's trader son, an enormously fat man who sold what were euphemistically called "materials" to the Ma warlords. This house where the parasites of the old order held their gay little parties to drink, gossip and plan how best to drain away a little more of China's life-blood in the interests of good business. This house, a people's depot now, with bustle and energy being spent on creative work—the mending of truck engines, the making of an ice-box for Sandan Hospital, a still for battery water, the repairing of springs, the planning of half a dozen different improvements; and all the rest that goes with a people's organisation that is thinking in terms of the future.

Tonight in this littke compound that once housed one stout Swede and his servants, more than 50 people sleep, and of these, workers and their wives and children make up the great majority. The people have come in with a vengeance, and here and elsewhere will not rest until all are housed as well and better than the bandit-traders of the past. And this study period is part of the putting into action of what all the people now feel to be the way.

June 5th: One of the lads has just come from the store room with an armful of books in English. “What are these?” he asks. “Are they useful?”

They are part of the library of the previous occupant, it seems. It is some time since one has looked at the ordinary westerner’s literature, so one glances through them. The first, “Readers’ Digest” for November 1946, the first article a rabid one against the late ally, the USSR, discussions of atomic bombing, etc. The second, an anti-Soviet war-relief story ... Cannot stand any more, so toss it into the basket, and go on with the rest of the pile. An English one, “Death and Mary Dazill.” The next, “Ride the Man Down,” and then on to “Dr. Toby Finds Murder,” “The Fashion in Shrouds,” “The Bishop Murder Case,” “Murder Without Clues,” “Murder in the Basement,” “Prophecy Speaks” (a mission book about the end of the world) and “Revenge After Death.”

One imagines that, bred on such a literary diet, any young man could be groomed to bomb and machine-gun Korean civilians. Yet this is what is printed by the millions and what the ordinary man reads.

What have the 50 people, men and women, cadres and school kids, been reading in their spare time here. I go over to the library table and see. “Science for the Masses,” “World Electricity,” “The New Village,” “Land Reform” (a book of pictures) “Thirty Years of Soviet Education,” “Essays from Peking,” so on. There are kids’ books on the people’s struggle for life, picture books on Korea, on Negro people in America, on Lenin, on factory management, how to maintain health and other interesting, useful things, things that people want to know about and will go on wanting to know about; things that happen around the world and their bearing on the progress people want to make now in their own villages.

June 11th: Each evening at eight, the bell in our yard clangs and everyone meets in the main room for study. Last night it was a criticism meeting.

The accountant who leads study asked for criticism of the study methods. A fat baby waddled across the room to its father. Mrs. Yen, the nurse, thought that the group's small library should be overhauled and appropriate reading matter brought to the people's notice. There was a discussion on safety in the work compound, its crowded nature, and what better measures could be adopted. There was the question of the kitchen. The cook had put 20 big dried fish in a tub to soak, and when he went to cook them there were only 18. What could have happened to the missing two? Was it the dog?

There are snorts all round, and in the end it is decided to watch the only possible culprit and next time get some proof. "Anyone would think he was still living in the old society. Looks to be full of opium," one lad said disgustedly, and the matter turned off to a discussion on what foods were cheapest on the market and a request to the Food Committee members to use their imagination when buying vegetables and not stick to cabbage only.

There was a discussion on the failure to raise the literary level of the whole group more quickly. Some went to evening classes after supper, for two hours, but those left in the compound should have help also. A class schedule was arranged and a teacher appointed ... There was also criticism of the insufficient teaching the workers' children were getting and some discussion on how to provide more teachers.

This is all very commonplace everywhere in today's China, in startling contrast with the past, when workers were just workers, left to their own devices after the maximum number of hours had been squeezed out of them; when they were kept out of sight and out of mind, as far as their living conditions were concerned; when anything in them which might have contributed to a better society was ignored, nay, trodden on contemptuously.

"Our people will have to go through everything that the workers of England went through in the Industrial Revolution," the Shanghai capitalist repeated smugly. "That and more, because we are so over-populated." And one thought of all those horrors and contrasted them with the lot of the said Shanghai capitalist, in his luxurious, ultra-modern home, and it gave one something to think about. All the more as one came to the sure knowledge that in

clever, industrious workers, thoughtful craftsmen, skilled mechanics, China can be as rich as any country in the world.

Throughout the years of factory inspection in Shanghai, and throughout those spent in cooperative production, I had seen them struggling away against incredible hardships and difficulties. When they would get clear of one kind of exploitation, they would fall into another—interest at 20 percent a month for a small workshop in need of capital; demands of a million kinds on the cooperative that showed any signs of succeeding; wretched living conditions, little hope that their children after them would be able to climb out of the rut in which the parents had toiled away their lives.

Today the workers know they are the masters, and are beginning to learn how to use their power for creative work and creative advance. The science of organised living, endless streams of organised, purposeful man, will in our time permeate and populate the world of new man triumphant. I am looking forward to the time when one will be able to drive over what was Gobi desert through tree belts, past reservoirs, over pastures, where the creative hands of these new millions will devise the way that science in the old world has so far only dreamed about; when the riches of Tibet will be turned into new machines; when every valley will hum with power coming down from transformers; when man will really start to step out.

June 15th: Last evening the group studied three items from the daily paper. The first was the new social insurance organisation—how the provisions of the state insurance trust would cover them in their work and give them new security.

Various lads talked of the accidents of the past, and those most interested were the two who were passing through Lanchow with a 10-ton boiler, with which they had had trouble on the road when it broke away from its moorings on the truck and roiled over.

The sense that the state really cares, really wants to see the old anarchy replaced by a thoughtful order, is a reassuring thing to everyone.

The next item was about the Catholic Church, with its rules from Rome, and new China's determination that religion shall not be used for political ends or be allowed to gain control over the means of livelihood. In the future, the Chinese Christian churches, whether Catholic or Protestant will be purely Chinese affairs. Everyone said, "But of course!" and there was not much discussion, so they passed on to the next item: how to collect help for the volunteer armies in Korea. One technician asked the price of tanks and aeroplanes. "Zamadi, very expensive things!" he exclaimed. "Can we buy from somewhere else cheaper than we can make ourselves?" One hard-headed old one asked, "Can the New Democracies sell us some?" Another contributed thoughtfully, "They must defend themselves. Perhaps we should think how to help them."

For the first time, the cost and waste of war, and its intimate relation to people's earnings—whether they should buy the new thermos bottle they want or whether they should send the money to help in Korea—comes home to people. In the past, armies were just scourges, to be kept as far away from as possible. People were conscripted, and did their best to escape. They felt it was a living death and would go to any length to avoid being taken. Now volunteers, if they pass a rigid physical examination, are given a six months' probationary test to see whether they fit in or not. Can they really serve the people and work together?

As usual, when it was time to go to bed, on the floor of the meeting hall, the argument was still in full swing, while some of those who had taken a quiet nap in the beginning had come to life again and were ready to say their piece. The group leader, however, rose, and saying, "*San hwei*!" closed the meeting and walked slowly out, leaving those who wanted to go on talking to do so amongst themselves.

SANDAN, 1951

June 17th: The excitement of heading west from Lanchow has not paled with the years. Today, though, our trucks are better serviced, and order has replaced much of the old confusion. Our older boys have grown up, new technicians have come. The new spirit in the air pushes to have things done better.

The truck I came along in was driven by one of the technicians who had been with the Friends' Service Unit in Chungking, and who was making the trip for the first time. He was full of interest in everything he saw, and was determined to enjoy the lot—repair jobs and all.

At the end of the first afternoon, we pulled up beside a small inn on a poplar-lined road next to a temple which had been converted into a school. Two very old people looked after the cooking of some *mien* for us. We put our bedding out alongside the trucks and looked up through the leaves at the clear, starlit sky. Farmers passed, carrying stools into the schoolhouse. They were holding a meeting there, and apparently there were not enough school forms. How long the meeting lasted we never knew, for we were asleep long before it ended, as were the drivers of the long line of horse carts which pulled up alongside us to sleep in company.

The next morning we passed the old Manchu city near Yungteng, once so proud and haughty a place, now standing empty and silent in the fields, like the skeleton of dead feudalism. Farther up the road we suddenly came on a file of people's militia, with blossoms stuck in their rifles, followed by two brightly dressed lads with red and yellow sashes, making a vivid splash of colour on a gay summer's day. They saw our smiles and broke into dance step, rattling their drums in rhythm.

As we went on, we saw a meeting dispersing from a wayside farmhouse. The farmers had been formed into a people's militia group, apparently, and had been issued rifles. One young farmer was standing on the bank of a road cutting, obvious to everything but the marvel that he, one of the old dispossessed, was now the

possessor of a rifle. In KMT times its ownership would have been enough to have had him executed as a bandit. Even in KMT armies, the rifles of a regiment on the march would be hauled on impressed carts, closely guarded by trusted old soldiers receiving special food and treatment. Of course, the trusted guards, together with the old soldiers and officers, would often do arms deals with the agents of the bandits of each locality. The bandit agent might be a servant or a manager of a roadside restaurant, a "respectable" trader, or an official.

But to return to our journey. As we came over the mountain passes and dropped down to Wuwei, the driver became more and more interested in the large amount of water running away beside eroded fields. "The Communists are right!" said he. "Individual farming will never get this land irrigated. There must be special interests that won't let overall planning be done. They will be cut out. All this land will produce before 10 years are out!"

Then again, as we approached the desolate Wuwei, surrounded by grave mounds, "I'll bet this whole waste place will be in trees soon."

June 25th: Sandan in the summer is one of the most delightful places in China. This year it is especially so. There is a promise of a bumper crop, the best for many years. Rain has come at the right periods. The worst of the old squeezing gentry, the old parasites, are working away in the county jail. There are irrigation engineers surveying the country for new irrigation schemes. Plans are on foot to improve coal mining. Our big Diesel truck has hauled the 10-ton boiler up the road from Sian, and the beginnings of industry are becoming more and more sure. The old days when the local people looked at the machines we brought in and shook their heads have gone. Now machines are recognized as things that have definite bearing on everyone's future livelihood, and everyone takes an interest.

But all these things aside, homecoming is a thrill. My room, and indeed the whole house, has been made as spic and span as possible. The newly laid floor boards are clean, bowls of roses stand

on the new chimney piece. Crowds of youngsters come to see what I have brought from Peking, or just to join in the excitement. The Siamese cat and the Alsatian dog take part in the proceedings. Soon I am beginning to catch up on the events of the past six months—how this or that difficulty has been got over, how such and such work has been done or not done, and all the whys and the wherefores. It is good to feel part of the group again, to see things through the collective eye.

There are some sad stories as well as encouraging ones. The case of such and such a lad whose thinking has not progressed; he was sent to Peking last year to learn X-ray work and met a doctor there who now wants to make him his assistant in the big city. “But the group here sent him, the group needs his experience, he is the only one who can work the X-ray, he has used the group’s money and time...” they point out.

Now he threatens that if he is not allowed to go he will break up the X- ray set or something equally foolish. The group decides that they will collect all the facts on the case and the whole 600 will study it.

In my anxiety to get round and see everything the first day, I was peddling furiously away from the sugar plant when two dogs rushed after my Alsatian and there was a scuffle which led to one hound being thrown under the front wheel of my bicycle, making such an effective brake that I turned a complete somersault, landing on hand and tees and spraining them. Result, five trying days in bed. I had to attend the welcome meeting on the shoulders of two stalwarts, but that did net detract from the enjoyment I got from the celebrations.

June 26th: Our coal mine workers have a request for sports shirts and shorts so that they can take part in ball games down in the city. This seems a trifle, perhaps. It is easy to provide what is needed; our cloth section can make a suitable emblem; the game will go on. But that such a request should be made at all is a startling indication of the new spirit among the miners of this backward county.

Before the liberation, the local coal miner belonged to a class that had no land. Its only production, apart from trying to dig coal in the upper seams where there was no water, was the production of children, many of whom were born dead. Those who survived would start doing heavy work in the mines at 10 years of age, hauling up coal through long, winding galleries just big enough for them to crawl in. I once tried to go down one of these black holes and got stuck; I could go neither forward nor back, and was seized with panic.

The coal hauled up would be pitifully inadequate, not enough to supply the struggling local industry with fuel for potteries, etc. The children never washed. Their bodies were encrusted with coal dust and sweat, which would be rubbed off as they worked. Their teeth, set in red and bleeding gums, were yellow and loose. Their hearts were swollen. Across their skinny little backs were great thick callouses where the carrying pole had sat. They would be old men by their late twenties, only able to sit at home and send their children to work for them. The coal would be taken by the local gangster who made all the profit.

In Sandan, there was a Chang Su-san tied up with secret societies, who started making his fortune through the sale of opium and small girl children. He was made head of the local "Workers' Association," organised by the KMT, and all the children in the city schools were ordered to bow to him and remove their caps when speaking to him. Dirty, illiterate and diseased, he represented the power of the KMT and its American backers. Behind him, and helping him, were all the guns and bombs of the "enlightened" West.

The coal miners did not have much chance. They, with their pitiful wives. and tired, half-alive kids, huddled over a heated k'ang after their scanty meal of potatoes or millet. The only fun they could get in life was to spend what they could scrape from their wages in opium, bought from the same gangster, and dream of some other existence.

Today the coal miner is an honoured person in the community. On May 1st, the miners led the procession. They are beginning to feel that they are people to be reckoned with. The other day, when

the workers were electing a representative for the *hsien* council, they insisted that the meeting wait until every miner was present. They do not take their new responsibilities lightly.

June 27th: Last evening we gathered after flagdown to discuss ways and means of increasing our production and so increasing the power of the country. The workers were full of ideas. Some of the students thought that in the summer holidays they should not give their whole day to practical work as was our custom, but study more theory. Others felt that no machines should lie idle at this time. Some suggested that vegetable money should be saved, but others felt this might result in lowered working efficiency. It was decided that workers with spare time should go and help with the crop weeding.

Lao Ho, the workers' representative, was called upon to speak. He stood for a few seconds looking round him and then said, "No use to speak too much. We will find a way among ourselves, don't worry," and then sat down heavily as though exhausted with the strain of so many words.

Lao Ho was a refugee from the anti-Japanese war. Together with a dozen others, he threw his fortune in with that of the school while in Shwangshihpu, and came to Sandan. They have worked loyally with us over the years and have the success of the work very much at heart. Lao Ho would look at a bit of work which had gone wrong, scratch his head and say, "*Swan-la*!" with a cheery smile, and we would start it over again. He married after coming to Sandan, but his wife died. "*Swan-la*," said Lao Ho, and went on again. He got sick and nearly died. "*Swan-la*," he said cheerily when I went to see him in the hospital. "*Swan-la*" we can translate as "Call it a day!"

His philosophy has carried through to today and his steely figure is seen wherever a job of construction is going on, laying bricks, fixing doors, ad lib. The workers have elected him their representative and he acts for them thoughtfully and with the strength of his background, that of a landless Honan peasant who has taken his part in a construction effort for a decade.

Once when Lao Ho was very new to Sandan the local gangsters wanted him to take part in a plan to steal from the school. He refused and in revenge they set a trap, asking one of their number to invite Lao Ho and his fellows to an evening party, where they started to gamble. Then they had the group arrested for gambling and locked up for a while. (There was a KMT law against gambling, though the *hsien* officials gambled openly with the chief landlords in the county yamen courtyards.) "*Swan-la*!" said Lao Ho.

After liberation, when the chief exploiters of the people were condemned and their time in the community ended, Lao Ho watched them going out of the gate for the last time and said once more, with considerable satisfaction, "*Swan-la*"—then turned quickly back again to his work.

June 29th: The struggle between the old society and the new one has been a problem in a small village where the majority of the students have old type family-system homes, and where progress is slow compared with that of more advanced areas.

In the past, when the family saw that it had a son who had acquired some education it straightway tried to get him back into the fold to help support the others. But the new technical ability he had learned could not reach fruition in the narrow confines of the family. A break had to be made. Now under the new land system the peasant has nothing to fear. If his land cannot be cultivated owing to sickness or disability, the collective group of peasants will help.

In the KMT days, the problem was not easy to solve, for there were huge taxes, ruthless conscription, and every kind of exploitation. I quote from the English diary of one very promising student, who would have made a first-class textile technician, who went back to his village in pre-liberation days:

> Today I make a diary about my trip back home. The truck to Wuwei moved very well. We got there at sunset. Next day we loaded the wheat and the truck went back to Sandan. I started off into the

country and got home after midday. When I came to our home I found my brother had been conscripted to make a soldier. So he would not have freedom any more.

Tears fell from my eyes, as they did from my mother's. We sat as dumb men for a long time. Then at last she said, Do you go back to your school? And after a while, I said, Yes, I go back to my school. She did not say anything for a while, and then she said, I think you will not go. Your brother is already a soldier. No soldier taken from here has ever come back. They say your brother has been taken for the country. You say you are in the Bailie School for the country also. If all the people leave the land and go to work for the "country," I do not understand what kind of thing is this "country" you talk about.

She said all these words and then stopped and we sat quiet for some time, and then I said, I am going back to school, and also I shall take my young brother to work there. He is too young to do anything for you here, but there he can learn. After a while my mother said quickly, Go back to Sandan and tell them and then come back here.

We did not talk any more. I went to Wuwei and found a peasant worker and sent him to help our farm. I do not want to leave my school group. It is my second home. I do not like to leave my dear place. The world is dark and serious. What way do we have to get people to work together? There are countries, I have heard, that have much cooperation to help them to stand up. I am so foolish that I do not even know the names of these countries, but I believe that what they can do, we can do.

My mother has not enough to pay for the food of the worker, I fear. I still think of what I have to do.

> I shall give up my home and work for a cooperative group. If we do not find ways to lead people to better industry we shall always be poor.

But this lad could not carry out his plan. The family won. The mother sickened and died so that the boy had to go home and bury her. Then the pressure of the local environment was such that he had to stay and work his few *mou* to bring up the rest, marry and have children of his own, and leave his dream.

The old-style family would bring pressure on the trainee to try and steal a little to help them, to use what knowledge he had gained to get a job before his training was finished; to marry the girl they had selected for him, and thus bring a new helper for his old mother. “You are 18 now. The girl was given you when you were young. Her family wants the bargain completed,” they would say, or “Your mother is sick, your elder brother cannot work. The family now depends on you...” In the past, the contradiction of a progressive training centre surrounded by the enormous strength of the old peasant family system meant endless struggles like these. Land reform, which will come to Sandan this year, will begin to solve some of these problems.

July 2nd: Only a few days ago I wrote of Chang Su-san, a power and a terror in this village in KMT days, head of their so-called “Workers Association,” who fattened on the hunger of the coal-miners and the prostitution of girl children. Today he has been indicted by the local people and arrested. He was a clear example of how the old society corrupted, how only opportunist adventurers could really succeed in grasping the plums. In America he would have shone as a “self-made man,” for he succeeded in amassing a lot of money, in grasping important positions, in getting the deference of powerful military and civil officials, in supporting the Church and giving to charity. He did not eat meat or drink wine, and he frequently helped the poor to bury their dead.

Chang Su-san came to Sandan with one of the feudal armies, an illiterate Shensi peasant. He pulled the bellows in a food shop and acquired some small money by various means which he invested in

one mou of land on which he planted his first opium crop. This venture was a success so he held enough to seed the next year, and put the winnings into buying a girl child, whom he marketed for a good price to a seller of children for brothels in the city.

He then joined the salt tax office and became a tax inspector. He could confiscate the peasants' salt and their animals and if they protested he had the power to beat them, so he began to get rich. Soon he gave up working for the salt tax office but remained in partnership with his friend who stayed on there. Then he went in for opium and girls in a bigger way and was able to gather various elements to work with him. Under the Ma warlord governors he could extort from people, who had no redress. He could sell information about people which would enable other predatory elements to operate.

He began to work one group of officials and gentry against another, while he profited as middle-man. He invested in restaurants, camel trains, supported bandits in the hills. He set up a nice temple and hired priests, endowed a small village school. He became such a power in the district that no magistrate could take action without first referring to him. He could transport men and materials on almost any truck he wished, army or civil. All industries paid dues to him. He could send his carts to the county granary and take away what he wanted; no one dared say him nay.

After liberation he hoped by means of a little opportunism to maintain his hold and go on playing the same game while hoping for another change that would be to his benefit. His name was legion throughout all the villages of China's Northwest. In Sandan where his name was "Director Chang," the people had had about enough of him.

July 4th: The annual fair, in honour of the birthday of the City God, is taking place in the temple next to the school. It is more crowded than it has ever been and the main street is lined with stalls where handicraft goods made by peasants, as well as some brought from Shanghai, are being marketed.

The great image of the deified magistrate of the Ming Dynasty is clothed in red and the usual ornaments have been put out, but few people are paying him any attention. Most are crowding round the stage to look at the new plays, watching the *yangko* dancers, who seem to have sprung up from everywhere. At the back of the City God, in the pavilion where his mother and father sat surrounded by musicians, is a big bookstall, selling books to the people in quantity, at very low prices.

In other years, before the liberation, there would have been a great feast in front of the big temple after the *hsien* magistrate and the leading gentry had gone to bow to the City God. Old fashioned plays would have been performed, with few attending. The feast would have taken the whole afternoon, and police would have kept the people well away from the various landlords and officials invited. The manager of the play would have come bowing, with a red sheet, asking for contributions for his show, and there would have been much jesting and wine drinking before the various sums were decided upon. The payments made by the various traders to the temple would be divided up suitably so gifts could be made with no sense of loss.

The old Taoist priest in the temple would have his living secure so that he could smoke opium and drink wine for the rest of the year, the multitude of beggars would have eaten for a few days, stolen a little and would have made their preparations to move on to the next fair elsewhere; and the old clay gods would have gone on staring out into the courtyards as vacuously as ever. Occasional visitors would come and smile at the ancient punishments inflicted on women who talked back to their husbands, etc., portrayed so vividly on the temple walls.

Today the women have left their *k'angs* and are dancing to the sound of drams and cymbals. They are singing the new liberation songs. They will say all they have to say and the menfolk will be forced to listen.

July 14th: Last evening, I was just preparing to go to a farewell meeting for the volunteers for the army training school, when a

messenger came to say that there was a little business in the city temple, and that I was requested to go there.

Outside the front gate, all was bustle and excitement. A group of some 20 peasants was coming down the road in formation, with ropes and staves. The party secretary was standing, all smiles, in the temple courtyard. A dusty old room was opened and in the men dashed, to reappear with bronze figures of Buddhas, covered with dust. When the dust was brushed away there emerged two magnificent T'ang ladies, with two attendants. Very lovely features and very lovely decoration which, had the objects been placed in a museum, would have attracted crowds of people anywhere in the world.

It appeared that they had been hidden in this neglected corner by the late head of the gentry, who had concealed them there when other valuables were being carted off by the Ma warlords before they fled from this area. Needless to say, the landlord's concern was not preservation of China's art treasures, but to rake off a little of the loot for himself. He could say that the Mas had taken the lot, then return to his little cache later and sell privately. Only three people, including landlord Kuo himself, knew the secret. Now one of them had told, and this evening's scene was the result.

Among treasures carried away by the Ma plunderers was the beautiful Tang bell which was once on our Lei T'ai. It had been brought from Tunhuang, as had, probably, these Buddhas—perhaps in the late Sung or early Ming dynasties. Most likely in Ming, when Tunhuang was considered outside the borders of China. The find is one of some importance.

At the same time that these figures were recovered, men climbed to the top of the temple where an old stone lion of very curious and unusual shape had been stored. It was lowered to be taken off for safe keeping, though unfortunately its tongue, which had protruded down the centuries, fell off as it was moved.

A very determined effort is being made to preserve these things which belong to China's cultural past, and to prevent any of them being stolen for private profit or possession. One wonders how many such things are standing in "collector's" corners, while the

proceeds have been spent by feudalists on arms for the suppression of their own people...

The meeting in the evening was fun. It lasted till midnight. First there were the speeches sending off the five of our school group who were volunteering to train for the army. Everyone hoped there would be peace, and that the lads would be back on their jobs of construction one day. The Young Pioneers filed up on the platform and gravely pinned a huge bloom on each of the five, saluting when this had been done. Many songs were sung, and later there was an impromptu drama. Presents were given—a toothbrush from one, a cake of soap from another, a towel, a precious bit of pocket money by others.

This morning I cycled out to the bus station to see them off. They, with the representatives of the local schools and the volunteers who were going from their midst, were all together, awaiting departure. I shook hands and got back to work.

Leading our group of five was Chu Shung-tsung, a small lad six years ago, now grown to a tall, lanky youth. The school has been very much his home for the past six years, and he felt the moment of leaving somewhat heavily.

July 16th: The Yungchang City Temple is not used as a temple any more. 'Why should we use this old thing any more?" I hear as I pass by the gates where the clay images stand and a group of local people are discussing things.

So have the mighty fallen. The desperate peasants who in the old days would demand that the magistrate come and worship in front of the City God, to pray for rain; the days when we first came to Sandan, when those who did not want us to stay spread rumours that the City God was not pleased and that children in various parts of the city had stuffed up their ears and noses with mud, being possessed of evil spirits because of the said displeasure—all of these things one remembers too well. The official whose mother or grandmother died and who would give an elaborate funeral service in the Holy Mother Temple next to the city one, where everyone

would have to make presents of cloth or money—for the ultimate benefit of the official concerned— these, too, have left us.

The present-day *hsien* magistrate is the proud possessor of a new and very efficient bicycle on which he may be seen getting round to meetings and attending to his daily business. The people want electricity, they want the new cinema, they want iron, and more water. Everywhere they are wanting and everywhere they are taking part in the getting—a revival tied to reality.

The school wants a kindergarten. Wives want to work, and must have a place to put their children during working hours. It is quite a sight to see the local women doing the *yangko* together. Perhaps Sandan has seen nothing like this since the days when the Hsi Hsia occupied the territory and were disdained by the haughty Confucians of Loyang for having "free and open customs, singing and dancing together." The practice of footbinding, which was in existence right up to the liberation, has now definitely ceased.

When our survey boys go out to the country these days, the peasants are anxious to tell them of mineral deposits, of strange stones, of possibilities. In the past, such secrets were kept by the families nearby, to be used, perhaps, for family profit one day. It is remarkable how, in the space of two short years, the feudal-imposed thinking of centuries has faded out. The real wants and feelings of the people lay underneath, a strong undercurrent, which, now that the suppression from on top has been removed, has quickly come to the surface.

July 21st: It is very interesting to watch the metamorphosis that takes place in youth in the first stages of liberation, how different types react and what are the effects on their work. The hard workers, with good peasant and worker backgrounds, work still harder and more thoughtfully. To them, political study is a necessary step towards getting better results.

Yesterday I went past the paper striking room in the paper making division outside the city. One lad was working away there. I perched up on a nearby vat, and talked to him a while as he

worked. “You’ve grown so tall this year,” I remarked. “That’s because my heart is easy (*tung kwai*),” he said. “We all like working in this division, we all want to get along. No one in this division is trying to stop work.” And he went on with his streamlined movements, bringing paper to life from pulp with quiet sureness.

Then there is the opposite type—the lad from a wealthier environment who, under the KMT, was the great demagogue. He tries after liberation to keep his “face,” searching through the printed word for texts to illustrate his points, trying even by his study of political theory to get position and power somehow. He tries to get salvation from above rather than from the results of his daily work, from the struggle for production and daily learning. It is very easy to see in what divisions political thinking is applied and practical, and in what divisions idealistic talkers hold sway, with poor relation to actual doing; how the latter gradually lose their place and the doers begin to arise.

Rural China has certainly found a way. The manpower will flow into those places where it can do most for the raising of standards, there is no doubt of that. The whole process, seen in action, even in these early beginnings, makes everything else that has ever been tried look futile and paltry by comparison, for this new spirit reaches into every corner, into every peasant’s hut, into every cave dug in the hillside, every camp on the steppe. The response is an almost automatic mobilisation. No way could be more simple nor more scientific.

July 22nd: Today was the memorial day for George Hogg. A quiet, warm day, with the trees that have grown up over these years giving a pleasant shade. The boys carried Han Loran’s portrait of George and placed it in front of the grave. They listened to the speeches—how soldiers in New Zealand had gone to jail rather than be waterside strike breakers, how Jim Healy had gone to jail in Australia and the seamen had protested, how the Big Boys were after oil in Iran, and had included Turkey and Greece in the Atlantic pact, how they had gone after Spanish ports, and were resurrecting the fascists everywhere.

Some spoke of George's book, with its prophetic title— "I See a New China"—and how it must have taken considerable vision in those dark days of 1942-3, to see through to the other side. They spoke of his youth, and his love of the job, and of the curious fact that had he not died, perhaps we might not have had the school at all...

And then we passed on to games, with Waiter Illsley, American engineer, umpiring the baseball game, while the Japanese pottery technician looked on. The cadres' team played the students on the basketball court, the staff was on the volley ball court, and a goodly group was diving into the cool waters of our swimming hole nearby. The smaller fry played various games of their own invention, with stones, lying in the sun on the flat top of the tomb, with their white shirts, blue shorts and red pioneer scarves making vivid patches of colour. They all got a lot of fun out of being together and having sun and warmth as well. In the afternoon they split into groups and went off fishing, or doing whatever groups of friends at that age like to do.

As I rode back to the city from our Ssu Pa farm, where I had been to see how this year's crop was getting on, I passed little groups in many places, one streaming across the steppe to the coal mine, excited because they had seen a large, lone wolf in broad daylight, another under a bunch of willows with an old mosquito net, trying to net fish, another digging up marmot holes, and then the usual groups washing clothes, reading, mending something or other.

In the evening, study groups gathered in their accustomed meeting places, and as the shadows deepened and the last bell of the day rang, got up and bustled off to bed...

Workers, cadres, teachers, students, old and young, girl and hey, learning how to come together and work together, to get understanding together, in spite of all the difficulties, both objective and subjective.

One thing that pleases the peasants this year is that there are bumper crops. The rains have fallen when they should. No one has burnt incense in front of the gods. The old order has crumbled, but rain falls and wheat grows in great thick ears, awaiting the harvest.

June 29th: Today being Sunday, we cut our criticism meeting short at 11:30a.m. It has been going on these past three days, with heads of sections, students' and workers' representatives and teachers. We have been unravelling the problems of the years and discussing all the questions that have been on people's minds. This is only the first part of this clearing meeting. The second part will take place some days later after all the questions have been arranged for reply. After all replies have been made, the next step will be to analyse the replies. After all that, we shall see where we stand then, and what factors are keeping us from putting our whole group force into the work in hand. It is, we feel, a scientific way to clear.

Many of the questions bring back old memories—things I had quite forgotten. Why, some years ago, did I give the older to close all the school gates after the bigger boys had gone out with some sticks on the road? One of the older boys replied for me. The local press gang had taken a worker from the construction section, and the head went to seize the worker back, but the local militia chief assembled his men and laid the construction chief out and beat him up, knocking out some teeth. There was also the question of a woman somewhere in the case...

I had been very angry with the older boys for endangering themselves and the rest of the school by taking things into their own hands, and had ordered the gates closed to stop anymore from taking part. But it was all so long ago that it had gone clean out of my mind...

Then there was the story about my Bad Temper, so bad that once, after I had called the electrical department to do something and they had not done it, when someone came along wearing leather boots and making a noise like me, they had all scattered...

And so on, and on, with every action of the past brought up, together with the viewpoint of the person concerned.

In the afternoon, we went out to see our wheat. The year had been a good one and our foreign wheat, which we have grown

carefully from imported seeds, is excellent. The neighbouring peasants, who came along with their donkeys, congratulated us.

Last night there was heavy rain, *pao yu*, as they call it here, a kind of cloudburst. So the dams in some of the streams have been washed away and in many places our lads are netting small fish in pools, delighted with their catch. Back home to the Lei T'ai, we find that a big string of fish has been brought in by someone, so there will be fish for supper.

Later: During supper, a man came in from the government to talk about productive work for prisoners. It is not the policy of the government to keep prisoners sitting idly in jails; they must be given productive work and made into useful citizens, with the help of re-education to change their old predatory ways of thinking.

As we talked, in came Elder Sister Chang with bamboo "tickets" which admit us to the first circus ever held in Sandan. A group of Hopei circus people have come with their carts and their equipment, an interesting evidence of the new security that is now common over the whole countryside.

The boys and the local people were thrilled with the acrobats and the trapeze artists, the horseback riders, clowns and so on. The show was astonishingly well run by a private company of some 30 people. In just this one thing, the provision of entertainment in the smaller population centres, a marked difference is seen between the old and the new.

In the past, Sandan would have had some old opera played once or twice a year in front of the city temple. Our school would put on some drama in the wintertime, as a rule. But outside of this, there would be little to relieve the dull monotony of rural life in a poor and remote area. Today, there always seems to be something. The People's Liberation Army has its own troupes of skilled players and entertainers. All the schools produce plays. There are the many public meetings which are themselves living drama. In the temple next to our cottage there is a group of peasant people who meet in the evenings and practice traditional theatre with great gusto. On some evenings there is political discussion there. Always there is the sound of many voices.

August 3rd: Last evening I strolled out after meeting to have another look at the ripening wheat. The sound of singing came from the city temple, and I stopped to listen for a while. It was good part singing by girls and boys. I mentally noted how much better the school singing is getting, then puzzled why the school should be singing in the city temple and not out in the playground, as is usual in the evenings. So climbed up on the Lei T'ai to look down into the temple courtyard.

There is a girl sitting at the back of the group, a cadre sent to the county government last year by the school—one of our old orphanage girls. The singers are all local village people, girls and boys, youth and older people mixed. Even a year ago it would not have been possible to have them sing so well; they scarcely knew how to meet together, let alone how to sing anything. Today they are really beginning to feel that they are on top of the situation—and they like to sing about it. The lift of their voices shows that they like to sing about it, and the old dragons on the temple roofs, the dropping tiles, the whole process of gentle decay seems to be arrested by those voices as if some powerful hand were sweeping the scattered pieces back into order again, back into meaning.

To the Lei T'ai, where a discussion on pottery is in full swing. It is a good talk between craftsmen who know and love their craft.

We go on afterwards to talk about the old Gung Ho and its difficulties ... about some of the intellectuals who were well-meaning, who wanted somehow to get close to the people, but who could always be fooled by windy demagogues; about the "technical experts," who had little real technique and in the main lived by their wits, their "reports" well sprinkled with impressive technical terms, and their ability to fool the completely non-technical promoter. Of how such promoters could not pick practical people, for the gulf which lies between the practical, materially-minded doer of things and the restless, unsatisfied old-time intellectual, keen on power, on show, on the unessential as opposed to the stern necessity of the moment, always idealistic, living in a dream world of his own—such a gulf was too deep to bridge.

So real technique, real ability, were stifled, real leaders for promotion of production had no chance to rise, the intellectuals turned into poor politicians and poorer bureaucrats, and the half-technicians worked a racket which provided them with easy money and prestige.

We talked of how the old education in KMT times produced such people— “technicians” who were graduates of industrial schools where an ability to memorise some technical theory was all that was asked, where school politics were played with eagerness, with KMT Youth Corps groups always in the lead. Privileged students presented their demands and were humoured— to work less, to be passed in exams, regardless of merit, to mix with “important people,” to have face on all occasions; such farcical “education” led to the production of those who could only halt people’s production.

We talked of the useless “intellectuals” turned out by other academic institutions, versed in the teachings of Confucius, convinced of their own superiority and utterly ruined for any kind of practical work ... of how change simply had to come, how that change has come, and of the results we now begin to see.

August 5th: Yesterday evening there was a report by the party secretary on the armistice developments in Korea. Today there is to be one on progress in land reform. There are many other meetings around the place—too many for one to catch up with.

In my own quarter, there are the combined section heads’ meeting, a meeting of technicians just come from Lanchow, and various informal meetings about matters which have come up in the last day or two. It is evident that the new day will go ahead with the maximum amount of understanding on the part of all who can possibly understand—no question of that. Meetings are now a habit before decisions can be made. Our work fits more easily into the pattern of the village and is accepted as such.

One thinks over the struggles of the old Gung Ho, which was responsible in the first instance for our being here; of how we were pushed by British diplomats who thought we would be a good thing

for the KMT to have so that they could show a nice reformist face to the world. The KMT caught on and graciously permitted our operations, until it was seen that we could easily start a movement that would be a powerful one; and then the brakes were put on and the thing was gradually stifled, the worthy Madame and the fat old Dr. Kung getting what they could out of the patient before it was murdered.

It was no fun to watch work which could so easily have been made to mean what it set out to be, a real line of economic defence, converted into a political plaything. One knew that the members of good cooperatives would get valuable experience, would learn to hate the old, with all its frustrations to livelihood. This indeed was about the only remaining consolation in those baffling days when work was crushed, staff arrested, while at the same time one was taken out to tea by the great and introduced to more of the visiting great as a kind of conjurer's white rabbit. "See what we dare to nurture in our bosoms! See how progressive we are!" our sponsors seemed to purr.

And at the Monday morning meetings after the arrests, our primly buttoned officials would stand erect and be exhorted again to "follow our leader, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek," at which all heels would click together if they were in leather boots or make an attempt at clicking if they were just in cloth shoes. They were so glad that here was a "leader" who would recognise that the landlords, the traders and the official class were something so different from the crude and ignorant masses.

Yesterday, turning the knobs on the radio, one heard a certain KMT character telling UNESCO that the present government in China was out to slaughter a third of the people in order to relieve population pressure. This is in the old style of the Monday Morning Memorial Meeting.

Today we are just part of the mass of the people, using what we have as best we can for the *jen min*—the people. We are not patronised or ridiculed. We are sincerely welcomed to do the best we can as ordinary working people. Our shortcomings are painfully obvious. Mistakes of the past take a lot of eradicating. But the contemptuous attitude of the KMT is now a thing that can be looked

back on as part of a bad dream.

One would not like to give the impression that we have reached perfection here; that China, from a backward, bankrupt country, with the mistakes of a feudal age still part of its living, has been suddenly, magically transformed into a perfect state where everything is now on the highest level. Our village is not like that. The rotting houses, the sicknesses, are still with us. It is the spirit of the people to deal with such that has undergone a metamorphosis.

The peasant and the worker of the last stage lay huddled in his misery, his lice and rags, kicked and buffeted, exploited and cursed. Today he stands in the sunlight, tossing water over his body and singing, ready to get down to the tasks new understanding has shown him are his own, preparing his feet for the sure paths they will tread. He knows where he is going and why, and that knowledge lifts him and cheers him.

August 10th: Today my rounds took me to the coal pits, and then over to our Ssu Pa farm of reclaimed waste steppe land. At the coal pits, Ma Chih, one of our student leaders, was sweating over an engine that would not behave, the workers were lowering a pump down the main shaft, the hospital worker was attending to various cuts and bruises, and Fan Wen-hai, the manager, was full of ideas about what would happen when we really did strike the thick seam of coal we are aiming for.

Could we get enough men to work it? What about capital? A better winch? A new boiler? About these things there could be no immediate answer. One could only go on to the next job, sure that the group at the mine were at least learning how to operate for coal production, if only on a simple basis.

Down the side of the hill and across the steppe to the farm, where the fruits of irrigation show in the seven wheat stacks already raised by the boys this harvest, I came to the main cart road south, and sat there for a while talking to an old peasant from Ssu Pa. He remembered me well as having been to his house some five years ago, in the winter.

And I remember well, too—his naked children huddling against the sunny side of the house, the bitter wind that went through my padded clothing and felt boots, the one new patch on his old gown, which was all that he could afford in the way of cloth that New Year. His wife walked to the wooden box where she kept the remainder of the store of millet which was to see them through till harvest, and stood with her tiny wooden measure, filling it and then spilling a bit back into the box, adding a bit, then again spilling some back, putting her hand down into the grain and feeling how much remained, and at last taking the little measure across and tipping it into the pot of boiling potatoes that were the mainstay.

I remember the blocks of ice under the table (their only store of water in the winter), the refrigerated atmosphere of that dark little house and its heavy smell of burnt cow dung, which was used to fire the *k'angs*. The worn, anxious face of the woman, the tired, nervous hands of the farmer, one eye blind from some past sickness, both wondering what the new harvest would bring, what new exactions the KMT and its soldiers would make, wondering if they would be left with their animals for ploughing, whether their children would die, as so many children did, whether there would be water.

Today the peasant talked about our land and the good crop of wheat this year. Asked how he was getting on now, he said "*Ch'a pu to*!" (Not so bad!)}— which is quite a statement from one who had always expected and always met adversity.

Our boys working on the wheat cutting were divided into two groups. One followed our machine reaper and the other, with big sickles, cut the corners and headlands where the machine could not go. They sharpened their sickles on old fallen gravestones with cheerful disregard for the feelings of the long since departed. There being no water available for whetting, that problem, too, was solved in the most natural way a creative boy would solve it.

August 28th: "I most dislike seeing dead children," said Lao San, pulling at my hand and leading me away from the ordinary path we took to the village, along which refugees had cut caves in the

hillsides, and where they lived in dire poverty.

A wolf had torn a child to pieces before it was driven off the previous night. Another refugee family had died, and dead children lay unburied also. Lao San had already gone through several years of war, famine and pestilence, and the sight of dead children of his own age was no new thing—yet he still hated the sight.

Lao San, his eyes heavy with trachoma, malaria in his blood, yet had fighting spirit that stood him in good stead; he has advanced far from the thin-legged nine-year-old he was then, to the high school lad who can write me letters from Manchuria about his studies, about his hopes for his future as a technician. He had almost forgotten his memories of dead children, until just across the border in Korea began the slaughter of children by American bombs, and then the bombing of his own Chinese city of Antung forced him to leave his home again.

Manchuria is so close to Korea, and everything Lao San saw in Paochi and Shwangshihpu in the early days of the anti-Japanese war is happening again in Korea where the Americans lead their gang of adventurers in the murder of a country. And the sickening knowledge of what imperialism can do shocks the world and opens most good men's eyes to the filth they have let grow in their midst —the filth of predatory profiteering that threatens to lead them into another war in which they will see their own children lying naked and torn around them, with live babies fearing to walk past the bloated and swollen corpses of those they once played with, children filled with the mental and bodily sicknesses of war, not knowing where to turn. The cost of not thinking, not analysing in time, is a heavy one.

August 29th: The old dies hard, and our meetings throughout the school during the last few days have attested to this. Interesting how we find that those conditions we have read of in Soviet novels about the early days of organised life in the USSR duplicate themselves here. Those, for example, who give fulsome lip service to the revolution and then go ahead organising small groups to resist change and sabotage constructive work wherever they can.

Almost invariably, as one digs back into their motives, their histories, one finds they are from those families who were privileged under the old, and hate the new because there is no special power for them, no special profit. These people will stop at nothing in their lust for power and place, in their efforts to confuse the masses and destroy their hopes. No laughing matter, this, to people who want to hoist themselves up by their own efforts, who are determined to build the new life that is now possible for them all.

In these things we are not expert, but the young comrade who has come from Peking to help us straighten out our difficulties—the blame for which a few disgruntled elements have tried to lay at the door of our little group of international workers, accusing them of "imperialism"—has applied to our problems the practised method that has uncovered many such situations and made matters clear to everyone. Last night, at a mass meeting, he called upon everyone to support international workers who helped the group. Imperialists, he clarified patiently, were all against the people. But we were for the peoples of the world, and those who were against international workers just because they were foreigners, were against the people.

The whole group was brighter afterwards, for seeds that had been sown by the destructive had built up a contradiction they could not solve. They wanted to work together but there had been those who had told them they were traitors for so doing. Now the way is made clear again. Motives made plain, friends and enemies of the people defined, mistakes made apparent, and due for correction. The new society is passionately and painstakingly determined to "clean out the dirty things," as our young comrade expressed it; to get on the right road and to adhere to it.

Later: It is amazing how the idea that the government represents the people, that the people are a part of the government, has been accepted and put to work. The lowest People's Army man feels that he is an important cog in the government, and so does the student managing a new machine, the peasant elected to be head of some local group, the junior government worker in some county job.

To illustrate the complete lack of any such sense of national unity and mutual respect in KMT times, one recalls an incident in

Lanchow, when visiting a hospital.

The hospital's coal carts were stopped on the road by a file of soldiers and an officer, and commandeered. The carters protested, knowing that they would not get paid. The soldiers started to beat the carters brutally. The hospital superintendent came out and protested to the officer, and said that an army Official representing the government should not do such things.

A hospital patient, a thin Chekiang official in some minor government job, an obvious KMT supporter, came screaming in cursing the superintendent for suggesting that the army in any way represented China or the Chinese Government. "It's an insult to our great country and our great leader to say that such an officer, such bandits as these, represent the government!" he shouted. ""We must preserve what face we can. China must have her face. Even if we lose everything else we have, we must have our face. When you say these robbers are China, you take away our face. I cannot stand it!" And he burst into a fit of weeping.

A little incident, but one that showed how deeply even middle-class people were feeling the loss of self-respect that went with living in a society that was becoming more and more bankrupt economically and morally. Even the corrupted Chinese compradore class who would fight to the last coolie for the right to sit and loaf, for the right to spread themselves over everything, annex everything—even this class had begun to revolt.

As for the peasants and workers, they had been in a state of revolt since the last days of the Ch'ing Dynasty. Now they awaited the skilled revolutionary leadership that was being forged from amongst their very own armies, now fighting against the Japanese imperialists as a first duty, but sure to come after that job had been done and lead their own fellows to the victory that liberation would spell.

But on the roads and in the cities of hinterland China in those years of the anti-Japanese war, one met many and many a type ... Looking back in an old diary, I noticed the entry, June 4th, 1943: "Leave Niang Niang Pa before dawn and are in Tienshui at 6:00 a.m. Hit a donkey on the way. The peasant with the donkey bursts

into tears, nay, bawls, bawls at the top of his voice. His donkey is his livelihood. The front headlight is broken and the driver is terribly upset. He curses the peasant fiercely. We restrain him from beating him.

"Then he goes on moodily to say that this is what comes from taking women on the truck. It is a commercial truck that has taken on some 'yellow fish,' and amongst them four girl students. The driver says that women on a truck always bring bad luck. He will have to stand the price of replacement out of his own share of the profit. To make matters worse, the customs official in Tienshui found that he was carrying a large keg of wine, and made him pay duty on it, which calls for more curses.

"As we go on the road, he talks of Rangoon, and says how good everything is there. British imperialism, in his view, is just what that country needs. The roads were macadamised, the trains ran on time. The Burmese were a dirty lot and deserved to be pushed into the sea. The Indians were not much better. The thing China needed was more strong man stuff. The peasant who broke his headlight should really be shot ... and so on.

"As we passed a long line of conscripts, he slowed down to a walking pace, almost, steering as clear of them as he could. 'Last time I passed those conscripts, one threw himself under the wheels and killed himself. Then the officers wanted cash, and as we argued the other conscripts climbed on to the truck and we had a long job throwing them off. It's very troublesome.' As we approached a hill village, we stopped on the outskirts, and the driver went inside, to come out with some typical village gangster types, who took over the wine and the opium the driver was trading in, and passed in silver dollars for it. It was apparently a regular place of call. The driver rummaged in the depths of his tool box and brought out something heavy, wrapped in a bit of oily cloth, and that changed hands also..."

This all seems like a bad dream when I look about me today. The girls now take part in everything; the local gun runners and opium dealers of the past now work, making bricks for new housing and taking part in other local reconstruction while their re-education proceeds; the study groups everywhere learn to appreciate the

problems of Burma and India, as well as those of workers everywhere, learn to respect the peasant and the worker upon whom we all rest. A lot has been dove in the past two years ... one wonders how far on we shall be after another two.

August 15th: The strengthening of organisational work everywhere so that each section and individual is drawn in to full participation and responsibility begins to show results in our own group, where there is a widespread need for new orientation from the old, somewhat anarchistic attitude.

The old idea that a student was a person elevated to some higher plane, entitled to rule, entitled to every kind of petting and pampering, was prevalent in KMT schools. The idea of the student as an integral part of the community, working harder and taking more responsibility than other people, is a new one. It is easier for the students to change, however, than for the old-time teacher.

With our small international worker group, change has come quickly because they have been keen to try out better ways of doing things and of getting results. The arrogant attitude of the know-all "foreign technician" of the past would not make much headway now. Looking through some past English lessons, I came across the following bits of diary written by a student a year or two before the liberation. The Mr. R. referred to was an American geologist, lent to us for a short period by the Agricultural Industrial Services of UNRRA:

> Last week when Mr. B. told me how to analyse the iron ore in the chemical laboratory, Mr. R. came and said, "Don't you tell him. He does not understand." He then took the book in his hands. Mr. B. used another method from another book to tell me again. Mr. R. came over and again stopped Mr. B. Then I said, "I can understand all right." But Mr.R. said, "You go to your room and then you can tell me how to do it." Then he took those books and walked out of the library.

> I am very sorry. This is our new technician. I have studied survey and geological knowledge for three years. We have waited eagerly for this technician's coming. I do not know now what he is useful for.

Then, from another student's diary about the same men:

> A few days ago, when I analysed the glaze at the chemical lab, Mr. B. was very interested to show us the different methods, and other interesting things at the same time. Mr. R. came and said to Mr. B., "Don't talk with them. They don't know anything." Mr. B. looked angry, but anyway, he stopped teaching us. I think this is bad. Why did we invite him to come and work with us? This man should leave as soon as possible.

Yesterday in the lab, two boys and one girl were working at the analysis of iron ore from samples which the geological survey had brought in. They were doing their work carefully and eagerly. The girl reprimanded one of the boys quietly for having taken a pyrometer to bits while the technician was away, in order to clean it. He took the reprimand in good grace. The work was going ahead in spite of the fact that the head of the lab had gone to Shanghai to bring back his family.

Out in the pottery, the lad who wrote on the analysis of glazes now knows considerably more about them than did the "technical expert," Mr. R., and has learned to use them so that we can produce modern pottery. He was an illiterate peasant refugee when he came to us in Shwangshihpu. He is now an efficient cadre. A few more years and his kind of person will be leading in newer method that will surprise the world. The new organisation of people will give them every chance, every incentive, to do just that.

It is fascinating to see this organisation in the building, and the means used to ensure that it is sound and strong in all its parts. Every opportunity is given to the lightweights to blow off, to say their all. At the same time, people are taught how to analyse, to retain what is valid and see through and cast out what is false. In

the future, it will take more than the great swelling words of a Hitler, or even of a Churchill, to confuse such people and divert them from their clearly realised goals.

These goals—the practical results aimed at by the group—are the criteria. The questions continually asked are: What helps us to the realisation of these goals? What hinders? and, Will this personal criticism enable the comrade to correct his mistakes and work better, for the good of the whole group, or is it merely personal attack, designed to pull him down and elevate the criticiser? In the fierce light of such criteria, windy talk and destructive "criticism" simply shrivel. Gradually change begins to be seen in every department, noticeable in little things, at first, then in the larger creative work.

Yesterday our wheat harvesting work was finished. It is something to see stacks of grain standing on land that was considered waste steppe. But as one of the boys who sat in the shade with me, having lunch the other day, said, "This is only a beginning. Soon there will be trees and water everywhere." And he was right. There is little that can stop organised man when he gets down to a task.

August 17th: Yesterday the group of volunteers back from Korea, who have been touring the province telling the people about the struggle there, came to Sandan. The whole population turned out to meet them, with flags, *yang-ko* dancers, drums, and flowers for welcome bouquets. Everyone wanted to be there, and the road from the bus station to the *hsien* government offices in the city was lined with people.

There is no doubt of the popularity of the cause the volunteers came to talk about. They gave lectures, and at night showed a movie of the relevant events. When one realised that there are few back country places that have not been visited by such groups, one understands that nothing is left undone to keep the people abreast of the facts.

In the afternoon I rode off to the North Mountains, with one

student from the survey section and another from the iron smelting section, to look at some new iron deposits which had been found. The way led through deserted valleys and over dried-up rivers for some hours, with an occasional shepherd and his flock to be seen on some hilltop.

The survey student, Cho So-yu, told me that the peasants have an old legend that these mountains were once heavily forested, but that when T'ang Ts'eng, the Buddhist pilgrim, was on his way to the Western Heaven—or to India—the devils assigned to stop him gathered together all the forests from the North Mountains (called the "Ho Li" mountains) and made a barricade through which they believed he could not pass. The devils themselves lived at the bottom of a great cave near our present Great Buddha temple, and the peasants have had the sagacity to brick up the entrance and put some Buddhas there.

I have heard of the Eighteen Great Difficulties T'ang Ts'eng experienced in getting to the end of his journey, but each place I have lived in seems to have added a few new ones. There was the fox spirit at Huang Feng Dung at Shwangshihpu, who tried to entice the worthy pilgrim, the monsters which emerged from caves at Yenan, to stop him there, and so on at many another place. The favourite stories have been handed down from the age of Buddhism, without too much regard for purely geological reality. But the fairy tales of the past were colourful enough to have caught the popular fancy, and linger on, even though the stories of the beginnings of the Red Army, the Long March, and others, now excite and inspire youth as perhaps no others have done for many centuries.

I came back from the mountains with one very fixed idea—that in one's middle fifties it was not entirely wise to spend six hours on a somewhat razor-backed horse, with no saddle, interspersed with mountain climbing under a summer sun; and that the next letter to Shanghai would contain a request for a couple of saddles with bridles, so that reconstruction should have some of the comforts, as well as the excitement, of the new day.

August 21st: Yesterday out to our school vegetable gardens,

outside the West Gate. Here the school's vegetables are grown, carrots for the winter, oil seeds, etc.

At the first cottage there was a blaze of flowers, hollyhocks, nasturtiums, cosmos, backed by tall sunflowers, that made the place a picture. Chao Yung-lung came out to meet me. In our group, over the years, there are those who succeed in becoming technicians, there are those who give up and go back to the family group, there are those we have to send away. Then there are always a few whom calamity overtakes, but who keep on struggling.

Chao Yung-lung was one of the best farm students, but an osteo foot appeared, and he went through many operations, so that his studies were held up and he could not make the grade. Then his mother died, and his brothers, with families of their own, said that it was Yung-lung's responsibility to bury her.

He had to leave school and hire himself out to pay off the expenses of the funeral. When everything was cleared, after a year had elapsed, he returned to school, too old now to catch up with his former classes, therefore taking a job as a farm worker, though his osteo foot still troubled him, and most of his wages had to be spent on penicillin injections. Yet he kept up with his work.

As I went around, he came with me, and talked of the crops, of the irrigation problem, of the school and its future, and of the past. It was interesting to note that the baffled look in his eyes, that had been there as troubles harried him over the past few years, had mostly died away, and was replaced by a more calm and cheerful one.

We stood for a while together not saying anything and looking over the wide basin of irrigated land where there were people gathering in crops on their terraced strips, and then he took my hand, and we walked back to the cottage, still saying nothing, till he brought some water to drink, and the conversation started again on that subject of absorbing interest to every farmer—land reform.

I turned to go, and said, "You like it here..." He looked at me for a moment or so, and past me, over the riches of the land, and then said, "It's very peaceful." As I rode off on my bicycle to the next

farm, I wondered if the people who are bombing farms and lads like this in Korea know what they are doing; whether the people who trick them to destroy know what they are doing; whether the people who provide the wealth to enable payments to be made know. It seems that this is important, that the millions who are Chao Yung-lung should be assured of survival.

August 31st: "Mr. Ai! Mr, Ai!" The voice was insistent. It was grey dawn, and I did not want to stir very much, but finally brought my faculties around sufficiently to answer, """What's the trouble?" A frightened hospital boy stood by the *k'ang*, saying, "Chang Hung-chuin is dead. He has hanged himself from the old elm tree at the back of King Asoka's *dagoba*, with some bandage cloth..."

"Is he really dead?" I asked.

"Yes," the boy replied, "he has been dead for a long time—must have hanged himself in the early part of the night. We have told the authorities and they are sending people to investigate. We will also do an autopsy with the local health department..."

As everything was in hand, there was clearly nothing left for me to do but get up, wash, have my breakfast, and await the arrival of further information.

At 10, there was a mass meeting of the school—students, workers, teachers, technicians. They sat quietly while the whole thing that affected them all so much, the whole 600 of them, was explained clearly.

Chang Hung-chuin had been Assistant Dean of Education. His lectures still rang in many students' minds. He had been even more revolutionary in his talk than revolutionists. He had just come back from a provincial training course... and now he had hanged himself, Many boys had been to see the remains. They were not good to look at, with a black and distorted face...

What lay behind all this? For the next three hours they sat as various speakers mounted the platform and pieced together the

history of this man and of the events that led up to his end, to his wish for death rather than life, on this bright summer's day, in the midst of so much life, of so much doing, with work at his hand to be done and a group to help him to correct his mistakes and assist him onward.

Chang Hung-chuin was a Honan landlord. He had worked with the Japanese when they occupied his area. Later he had been a KMT official, and had led KMT elements against the 8th Route Army. He had been in charge of KMT education in his area. He had contacted the bandit general Hu Tsung-nan and had received instructions from him in Sian.

As the East was liberated, he came West to Lanchow, where he worked as a special agent of the KMT up to and after the liberation of the Northwest, joining up with the Revolutionary University and going through a course there, working to get to Sandan, and on arrival here, mapping out a useful course of demolition work—spreading the idea that the students were being badly used, that their work held no future, that they could do very little.

At the same time he proceeded with clever, ultra-left talk, to which the students listened with awe. Foreign specialists were not necessary, he said. All international friends were simply eating the food of the Chinese people. Why did they not go home? What was keeping them here? Were they all imperialist spies? Was it not a danger to have them? . . . Then, amongst some of the less analytical, he promoted an indictment of the leading figures, accusing them of many crimes, and tried to send this through organisational channels to upper departments.

But, finding that international workers proceeded with their jobs, that many of the more thoughtful students kept their distance from him and his fellows, he began to realise that he had failed. Then, when a fellow-agent of the KMT underground confessed his faults during the summer training class, Chang, desperately choosing the lesser of two evils, made a partial confession to forestall complete exposure. But the more he said, the more he became involved. On his return to Sandan, he started to make a clean breast of everything, but before getting through with it his courage failed, and he took the easy way out.

He had lived a life of treachery, stabbing fighters against Japan in the back, betraying his own fellows in his native city, scheming for place and profit, for the right to live the loafing, degenerate life of an old-time feudal landlord, with “freedom” for himself and his family to do what they liked, and misery for his tenants.

The whole matter has been an education to the group in the necessity of analysis, as against the blind following of demagogues; in understanding the class difference that makes an exploiter, one who has tasted the fruits of exploitation, sink to anything to be able to continue somehow. The lessons that are being learnt here will be learnt by many millions as the struggle proceeds.

September 5th: Our truck approached the coal pits at Chien Yao. An old truck of World War II vintage, but still in good chugging order. Crowded on top of it were 20 Young Pioneers, representatives of each division of the school, the Youth Corps, the Students’ Council, the workers’ representatives, the staff, and so on.

The Young Pioneers, girls and boys, were brave with silk sashes, silk scarves on their heads, and scarlet drums. In the yard of the coal mine, the miners were drawn up before pictures of Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, and an improvised speaking platform. The coal mine manager, Fan Wen-hai, came to meet us as we descended from the truck. The *hsien* magistrate, the *hsien* commissioner of police, and the *hsien* party secretary came along on bikes. It was a great occasion. We had got down to the thick coal seams, and a loud speaker was playing popular liberation songs, the pumps were throwing up water magnificently, and the pile of new coal in the yard was there for everyone to come and see for themselves.

To me it was a very moving thing. Chien Yao, where no one had come in KMT days except the head gangster of the locality, bent on some fantastic new exploitation of the miserable mining children who crawled down the long winding burrows, hauling up tiny baskets of coal. Chien Yao, where we had started with one student, Fan Wen-hai, and a few hired miners, to begin a shaft we hoped would succeed. Chien Yao, where we had tried so often, where our pits had been flooded, where our lads had gone through so many

dangers, where there had been broken arms, and at times, tears of frustration, where living conditions had been tough and working cash almost nil, but where we managed to scratch out enough coal to keep out the cold in the school and to cook our food, feed our boilers—second-rate coal, with a heavy ash content...

Today the new pile of shiny coal, with plenty more where that came from; with the miners very solemn and dignified in their best clothes, waiting for the meeting; with the Young Pioneers doing their best *yang-ko* dances for them, all a-swirl, and presenting the six leading workers with big rosettes, given with a salute before and after; with the *hsien* magistrate handing down prizes, and sitting with them for a photograph—this is all of the new day.

How many *hsien* magistrates did we have in KMT times? I wonder back— and not one who knew where Chien Yao was, let alone coming to see it. Who had ever looked on the miners, the "'blackfaces," as being other than sub-human? Yet here today they are being given the greetings of society in its new organisation, being told that their work is important, being told that all realise that their struggle to get down to workable coal, their standing in the wet, their attacks of grippe, their arduous working conditions, are suffered for the good of everyone, are like the heroic sacrifices of the volunteers in Korea.

And as the speeches went on, people came streaming over the barren hills from distant coal pits—kids in their Peter Pan jackets, mothers nursing their babies, miners grown old prematurely in their struggle for black gold; and solemnly they listened, solemnly they took part in the first celebration that had, ever been held in Chien Yao by the miners and for the miners, treating them all, new type and old type, as people working together for a significant aim. The speakers told of the importance of coal to railways, to iron smelting, to industry; of the industries the new China would surely have and what coal meant to these.

Speeches finished, and then came the meal—surely the best meal ever eaten at Chien Yao. The miners did not hurry over it. Bowls were emptied, the pig and the sheep we had sent from the farm the day before were demolished, toasts were drunk. And the Szechuanese cook who had come up with our Transport Division

and had gone out for the day to help surveyed the scene proudly.

The Young Pioneers scattered over the hills and then at a whistle came down to see the first basketball match played at Chien Yao between the millers and the school students. The wind blew and raised clouds of dust, but the people did not seem to mind. Suddenly it was time to go and we crowded into the truck and with voices raised in song vanished down the hillside.

So it has come, the new day for which this backward village, and all theother villages of China, have waited so long. New methods will come, and more coal. And the people who dig it will understand that they dig it to express their manhood, their pride in being a part of society, their hope and sure belief in the future of which they are the creators.

NOTES

Cash	—	Former copper coin, usually with hole in centre, often computed in strings of 200.
Catty	—	Unit of weight varying from place to place, but averaging 1.3 lbs.
Dagoba	—	Early Buddhist structure consisting of solid bulbous tower about five stories high with figures of Buddhas set in alcoves.
Fang	—	a "square" - unit of earth used in computing piece work on city walls, dykes, irrigation channels, etc. Measurement is made on the size of the hole from which the earth has been taken.
Fang pi	—	Abusive epithet -"intestinal wind."
Hong	—	Merchant's shop.
Hsien	—	County.
K'ang	—	Heated brick platform usually across the entire end of a room, that can be fired with dung or other fuel and serves as a bed for all the inhabitants of the house.

Kaoliang	—	Tall sorghum grain common in North China.
Kaolin	—	White pottery clay.
King Asoka	—	Famous Indian king (268-226 B.C.), revered among Chinese Buddhists. One of his hairs is reputed to be entombed in the Sandan dagoba.
Lei T'ai	—	Squat tower-like ancient wrestling stage of solid earth, about 25 ft. high and 100 ft. square, over the sheer sides of which losers of the matches are said to have been thrown to waiting dogs below. Rewi Alley's house is just in front of the one in Sandan and has come to be known as "the Lei T'ai." From the top of the Lei T'ai one can see over the city wall to the surrounding country.
Li	—	Chinese mile (three-tenths of an English mile).
Ma Warlords	—	The northwest provinces of Chinghai, Ninghsia and Kansu were largely dominated by the feudal Mohammedan

		warlords of the Ma family.
Mou	—	One-sixth of an acre.
Pao	—	The KMT divided all areas into units of 100 families as a means of enforcing their oppressive measures. Each unit was a pao.
Pao chang	—	The head of a pao.
"Peanut"	—	Stilwell's nickname for Chiang Kai-shek.
Saggers	—	Refractory containers in which pottery is placed when loaded in a kiln.
Taipan	—	A local manager of one of the big foreign firms.
Tamadi	—	Common expletive.
Tihua	—	(Urumchi) Capital on Sinkiang, Chinese Turkestan, two weeks by truck up the northwest highway from Sandan.
Tsamba	—	Pre-roasted flour which serves as a ready-made meal for Mongolians and Tibetans, eaten with tea and butter.
Wang Ching-wei	—	Quisling KMT official who became Japanese puppet chief.
Wuwei	—	(Liangchow) Walled city 170 kilometres SE of Sandan.
Yamen	—	Magistrate's compound and seat of

		local government.
Yangko	—	Dance in winding files of northern peasants which came to be associated with the spirit of Yenan and was strictly forbidden in KMT areas, whereupon dancing the yangko became the expression of the new freedom of liberation throughout China.
Ying...yang	—	Opposing "principles" of dark-light, female-male, negative-positive, etc., by which old Chinese superstition sought to explain phenomena and divine the future.

Additional notes

The China Society for People's Friendship Studies (PFS) in cooperation with the Foreign Languages Press (FLP) in Beijing has arranged for re-publication, in the series entitled Light on China, of some fifty books written in English between the 1860s and the founding years of the People's Republic, by journalistic and other sympathetic eyewitnesses of the revolutionary events described. Most of these books have long been out of print, but are now being brought back to life for the benefit of readers in China.

Endnotes

Old Romanization → Modern Pinyin

Postal / Wade-Giles → Hanyu Pinyin

Text	Modern Pinyin	Notes
Anhwei	Ānhuī	Province
Changting	Zhǎngtīng	County, Fujian
Chapei	Zhàběi	District, Shanghai (now part of Jing'an)
Chefoo	Yāntái	City, Shandong
Chekiang	Zhèjiāng	Province
Chemulpo	Jìnchuān	Incheon, Korean city
Chengchow	Zhèngzhōu	City, Henan
Chengtu	Chéngdū	City, Sichuan
Chiefang	*uncertain*	Possibly Zhījiāng (芷江, Hunan) or typo
Chungking	Chóngqìng	Municipality
Fenghua	Fènghuà	District, Zhejiang (now part of Ningbo)
Foochow	Fúzhōu	City, Fujian
Fukien	Fújiàn	Province
Hanchung	Hànzhōng	City, Shaanxi
Hangchow	Hángzhōu	City, Zhejiang
Hankow	Hànkǒu	Part of Wuhan, Hubei
Hanyang	Hànyáng	Part of Wuhan, Hubei
Hengyang	Héngyáng	City, Hunan
Hohsien	*uncertain*	Possibly Héxiàn (和县, Anhui)
Honan	Hénán	Province
Hongkew	Hóngkǒu	District, Shanghai
Hopei	Héběi	Province
Hsingkuo	Xīngguó	County, Jiangxi
Huks (people)	Kèjiā	Hakka people (missionary romanization)
Hupei	Húběi	Province

Hweichong	*uncertain*	Likely Huìzhōu (惠州, Guangdong) or Huìchāng (会昌, Jiangxi)
Juichin	Ruìjīn	County, Jiangxi
KMT	Guómíndǎng	Kuomintang (Nationalist Party)
Kanchow	Gànzhōu	City, Jiangxi
Kanhsien	Gànxiàn	District, Jiangxi (now Ganxian)
Kansu	Gānsù	Province
Kaotai	Gāotái	County, Gansu
Kiangsu	Jiāngsū	Province
Kinhua	Jīnhuá	City, Zhejiang
Kochow	Gǎozhōu	City, Guangdong
Koloshan	Gēlèshān	Mountain, Chongqing
Kukong	Qūjiāng	District, Guangdong (now part of Shaoguan)
Kwangchow	Guǎngzhōu	City, Guangdong
Kwangsi	Guǎngxī	Autonomous Region
Kwangtung	Guǎngdōng	Province
Kwanhsien	Guànxiàn	County, Sichuan (now Dujiangyan 都江堰)
Kweichow	Guìzhōu	Province
Kweilin	Guìlín	City, Guangxi
Kweiyang	Guìyáng	City, Guizhou
Lanchow	Lánzhōu	City, Gansu
Lishui	Lìshuǐ	City, Zhejiang
Lochuan	Luòchuān	County, Shaanxi
Loyang	Luòyáng	City, Henan
Lunghai	Lónghǎi	District, Fujian (or Longhai Railway)
Lushan	Lúshān	Mountain, Jiangxi
Meihsien	Méixiàn	District, Guangdong (now Meizhou 梅州)
Mengshih	*uncertain*	Possibly Méngzì (蒙自, Yunnan) — context needed
Miao	Miáo	Miao ethnic minority

Nanjang	Nánchāng	City, Jiangxi (typo for Nanchang)
Ninghsia	Níngxià	Autonomous Region
Ningpo	Níngbō	City, Zhejiang
Ningtu	Níngdū	County, Jiangxi
Onyu	Wēnyángwēnquán	Korean: Onyang, a hot springs resort
Paochi	Bǎojī	City, Shaanxi
Paoshan	Bǎoshān	District, Shanghai (or Baoshan, Yunnan)
Pei Hai	Běihǎi	City, Guangxi
Shaoyang	Shàoyáng	City, Hunan
Shasi	Shāshì	District, Hubei (now part of Jingzhou)
Shensi	Shǎnxī	Province
Shui Chuantse	Shuǐchuánzǐ	Obscure — likely a village; 水船子 = "water-boat place"
Shwangshihpu	Shuāngshíbù	Town, Shaanxi (now in Feng County)
Sian	Xī'ān	City, Shaanxi
Sikang	Xīkāng	Former province (now part of Sichuan/Tibet)
Sinkiang	Xīnjiāng	Autonomous Region
Ssu Pa	Sìbā	Uncertain — possibly Sìbā (四坝, a town in Gansu) or a typo
Suichuan	Suìchuān	County, Jiangxi
Suiyuan Canal	Suíyuǎn	Former province / canal region (now part of Inner Mongolia)
Sungpan	Sōngpān	County, Sichuan
Szechuan	Sìchuān	Province
Taipings	Tàipíng	Taiping Rebellion participants
Tali	Dàlǐ	City, Yunnan
Tat'ung River	Dàtōng Hé	River in Qinghai
Tienshui	Tiānshuǐ	City, Gansu
Tientsin	Tiānjīn	Municipality
Tihua	Díhuà	Former name of

		Ürümqi (now 乌鲁木齐, Wūlǔmùqí)
Tsingling mountains	Qínlǐng	Mountain range, Shaanxi
Tsingtao	Qīngdǎo	City, Shandong
Tung An	Tóng'ān	District, Fujian (or Tong'an, Xiamen)
Tunglo	Tóngluò	Possibly Tónglè (同乐, a town in Yunnan or elsewhere)
T'ien An Men	Tiān'ānmén	Gate, Beijing
Wenchow	Wēnzhōu	City, Zhejiang
Wuchang	Wǔchāng	Part of Wuhan, Hubei
Wusih	Wúxī	City, Jiangsu
Wuwei	Wǔwēi	City, Gansu
Yalu River	Yālù Jiāng	Border river between China and North Korea
Yangtse	Yángzǐ	Yangtze River (Yángzǐ Jiāng 扬子江)
Yangtsepoo	Yángzǐpǔ	Probably a port/ferry on the Yangtze; "Poo" = pǔ (浦, pier/landing)
Yenan	Yán'ān	City, Shaanxi
Yenching University	Yānjīng	Yenching University (now Peking University)
Yungan	Yǒng'ān	City, Fujian
Yungchang	Yǒngchāng	County, Gansu
Yungteng	Yǒngdēng	County, Gansu
Yutu	Yùtú	Uncertain — possibly Yútǔ (玉土, or a place in Xinjiang/Qinghai)

Notes:

Wade-Giles romanization was in common use until 1979. Deepseek AI has been used to translate here.

• **Chiefang** · **Hohsien** · **Hweichong** · **Mengshih** · **Ssu Pa** · **Tunglo** ·

Yutu are uncertain — added the most likely modern equivalents based on phonetics and geography.

• Pinyin shown with **tone marks** for standard Mandarin pronunciation.